

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PLAYBOY



AN INTERVIEW WITH
YALE'S ANTIDRAFT
CHAPLAIN WILLIAM
SLOANE COFFIN

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MOVIE SEQUENCE YET

PLUS KEN W. PURDY
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
WILLIAM IVERSEN
SHEL SILVERSTEIN

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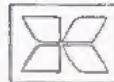


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WECHSBERG



KURTZMAN



PURDY



IVERSEN

PLAYBILL

THE ARCANE SPORT of magazine collecting seems to be on the rise, according to a recent *Wall Street Journal* article; and back issues of *PLAYBOY* rank among the most sought-after commodities. Our December 1953 premier issue, reports the *Journal*, now commands \$50 to \$100 in New York, and a leading Chicago firm currently charges \$200 for a mint copy. An entire set will cost you 1300 clams. We suggest, therefore, that you hide the 75-cent issue you now hold and wait for the market to climb—but not before pausing to enjoy the uncommon combination of pleasures, fictional and factual, that make this issue a collector's item.

For this month's *Playboy Interview*, we commissioned Nat Hentoff to question beleaguered Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin, on trial as we go to press for advocating draft resistance. His anti-establishment views are explicated here with unflinching and characteristic candor.

August's lead story, by Stephen Dixon, chronicles the reluctant downward progress of *The Young Man Who Read Brilliant Books* into a bumblingly bizarre life of crime. Dixon, a junior high school teacher in New York, claims that restlessness may make him drop out at any moment.

In *Banking by the Numbers*, Joseph Wechsberg explores the folklore and presents the facts about those legendary numbered Swiss accounts that guarantee anonymity to publicity-shy depositors. Of his background, Wechsberg says: "Being born the son of a Moravian banker—we were locally called our Rothschilds—I had an early affinity for banks. Alas, the Wechsberg family bank went down in the aftermath of World War One, and I became a writer."

Until recently, talking to animals remained the singular province of Dr. Dolittle; but as Fredric C. Appel's *Deep Thinkers* demonstrates, that polyglot physician has been joined by sci-

tific teams studying the brainiest and most gregarious of marine creatures, the dolphin. Such is author Appel's affection for them that he half-seriously says: "If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I intend to come back as a dolphin." Treating another facet of inner space, *PLAYBOY*'s social-critic-in-residence William Iversen, in *The Gutsmost Game*, takes sharpened scalpel in hand and wittily dissects the penchant of several high-circulation magazines for depicting everything from the growth of a human fetus to the sewing on of a severed arm.

Ron Goulart makes an auspicious first appearance in these pages with *The Trouble with Machines*, an unchilling science-fiction spoof boasting a sort of berserk refrigerator among its characters. Goulart last summer had pieces running simultaneously in *Saturday Review* and *Police Gazette*—and his sci-fi novel, *The Sword Swallower*, is slated for December publication. With *The Antine Bay Magenta*—a pointed vignette about a philatelist's canceling of a long-standing grudge—Ken W. Purdy adds yet another twisty tale to his list of *PLAYBOY* credits.

After shooting the eight-page pictorial on *Dream Cars* under less-than-optimum conditions—below-zero weather, shivering models, uncomprehending truck drivers hired to wave 40-foot chiffon flags—*PLAYBOY* staff lensman Alexas Urba appropriately summarized the assignment: "It was a gas." Equally deserving of that appellation are Gale Olson, our summer-send Playmate on the move, and *Blowout*, a photo parody of the Antonioni film, created by Harvey Kurtzman—originator of *Mad* and *Little Annie Funny*—in league with *Bonnie and Clyde* side-kick Michael Pollard. Shel Silverstein draws another bead on bohemian life among the hippies; and Travel Editor Len Deighton gives sage advice on *Exploring a New City*, wherever it may be. In sum, a pleasure-filled way to end the summer—and a worthy addition to any collector's cache of *PLAYBOYS*.

DIXON



GOULART



APPEL



URBA



PLAYBOY

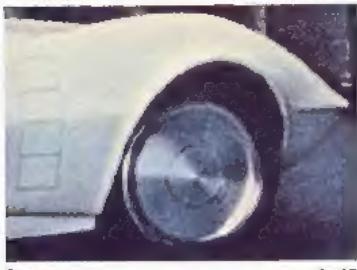


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SEXUAL RESPONSE

Congratulations on your May interview with Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, authors of *Human Sexual Response*. It was very informative. Senior Editor Nat Leliman's interviewing technique is a model of interrogatory journalism. I look forward to more such reports of important advances in knowledge.

John Money, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Medical
Psychology and Pediatrics
Johns Hopkins School of Medicine
Baltimore, Maryland

I read the *Playboy Interview* with Masters and Johnson with keen enjoyment. You've done an exemplary job on a very difficult subject.

Christopher Tietze, M. D.,
Associate Director
The Population Council
New York, New York

Once again, PLAYBOY renders a service, this time in publishing the thoughtful and informative interview with Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson. Your readers should learn much from it. Particularly important, it seems to me, is that, thanks to your interview, the relationship between their original research and their present therapy program is now clarified. It is astonishing how few of us realize that many people *do* have sex-related problems in the course of their lives. Physicians in some surveys have estimated that as high as 35 to 40 percent of their patients have such problems. Masters and Johnson have pioneered in their team approach to the therapy of sexually inadequate couples. They are already in the process of analyzing the subsequent case histories of patients whom they treated in the past few years. We can expect that the results of this analysis, when published, will provide medical practitioners and marriage counselors with invaluable guidance.

**Mary S. Calderone, M.D.,
Executive Director
Sex Information and Education
Council of the U.S.
New York, New York**

Many thanks for your illuminating interview with Masters and Johnson. Even those of us who have worked long in this

field and who have had personal contact with this pioneering couple will find many rewarding nuggets of thought and many new insights from their extensive comments in PLAYBOY. The interview, in my opinion, is a very valuable sex-education document for all persons—laymen and professionals alike.

**Isadore Rubin, Ph.D., Editor
Sexology Magazine
New York, New York**

My hat is off to those two humanitarians William Masters and Virginia Johnson. It is a pleasure to know that they are doing work so helpful to mankind. I hope more people learn to respect the goals of these brave researchers. I know that their discoveries have already helped many people who were living in fear and confusion.

Larry Evans
San Leandro, California

I recommend that in future editions of *Human Sexual Response*, your interview be added as an appendix.

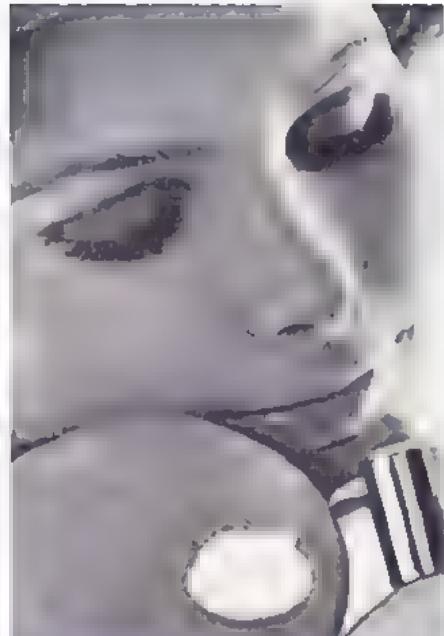
Alan F. Gottschacher, M.D., President
Planned Parenthood—World Population
New York, New York

Dr. Guttmacher, who has been called "the father of birth control in the United States," was for ten years chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City. He has written seven books on birth control and other sex related subjects and has been president of Planned Parenthood since 1962.

My compliments on your interview with Masters and Johnson; and plaudits to them, as well. They demonstrate that scientific investigation need not be incompatible with full respect for man's dignity; indeed, their findings promise to contribute to a more sensible and meaningful ethic for human sexual behavior—not to mention direct therapeutic benefits made possible by the elimination of various misconceptions.

Gerald C. Davison, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychology
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

Dr. Davison not long ago used pictures from PLAYBOY in the successful psycho-



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**T
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L**
therapeutic treatment of a college student. The student had been emotionally incapable of "normal" romantic or erotic interest in the opposite sex, because his fantasies about females had been exclusively sadistic for ten years. For details, see the April 1967 "Playboy Forum."

I thought your interview with Masters and Johnson was excellent. Their contribution to society and to the further study of the physiology of human sexual response is to be commended.

Joseph B. Mann, Director
Southwest Counseling Service
Rock Springs, Wyoming

MAC DONALD'S FORM

I was at first perplexed by John D. MacDonald's lead story, *The Annex*, in the May PLAYBOY; but once I realized it is the surreal fantasy of a man near death, I couldn't have been more impressed. Probably no living man has been so close to death as the one in this story—but I got the eerie feeling upon reading it that MacDonald is telling it exactly like it is. My awed congratulations.

Sam Weller
San Francisco, California

The Annex might well serve as exhibit A in a case I've argued for years—that John D. MacDonald just happens to be one of the best writers around today. On second thought, my choice of words is inappropriate. MacDonald doesn't just happen to be a fine writer—his work reflects continuous creativity and consummate craftsmanship.

One never sees MacDonald simpering coyly, glass in hand, in photographs taken at literary-establishment cocktail parties. He is apparently more interested in self-expression than in self-promotion. And as a result, the comics who style themselves "serious" critics have largely ignored him. But we who call ourselves working writers have not ignored him, nor has the reading public. And I predict that in years to come, writers and readers will bypass the currently touted darlings of the establishment and turn to MacDonald for entertainment and enlightenment when they seek to learn what the Fifties and Sixties were really like.

Robert Bloch
Los Angeles, California

I'll flat-out tell you that John D. MacDonald never ceases to amaze me. His *The Annex* fibrillates with the satisfaction an atheist must feel upon recognizing Jesus Christ in a crowd shouting "Jump!" to a would-be suicide.

C. E. Bice
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

McMIX-UP

You guys goofed in your May *Playbill* when you identified John D. MacDonald as "creator of the 87th Precinct."

MacDonald is a helluva good writer—as his May story well illustrates—but the honors for the 87th Precinct series go to another PLAYBOY contributor, Evan Hunter, alias Ed McBain.

John Martin
Boston, Massachusetts

As Evan Hunter is not likely to let me go around claiming that I am Ed McBain—which, based on the competence and craftsmanship of the 87th Precinct stories, I would be quite willing to do—I think the least the two of us can do to compound the confusion would be to write a collaborative novel that brings together the personae of Hunter's 87th Precinct series and my own Travis McGee series—a sort of floating precinct station. And on board, of course, would be that police detective from Hunter's books named Meyer Meyer, and McGee's friend from my books named Meyer. The obvious risk, of course, would be that Kenneth Millar—Ross Macdonald—might then come out with a new series starting one Meyer Meyer Meyer and pick as his next pseudonym something like MacDonald McBain, or Ross Hunter, or John D. McBain, or McGee Q. Precinct.

John D. MacDonald
Sarasota, Florida

*McBain, MacD, McGee.
It's easy to see
How he became me
And I became he.
Gee, let's agree
That we are we.*

Evan Hunter
Pound Ridge, New York

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS

As a professional magician, I applaud Daniel Mannix' many successful efforts to lift the corner of the tent so that the lay public can peek into the carnival scene from a different angle. His exploration of the old shell game (*There's One Born Every Second*, PLAYBOY, May) was truly outstanding. But, as Dan knows, many people would still reach into their wallets for a quick bet on a sure thing. Long live the second oldest profession!

James Randi
(*"The Amazing Randi"*)
Rumson, New Jersey

BON VOYAGE

Thank you for Len Deighton's excellent *Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday* (May 1968). It was not only well written but—at least as far as Scandinavia is concerned—exact in every detail. I spent four wonderful years in that part of the world and could add little to Deighton's account.

Wulf D. Waetjen
Arlington, Virginia

I had a deep feeling of nostalgia and *saudade* when I toured my beloved Portugal through Len Deighton's beautiful and sincere article. He did just what other tourists might have trouble doing—he saw Portugal with a very special understanding.

Carlos Santos
Kingston, Ontario

I'm glad to see PLAYBOY and Deighton bringing attention to the many unknown facts of Portugal. Your article proved most interesting, especially in its description of the Portuguese heritage, hospitality and personality—aspects missing from other articles written about that country. As Deighton says, "For every debit that may be applied to the Portuguese way of life, there are a dozen credits."

Steve DeBrum
San Luis Obispo, California

Len Deighton's advice in *Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday* has all the tough, professional honesty we have come to expect from PLAYBOY service features. Probably his best tip was the admonition to stop sweating about over-charges and start enjoying the visit. Real travelers, like Deighton, have long since learned that no race or nation is more larcenous than any other.

In my own travels, to 72 countries, I have been cheated by cabdrivers twice—once in Cleveland, Tennessee, and once in Atlanta, Georgia. The only one who ever made rude remarks to me for demanding change from a dollar for a 50-cent trip held a New York City license. Three cabdrivers have chased me to return change I had absent-mindedly not wanted for one each in Rome, Madrid and Rawalpindi.

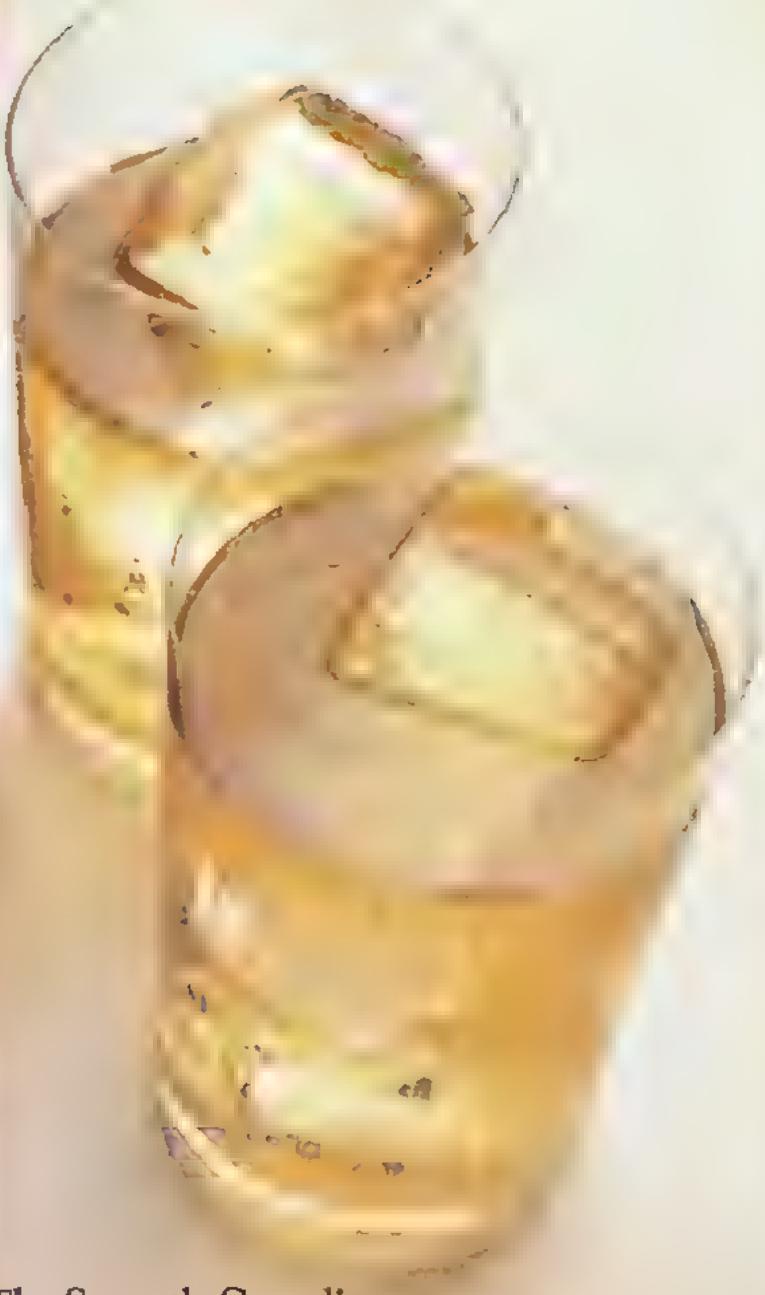
Bern Keating
Greenville, Mississippi

On the eve of my departure for a European holiday, my PLAYBOY arrived and I sat right down to read your nifty travel feature. It gave me many new insights into places I thought I'd researched thoroughly; but what really flipped me was your master chart of European cities. This is the kind of hip, compressed, lay-it-on-the-line information that synthesizes in two pocketable pages facts that no single travel tome provides. I hated to mutilate my May issue, but I removed the chart and put it with my passport as a "must" document to have with me at all times.

Harold Johnston
New York, New York

SUPER SNOOP

Professor Alan Weston's *The Snooping Machine* (PLAYBOY, May) was the most complete and accurate description of the controversy surrounding the national data center that I have yet seen. His reasonable and responsible presentation is a substantial aid to those of us in government



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who are trying to prevent our data rich society from becoming privacy poor

Reports of the death of the national data center concept are certainly greatly exaggerated, as Professor Westin says. However, I was pleased to announce on March 28, 1968, that I had been informed by the Bureau of the Budget that it was highly unlikely that a concrete proposal to set up a data bank would be submitted to the 90th Congress. This delay demonstrates that an aroused American public and a responsive Congress can bridge the gap between the legitimate need for statistics and the overwhelming necessity to preserve traditional American values.

It may well be that after the twin agonies of Vietnam and racial strife are resolved and the wounds are healed, the most important function of a democratic government will be to strengthen and expand the opportunities implicit in our humanity. Certainly the suffocating sense of surveillance represented by the original proposal for a national data center must be purged out of American society.

Representative Cornelius E. Gallagher
Chairman, Special Subcommittee on
Invasion of Privacy
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

BALLOT FOR BALLARD

I've been an avid reader of PLAYBOY's fiction for several years and can recall many wonderful stories you've published. But I think that J. G. Ballard's *The Dead Astronaut* (PLAYBOY, May) is particularly noteworthy. Ballard has a brilliant imagination. His descriptions brought the scenes vividly to mind. His choice of words was superb, his transitions smooth and his skillful handling of characters made them appear real, indeed. Congratulations

Chris Lowell
Amherst, Massachusetts

GOLDEN WORDS

Ken W. Purdy's May article, *Indy - the Golden Brickyard*, was outstanding. It was more than just another story on the 500, because it truly captured the spirit of America's greatest racing spectacle. I would like to point out, however, that we don't aim to make junk out of anything at Indy with our turbines. All we want to do is win, as silently as possible, and leave the controversy to somebody else.

Carroll Shelly
Paya del Ray, California

I am thankful to Purdy for his Captainlike treatment of the history of Indy. Purdy's "nonfiction fiction" analysis of the Indy scene was especially extraordinary when you realize that to compile such a relatively short review, he had to sift through myriad significant technical innovations and choose from among

the hundreds of heights and heartbreaks that have been experienced by the drivers, owners, builders and fans since 1911.

Stephen B. Hines
Brockton, Massachusetts

Three rousing long, bloody cheers to Ken W. Purdy for his *Indy* article. Purdy's command and use of the English language is, in a word, superb. May he continue to grace the pages of your excellent magazine.

David J. Tooley
San Diego, California
He will.

Unless its restrictions on turbine cars are lifted, the Golden Brickyard may someday be called the Piston Junk Yard.

Theodore J. Ling
Torrance, California

SATANIC SALUTE

Seldom does one read a story that contains such eloquent insight into a little known area of the supernatural as does Isaac Bashevis Singer's *Henne Fire* (PLAYBOY, May). The combination of demonic possession, a fire elemental and a case of spontaneous human combustion are arranged in a masterful way. Even more impressive to me, though, are Singer's bits of Talmudic wisdom—he has the makings of a first rate sorcerer.

Concerning the power of words as an important key in the performance of ritual magic, Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words often lead to much worse. The philosophy expressed throughout the story is pure and applied Satanism. A person cannot be good to others until he knows how to be good to himself. My compliments to PLAYBOY and to Singer for far more than just another fantasy story.

Amnon Szandor LaVey
High Priest, Church of Satan
San Francisco, California

PRESS CLUB

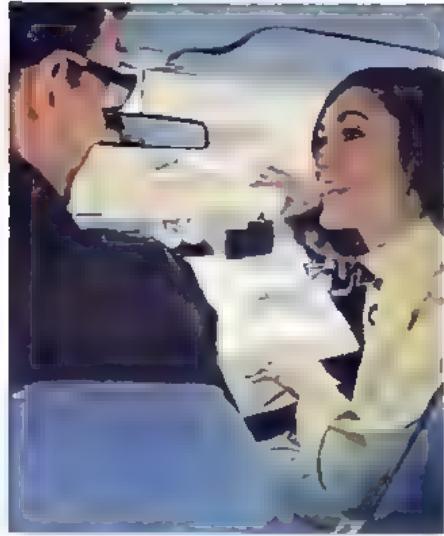
Gerald Cleaver's *Never Press the Lapels* (PLAYBOY, May) reads more like a manifesto—for those of us who have suffered at the hands and devices of dry cleaners, than like fiction. My congratulations to Cleaver's hero on his small rebellion against the lapel flattening establishment—and to the author for such an enjoyable story.

Norman Quentin
Mobile, Alabama

ULYSSES REVISITED

William Wiser's *Ulysses at Cannes* in the May PLAYBOY, is undoubtedly one of the best pastiches yet of the immortal Joyce's equally immortal *Ulysses*. Wiser's skillful adherence to Joyce's deft yet abstract style, especially exemplified in the article's concluding

New rallying cry: "It's a Wide Oval World."



White and Red Stripes

It's happening at sports car rallies, on the highway and, chances are, right on your own block. Americans are fast discovering that the world of wheels is oval. Wide Oval. The Wide Oval World of Firestone.

Perhaps you've noticed it, too. How tires are getting wider, lower. We started it more than a year ago when we introduced the original Super Sports

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So you see, it's become a Wide Oval World. Firestone Wide Oval. And a whole lot safer for it. Rally around.



Firestone The Safe Tire



Dan Gurney—Indianapolis, grand prix, sports car and stock car driver, race car builder—uses Dep for Men

Gurney just had his hair styled. You got something to say about it?

Gurney can handle himself as well as he handles a racing car. So why does he go the hairstyling route? As Dan puts it, "Motor oil and track dirt don't exactly improve a man's hair. So anything I can do to make up for it, I do." Fact is, hairstylists can make up for a lot of things—like a receding hairline or too much curl or too little body—because they "shape" your hair instead of just cut it. The hargrooming products they use add to that neat styled look, too. There's Dep for Men Styling Gel for body, control and lustre. And Dep for Men Hair Spray for holding power that lasts all day. Are you sold on hairstyling and Dep for Men? Look around, 10 million other guys are!



Dep for men—the hairstyling products

"soliloquy," shows a remarkable insight into Joycean structure and device. His adaptation of the Cannes incident into a *Ulysses*-like situation deserves commendation.

William Lafferty
West Lafayette, Indiana

Apropos *Ulysses at Cannes*, I can tell you that I think Joseph Strick is the worst director in the world. It is extremely difficult to decide who is the best director in the world and who is the worst; but in the case of Joe Strick, we are aided considerably in the task because he regularly attacks the most celebrated and beautiful works of literature to produce the basest and most insignificant films. To paraphrase Ernst Lubitsch, in *To Be or Not to Be*, I would say that Strick has done to Jean Genet, James Joyce and soon to Lawrence Durrell what the Nazis did to Poland.

François Truffaut
Paris, France

GIRLS' HOME COMPANION?

I don't have any special reason for writing this letter except, perhaps, to say "Thank you." I am a young married woman with two preschool boys. Today, with all the available material on what a woman should be, how she should act, what she should say, what she should wear; on her role as a mother and wife, and, most important, on her physical appearance, I must say I am thrilled to find all these subjects discussed in a publication edited for men. After all, today's modern wife should have her husband's wishes at the very top of the mental list that rules her behavior. Most women's magazines stick safely to the tangible facts about a woman's so-called role *PLAYBOY*—"entertainment for men" offers any intelligent woman an almanac of information on the way to her man's heart!

It's a plain fact that men like girls. Underneath the wife, mother, lover, advisor, adversary or friend, if there remains a girl, that's quite an accomplishment. It's all there for the taking in *PLAYBOY*. Where else can a woman find out what men want, if not from their very own magazine?

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Mrs. Leslie Josephs
Flushing, New York



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



To the various stock exchanges across the country, add the New York Stock Market of the East Village, on the cut between First and Second Avenues on Fifth Street, which lists the prices of various blue-chip stocks and high flyers. We quote from a release posted in an East Side bookshop.

	OPEN	CLOSE
Grass	\$11.97 oz	\$15.04 oz
Hash	9.45 dime	9.51 dime
Acid	8.15 cap	8.00 cap
Mesc	6.00 trip	sold out
Meth. (pill)	.20	.20
Meth (crystal)	10.00	9.58
Morning Glory Seeds	.75	.70

"Prices," notes the bulletin, "do not include sales tax."

A recent issue of *Medical World News*, a weekly magazine for doctors, contains a fascinating—and depressing—article on today's depression syndrome, that immobilizing and unspecific dread that so many of us feel from time to time and are wont to blame on everything from the boss to the Damoclean threat of atomic destruction. A psychiatrically sound and rather vivid description of this malaise precedes the article proper.

"When a man is depressed, every little evil is magnified by the frightening specters of his anxiety. . . . A far worse lot is before him. He dare not employ any means of averting or remedying the evil. . . . The physician, the consoling friend are driven away. . . . Asleep or awake, he is haunted. . . . Awake, he makes no use of his reason; and asleep, he enjoys no respite from his alarms. His reason always slumbers; his fears are always awake. Nowhere can he find an escape from his imaginary terrors."

As we said, the article itself (which isn't by-lined) is interesting, but we were especially intrigued by the authorship of the above-quoted lead paragraph, which was not penned by an anonymous doctor or analyst but by a well-known biographer

and moralist, some time ago, a chap by the name of Plutarch, whose *curriculum vitae* are not precisely known but whose birth and death dates are believed to be the years 46 and 120 A.D. Apparently, despair and *anomie* are not solely the psychological stigmata of this anxious age.

Ban the Bosom Department: Some overzealous guardian of family morals evidently felt called upon to sanitize a sentence in a synopsis of the movie *Send Me No Flowers* that appeared in the "TV Prevue" section of the *Chicago Sun Times*. It wound up as: "Tony Randall is the buxom buddy who bursts into boozy tears at the mere thought of his neighbor's fate."

Hubert Humphrey's campaign effort to prove himself nobody's lackey went into high gear when he unequivocally announced in a televised statement: "No sane person in the country likes the war in Vietnam, and neither does President Johnson."

Church attendance nearly doubled after an Ontario, Ohio, minister began billing himself as "Sacred Agent 007."

Sexual freedom is alive and well in Los Angeles, if one can judge from the following sign posted at a men's room exit in that city's airport: HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING—WATCH RINGS-PURSE TICKETS?

Ad agencies, note: America no longer has the market cornered on zingy product names. Germany now exports a 1959 wine called Wilunger Kupp Trockenbeerenauslese Original Absatzung Bischofliches Priesterschmitz.

Though we've become inured to the custom, among culturally hip ecclesiasts, of adopting *noms de plume* that reflect current issues and celebrities (The Gaza Stripper and Joanie Carson to name two examples), our interest in the subject was reawakened by the news that a San Fran-

cisco miss billing herself as Thoroughly Naked Millie was competing for popularity on the strip circuit with a swinging Japanese bump-and-grinder aptly named Sakatumi.

Ominous Invitations Department: The Atomic Energy Commission asked journalists to convene in New Mexico to watch an underground nuclear detonation. Accompanying the invitation was a six page schedule of events that concluded: "11 A.M. Detonation. 11:30 A.M.: Postdetonation briefing by project manager, if possible."

It would seem that the prim behavioral standards established for nurses by Florence Nightingale are still practiced as well as preached below the Mason-Dixon line. *The Atlanta Journal* reports that "Men compromise only 1.5 percent of the South's nursing students."

While letting our fingers do the walking the other day through the Orlando, Florida, Yellow Pages, we came across a grim listing in the midst of an otherwise commonplace welter of goods and services. Immediately following "Stump Removal," and "Sugar Cane Growers" came "Suicide Clean-Up Service."

Pity the poor bivalve. In an article on the rapidly decreasing oyster crop, *The Wall Street Journal* obtained this touching statement from an executive of the Oyster Institute of America: "There's a whole generation of people who don't care about the oyster or its problems."

Weather forecast of the month, from Maine's *Portland Evening Express*: "Fair sunny weather seen for tonight, tomorrow."

Our Understatement Award goes to *The Washington Post's* ad for the movie *The Undertaker and His Pals*, describing the film as "a macabre story of two motorcyclists, knife-wielding, shit-shaving,

eye-gouging, arm-twisting, chain lashing, scalpel slashing, acid throwing, gun-shooting, bone-breaking, pathological nuts."

In a contemporary twist on *Lysistrata*, Radcliffe girls have asked their fellow students for contributions to pay for an ad in *The Harvard Crimson* demonstrating their support of the SDS-sponsored Harvard Draft Union. Their campaign slogan is, "Cliffies Say 'Yes' to Gays Who Say 'No.'" Unfortunately, their suggestion that the ad include names and telephone numbers of the girls who say "yes" was not approved.

Our Aptly Yclept Business of the Year Award goes to the Philadelphia garbage disposal firm whose truck bears the legend: P. J. VILE—RUBBISH.

San Francisco columnist Herb Caen reports what must be the last word on toplessness: A classified ad in the San Jose, California, *Mercury* asked for a "topless dishwasher, attractive, over 21. Apply or call The Udder Place, Monterey Road, San Jose."

BOOKS

"In the beginning was the TURN ON"—at least in the scripture according to Saint Timothy. After seven years of "grooving with God," Timothy Leary is finally willing to accept "the inexorable, unplanned for, troublesome, comically embarrassing, implausible, unstoppable tidal sweep toward sainthood"; and *High Priest* (New American Library), focused on 16 of his most memorable round trips, is his New Testament. In the jargon of mysticism ("shimmering play of vibrations") and in jarring modernisms ("there was no listing in the Yellow Pages for visionary messiah"), he attempts to describe breaking through the pull of the brain's gravity and orbiting out of his mind. But for all his efforts to articulate the ineffable ("Grasping marshmallow flesh fuzz erotic jumping rapture"), the most insightful passages in his head's bible deal with all-too-human, jolly green guru anecdotes: Leary struggling to keep a fellow traveler from invading his teenage daughter's pajama party, Allen Ginsberg, stripped naked, running up the phone bill with cosmic politics; Leary ruefully revealing that in the first two months of his Harvard experiments, seven women followed him home to declare their love ("Now she was all woman receptive earth; tomorrow she would be reincarnated as a pretty graduate student. I retreated behind the couch"). Leary is candid about the occupational hazards of sainthood, frank about the horrors of bad trips and charitable about the harassment he's undergone. But when he attempts to write the autobiog-

raphy of the cosmos, his prose often becomes guru-some; and when he sums up his divine election, in "murmuring giggling gooey" ecstasies, he not only fails to add to our insight into the psychedelic generation but lends credence to the charges that his League for Spiritual Discovery is not so much a religion as a vacation of the mind. *The Ecstatic Adventure* (Macmillan), a psychedelicatessen of a book edited by Ralph Metzner, also stresses the inability to put the consciousness-expanding experience into words; but that doesn't stop its 58 contributors from over 300 pages of trying. Swinger and bummer, Quaker and rabbi, prisoner and coed, architect and rock star—all are scornful of the rational mind's imposition of concepts on the flux of experience; but they themselves wordily impose tourist-guide cliché and mind blown metaphor. According to Metzner, their accounts constitute "a bubbling, ecstatic, seemingly inexhaustible pool of images and ideas"; but when they come down for air, all they can do is gasp. A more persuasive case for psychedelics is inadvertently made by Donald B. Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, in *The Drug Scene* (McGraw-Hill). In his put-down, head-off, up-tight study of "the abuse of drugs" (apparently they are never just "used"), Louria makes every effort to appear reasonable—conceding that the marijuana laws, for instance, are ludicrous—but it soon becomes apparent that he's being a drugged horse. With appalling illogic and mindless prose, he advances arguments about the "potential dangers" of drugs that could apply almost as well to tooth paste, stoops to tabloid scares ("The drug has even been given to girls sometimes without their knowledge . . .") and indulges in dubious reasoning (after grimly relating the putative horrors of LSD, he adds, "Fortunately, the number of such cases which are adequately documented is at present still small"). Leary and the ecstatic adventurers may be dropouts or cop-outs; but it's clear that Louria and the consciousness-restraining establishment, in their grotesque misunderstanding of the younger generation's quest for a more purposeful future, are largely responsible for the regeneration gap.

Vladimir Nabokov's *King, Queen, Knave* (McGraw-Hill) has 13 chapters, the suit is hearts and the characters are pasteboard. After shuffling his themes and dealing his sentences, Nabokov studies his hand. Poker-faced he retains the three court cards, discards a small pair. The reader watches warily as the stakes grow higher—flirtation, adultery, finally murder. A revised version of his second novel, originally published in Russian in 1928, the book deals with Kurt Dreyer, Berlin businessman and adulterer; his wife, Mar-

tha, adulteress; and their nephew Franz, a myopic knight whose every move takes him sideways as well as forward. Desiring a fuller house, a "blending of bank and bed," Martha seduces her nephew right under the eyes of her imperceptive husband, establishing an obtuse triangle. The plot proceeds in intricate diagrams, a geometry of emotions; and as Martha persuades Franz to attempt avuncularicide, as Kurt becomes involved in a scheme to market automannequins, the madness of their obsessions drains dimension from the characters until they become the playing cards of the title. *King, Queen, Knave* has many Nabokovian virtues—offbeat observation ("Bathers entering the shallow water moved their legs like skiers without their poles"), gaily jolting imagery ("a compact pain rolled like a bowling ball from temple to temple"), glimpses of madness ("Bending low his congested face . . . he was peering back through the archway of his bare thighs at the reflection of his bleak buttocks") and a disoriented cosmology all its own: Nabokovian space, in which stations depart from stationary trains, and suspended, frozen Nabokovian time. But in the end, the geometry is plain—the card game patterns are trumped up and the novel lacks that radiant tenderness that usually gives resonance to Nabokov's joyous madness. Is he bluffing, then? Well, even if he doesn't have an ace in the whole, this hand is better than the three-of-a-kinds and dull straights of most writers; for he still has a joker up his sleeve and, as in all his novels, the joker is wild.

Arthur C. Clarke's new book, *The Promise of Space* (Harper & Row), provides a magnificent overview—retrospective, current and predictive—of the theory and practice of astronauts. With his customary fluency and skill, with humor and imagination, Clarke traces the achievements of the past 20 years, explains the science and technology they rest on and forecasts the promises of the future—up to theoretically possible interstellar travel at not quite the speed of light. Starting with the history of manned and unmanned space flight, the book anticipates what man may expect to learn from exploring the moon, the sun and the cosmos. When Clarke writes of orbital space stations, of space hospitals, or space hotels, they become "the stately Ports of Earth—strange new harbors where the ships of space make their planetfalls." A colony on the Moon becomes an astronomical miracle: "the lights of the first expeditions, shining where no stars could ever be, within the arms of the crescent Moon." Even when giving his reader the most technical information, he manages to make it not only understandable but somehow familiar. He reminds us that man-made objects broke the sound barrier at least 10,000 years ago: the crack of a simple

"Truly mind blowing... A stimulating trip; just sit back and defy the laws of gravity with your sensory apparatus on Go and your mind wide open to the stunning import of this extraordinary film." *Playboy* **"Kubrick provides the viewer with the closest equivalent to psychedelic experience this side of hallucinogens!"** *Time* **"A fantastic movie about man's future! An unprecedented psychedelic roller coaster of an experience!"** *Life*

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whip is, after all, a sonic boom. As a peerless producer of science fiction (and no stranger to these pages), Clarke believes the factual finds of the next centuries in space can only enhance his craft. "The more we know," he writes, "the greater is the scope for fiction; only feeble minds are paralyzed by facts." A choice assortment of Clarke's pre-Space Age tales is newly available in paperback under the title *The Other Side of the Sky* (Harbrace); and we also call your attention to *2001: A Space Odyssey* (New American Library), the novel on which the celebrated film is based.

Sami Gulloden, 45, a screenwriter novelist and a sardonically self-described "Aging White Zero," comes to the Mexican town of Maldita with his wife and teenage son looking for *A Quiet Place to Work* (Knopf). He also brings with him a writer's block and a drinking problem. Soon, however, these problems loom small as he gets in with the swinging local chapter of the American expatriate set, whose membership includes a 22-year-old Amazon and her queer mother, a ruined Chicago abortionist and his Mexican doll, a rich multimarried widow and her gigolo, a defrocked sex-and-whiskey priest and a gay couple, and an orgy-oriented earth mother type ("Did you ever try a Sex Sandwich? What it is, you two'll be the slices of bread, and me—I'll be the meat.") and her equally horny husband. Into this circle a fully detonated sex bomb falls, bursting in all erotic directions, and leaving in her wake a slew of victims, including herself. She is the agent that manages to blast through Sam's writer's block. Author Harry Brown, who wrote the quiet war novel *I Walk in the Sun* and the Academy Award-winning screenplay *A Place in the Sun*, produces many fine vignettes and distinctive scenes in this literary excursion under the Mexican sun, among them *A Small Buffet in Maldita*, which appeared in our September 1967 issue.

"It is quite possible to say that the price a Negro pays for becoming articulate," James Baldwin ominously wrote in *Notes of a Native Son*. "is to find himself with nothing to be articulate about." This is not Baldwin's problem today. On the contrary, the major weakness of his new novel, *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* (Dial), is that he has too much to be articulate about. He attempts to serve up a blend of problems—Negritude success and bisexuality—under a single fictional cover; the result, not surprisingly, is a diffuse and arbitrarily structured novel that never quite stays in any one focus for very long. Leo Proust hammer (no comment), the hero, is a small Halkin black boy who makes it a big man in the white world; He is a star. After he suffers a heart attack on stage in San Francisco, the novel

races the giant steps he has taken and his key experiences: his relationship with his older brother, a heterosexual attachment with a white actress from Kentucky, and finally, a homosexual love affair with a black power advocate. Along the way, there are the usual but eloquent Baldwin essays on the condition of the American Negro ("I was discovering what some American blacks must discover: that the people who destroyed my history had also destroyed their own"). There are poignant insights into how a black reacts to his success ("I gathered that I had an interesting reputation in the streets. Some people considered me a faggot, for some I was a hero, for some I was a whore, for some I was a devious cocksman, for some I was an Uncle Tom."). There is the recurring Baldwin plea for bisexuality (his need "to be held in human arms, almost any human arms"). And every page is infused with the passion and the pain that is the mark of a genuine artist. Yet Baldwin never manages to discover where the real center of his novel lies. The hero's black lover and the hero's communal brother, who becomes a fundamentalist preacher, both seem far more interesting than the hero himself. The final effect is not so much that Baldwin has missed the train but rather that he has made the mistake of boarding the wrong compartment, loaded down with too much baggage, to make for a satisfying journey.

Ferdinand Lundberg, a dimly remembered assailant of privilege in the New Deal days, has resurfaced with some 800 pages of vitriol about *The Rich and the Super-Rich* (Lyle Stuart). It's enough to make a fellow want to burn his credit cards. Fortunately for the *status quo*, only the bravest will wade through Lundberg's turgid invective and murky syntax. A sample will do: "Were it not for the miscellaneous batch of hard bitten, shirt-sleeved Texas oil lease speculators and wildcatters that since World War One has risen on a tide of special tax privileges like science-fiction dinosaurs, it could well be said that the day of accumulating Gargantuan new personal fortunes in the United States is just about ended, leaving the rubbed, scrubbed and public-relations-anointed inheritors of the 19th Century money scramble holding most of the chips." Perhaps it could well be said, but Lundberg doesn't say it well at all. Frozen within these Lundbergian icebergs, however, are some noteworthy items. He builds a good statistical case for his assertion that "members of a small clique, comparable in size to the owning class of the Banana Republics . . . own and control all important economic enterprises in the United States." And his analysis of inheritance practices and tax loopholes makes it clear that this coterie

faces no immediate danger of dissolution. These and similar points, while hardly new, are always worth making in a nation that likes to congratulate itself for the equitable way it has distributed its wealth. A pity Lundberg makes them so gracelessly.

Seeing how little has happened to change their lives after all the marches and all the laws, more and more young black people have turned to black consciousness, to black power. And if you want to know what they're thinking and why, the book that does for the late Sixties what Baldwin did for the early Sixties is Julius Lester's *Look Out, Whitley! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!* (Dial). A 29-year-old SNCC worker, Lester is also a poet, a photographer and a powerful exponent of black singing traditions. (He has two albums on Vanguard.) As a writer, Lester is direct, idiomatic and free of euphemisms. He distills the reason for the rise of black power—the recognition that for black people to have decision-making power over their own lives, they must organize to gain control over their communities and the institutions in those communities. His language, when speaking of the history of the exploitation of blacks in this country, is fierce. But Lester is essentially a humanist, believing in the perfectibility of man and looking to a community based on love and justice. If young whites, he adds, feel the same kind of need and organize among themselves, "then maybe we can come together and work on some things side by side." But taking care of black business is the overwhelming priority for blacks now, and for the black young as well as for those whites who want to know what's going on, this book tells it like it is.

How We Live (Macmillan), edited by Penney Chapin Hills and L. Rust Hills, is a fine fat, pleasantly familiar anthology of contemporary American fiction by Mailer, Updike, Roth, Baldwin, Bell, Barth, Nabokov, Southern and Bruce Jay Friedman, among others. In addition to affording all manner of glimpses, as the subtitle has it of "contemporary life in contemporary fiction," this hero sandwich of a volume confirms our faith that a lot of first-rate writing has been done in this country in the past couple of decades.

MOVIES

Deborah Kerr plays Prudence in *Prudence and the Pill*, superficially one of those marital comedies in which well paid stars dress sublimely, trade witty retorts and keep their indiscretions discreet. Not this time. Sprinkled with improprieties certain to offend Mrs. Grundy, *Prudence* is all the more surprising because we hardly expect to find Deborah, David Niven and Dame Edith

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Evans plugging the new morality. The birth-control pills of the title are but a secondary issue, for the movie finally upholds tradition by endorsing family life and fecundity. Who's fecundating who is the question amusingly asked—and answered, too. Niven bounds from boudoir to boudoir as an English bounder inspired with mischievous ideas by his niece (pert Judy Geeson), a swinger who simplifies her own sex life by borrowing pills from her mother's supply and paying back in aspirin (slight technical lapse here: Aspirin tablets are about twice the size of the pill). Mom, of course, gets preggers, whereupon Uncle David divines that he'd be free to join his mistress (very fetchingly played by Irina Demick) if wife Deborah were made pregnant as well—and he has reason to suspect that her handsome doctor (Keith Michell) will unwittingly cooperate. Thereafter, pills for every conceivable—or inconceivable—purpose are shuffled back and forth like handkerchiefs in a French farce. The expected cop-out never comes, or at least comes with an insouciant twist or two, praise be to director Fielder Cook and scenarist Hugh Millis for giving establishment movies another healthy push toward sexual maturity.

A lot of skin is exposed in *Therese and Isabelle*, a new airing for Sweden's Essy Persson, who proved that she was all girl in *I, a Woman*. Robed or disrobed, Essy is an eyeful. She has large bones, a leggy Garboesque stride and a full fruity mouth that might easily inspire a slim volume of erotic verse. As Therese, Essy is limited to the rather specialized eroticism prevalent in a French boarding school for *jeunes filles*. The story of her love affair with Isabelle (blonde Anna Gael) unfolds in graceful flashbacks, while Therese, as a chic young matron whose present life is a mystery, strolls the grounds of the shuttered school remembering long ago in disretries—in the lavatory, in the park, in a Parisian house of joy and, in one instance, on the floor of the school chapel. The girls' intense but essentially innocent Lesbianism is fussed over at languorous length by producer-director Radley Metzger, who used to import sex-plotation movies (*The Dirty Girls*) but now toils his own. *Therese and Isabelle*, tastefully photographed, is a quality entry in this league. The film preserves novelist Violette Leduc's lushest passages in the heroine's narration. Her words are compelling ("limbs dissolving in an exquisite decay," "a maddened eel was battering itself to death inside me") but seldom relevant to the action *les girls* perform on the screen.

Reading the production notes for *The Swimmer*, the first movie adaptation of a John Cheever short story, one learns that Burt Lancaster took swimming les-

sions for three months in preparation for the role. Now in his mid 50s, Lancaster looks great wearing blue trunks; his figure is trim; his form, impeccable. Unfortunately, the emphasis on physical fitness gives an odd turn to Cheever's fiction, in which a deeply muddled, middle-aged suburbanite decides to swim home from a party house to house, in the hope that breasting a waterway of friends' and neighbors' adjacent pools may somehow subdue the howling dogs beneath his skin. An Eleanor Perry script directed by Frank Perry (the *David and Lisa* team) makes every literary nuance so explicit that *The Summer* himself frequently sounds like a crazy, talkative poet with a fetish for fresh air and exercise. His damp odyssey produces any number of predictable sneers at the social swim. The friends encountered by dear old Ned drop hints that he is having a nervous breakdown, since he irrationally denies the obvious fact that his wife has left him. Lancaster puts a lot of energy into the part as written; yet the athletic seeker of beauty and truth we see before us seldom appears related in any organic way to the egocentric suburban stud we hear about, whose punishment supposedly befits his crimes. Only one scene has a suitable tang, thanks to Janice Rule's cauterizing display of the wounds inflicted on a former mistress. Some of the film is embarrassing—particularly a coyly managed sequence with a pair of elderly punk nudists—and the rest opens vistas of instant psychotherapy that lie a long, long way from Cheever country.

An apartment house in Prague during the Nazi Occupation sounds like the setting for a film that all of us have seen at least once before. Put some people under pressure—among them, a Jewish doctor, maybe. He knows his days are numbered; he is no longer allowed to practice, yet he reluctantly tours the city seeking morphine for a wounded underground fighter. When the Gestapo appears, the behavior of the building's tenants toward the suspect Jew raises those universal questions of courage, cowardice and complicity by which mankind forever judges itself. *The Fifth Horseman Is Fear* is that kind of movie. Made in 1964, it introduces to the West yet another of Czechoslovakia's brilliant writer-directors, Zbynek Brynych. Only a first rate talent could do for *Horseman* what Brynych does in scene after scene by mixing horror with humor lifting a naturalistic tragedy to the surrealistic plane of nightmare. The eerie actuality of events too terrible to be true is established immediately, when the mousy doctor (Miroslav Machacek) strolls through halls filled with clocks, halls filled with violins, halls filled with pianos—reporting to his job in a warehouse for confiscated Jewish property. In another chilling

episode, a boy sits on a fence gleefully watching the low-comedy antics of a man astride a wobbly bike—until the bicycle tips and the half-dead partisan sprawls over it. Brynych dares even more difficult feats of theatricality during the doctor's fearful odyssey through Prague, which leads from the Desperation Bar—where every night is *Walpurgisnacht* for Jews anticipating annihilation—to a brothel for Nazi officers, to a Jewish asylum that rivals the bedlam of *Mariánská Sáda*.

Wild in the Streets is wild, indeed. Loose jointed and tinselly as any teeny-bopper beach opera, this impudent ode to the kids pulls its head out of the sand and takes a nose-thumbing plunge into social satire. Most of the ideas gleaned from Robert Thom's original story and screenplay, directed by Barry Shear, are reckless, incisive, hilarious and probably subversive. While *Streets* owes a nod to last year's British comedy *Privilege*, it is a more ebullient projection of where our national hang up about thinking young, young, young could ultimately lead. Attention centers on a 22-year-old singing idol (Christopher Jones) who uses flower power to establish a dictatorship of *Luv, baby*. A cop hater, mother hater (mother is played by Shelley Winters) and multi-millionaire, he goes into politics because his supporters want the voting age lowered to their age, 14 or so. After his favorite bird (Diane Varsi, making another comeback, her best by far) has been floated onto a vacant Congressional seat, the hero himself succeeds L. B. J. in the Presidency (on the Republican ticket, yet) and begins to press for "the most purely hedonistic society the world has ever known." Smoking pot becomes all but mandatory, squares are condemned to read *Winnie the Pooh*, while senior citizens over the age of 35 are shipped to internment camps to be psyched out on LSD. The comedy may sound excessive, but it is mounted with an irreverent improvisational air that blows right off the pop-protest scene.

If you haven't read *Rosemary's Baby*, the Ira Levin best seller about a pair of bright young marrieds who fall prey to a brood of witches in a Gothic Manhattan apartment building, don't bother now. Instead, see the spellbinder written and directed by Roman (*Knife in the Water*) Polanski, who has been in the doldrums of late but here reasserts his gifts as a young master of suspense. More books should be so lucky with their adapters. Polanski dwells on contrasts, shifting from modern New York's frenzy to the apparent tranquillity of a monstrous old residence where strange things have happened from time to time. Even stranger things are afoot for Rosemary (Mia Farrow) and her actor husband (John Cassavetes), at first glance a typical big-city couple—the sort of

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slightly "in" people whose ideas about decor might make the "Home" section of the *Sunday Times* magazine. To poison this glossy milieu with the evils of amulets, secret closets and witches' brews requires some delicacy of style, and Polanski's filming keeps this far-out tale rooted in the commonplace; his brilliantly conceived nightmare sequences lend an eerie reality to the suggestion that a bland young matron has had intercourse with the Devil himself. Mia as Rosemary is a trapped butterfly directed by stubborn female instincts, while Cassavetes looks talented rather than type-cast in the tricky role of an actor with a hint of madness in his Method. Among the odd spooks and skeptics thickening the plot are Maurice Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Patsy Kelly, Elisha Cook and Sidney Blackmer. But even these veterans must defer when Ruth Gordon, aglow with rouge and fanaticism, takes charge as the loudmouthed diabolist next door.

Call it sick, call it camp, call it tragicomic, *The Queen* is a quirky color documentary with a straightforward message: Boys will be girls. The event it records is "The Miss All American Camp Beauty Pageant" of 1967, which drew hordes of drag queens to Manhattan's Town Hall decked out in their finest feathers and sequins. For several days prior to the competition, roving cameras cruised (along with the wispy protagonists) from hotel rooms to costume shoppes to rehearsal studios, picking up beauty hints, bitchery and some surprisingly sympathetic insights into a world of outcasts. It is more than funny to see the anguish of the winner-to-be, Harlow (18-year-old Richard Finch of Philadelphia) a sad, lovely youth who weeps over a mislaid blonde wig, just as it is less than serious to note how contestants tape male pectoral muscles into a reasonable facsimile of what customarily fills a strapless bra (rubbing in a bit of dark eye shadow enhances the cleavage effect). Author Terry Southern and artist Andy Warhol are among the interested observers present; and Mario Montez, transvestite star of the underground cinema, prances through *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*. All in all, an authentic shriek of sociology, hairier than most and strangely sad.

A pair of star-crossed lovers (Oleg Vidov and Gitte Haenning) come to grief in *Hagbard and Signe*, a bleak but beautiful Danish film that charts the perilous course of courtship in the time of the Vikings. This is a Romeo and Juliet legend gone primitive, with smoky stockades replacing palaces, rough homespun replacing Renaissance splendor. Few words are spoken to settle a 12th Century feud between neighboring kingdoms, though swords slash with ghastly precision whenever the stalwart

sons of Sigvor (Gunnar Bjornstrand, one of Ingmar Bergman's mainstays) and the stalwart sons of Hamund set forth to whack off one another's heads. Director Gabriel Axel makes the techniques of decapitation all too clear in a small-scale spectacular notable mainly for its artful cinematography. Filmed on location in Iceland, where every shaft of sunlight looks subarctic, the real drama here is purely visual, the effortless melting away of centuries in a re-enactment of Scandinavia's virile history. How Hagbard and Signe pay with their lives for one night of abandon is common tragedy, perhaps, but good excuse to color the barren landscape with rigorous battle scenes and some exceedingly scenic blondes of both sexes.

Based on one of Tennessee Williams' least memorable plays (*The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*), *Boom!* marks the eighth time Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton have co-starred on film. Their new act is a mishmash of religious symbolism and incipient sex, yet the claptrap contains two fat parts. Hers is that of a dying billionairess whose marriages to "five industrial kings" have brought her a sumptuous island retreat off the seacoast of Sardinia, guarded by dogs and a dwarf (Michael Dunn, naturally). Burton's is the role of a Christly con man sometimes known as the Angel of Death because he favors ladies not long for this world. In *Boom!*, the embattled pair inhabits a theatrical evrie suspended between the crags of high comedy and high camp. Liz corners much the best of it, sloshing down black coffee, pills and brandy, screaming for injections and sputting out nuggets of Williams wit that are frequently funny and nearly always profane. When Liz isn't turning the air blue, Noel Coward makes himself visible and quotable as The Witch of Capri, a profligate old sag who throws away lines like, "I was so excited, I shouted a silent hallelujah." Director Joseph (The Servant) Llosa lets his flair for fashion run wild, often pulling the camera away from his stars to bring out the blueness of the sea, the whiteness of the stucco, the molten clarity of the sun on mosaic floors and the polish on the silver. A mess, but a very pretty mess.

Frank Sinatra's fine performance as *The Detective* is so cool and steady that he makes the movie look better than it is. Under director Gordon Douglas, Frank subdues his aura of celebrity to get at the straightforward toughness and sincerity of a good cop who finally drops out of the system because he sees he's been had by the corruption he hates. In Abby Mann's screenplay, from Roderick Thorpe's novel, the contrivances of fiction loom large. The mutilation and murder of a wealthy homosexual is the crime that ultimately brings to light a psycho-

pathic invert, a suspicious young widow (exquisite Jacqueline Bisset), police payoffs and criminal conspiracy at the borough planning level. Some flashbacks concerning *The Detective's* estranged wife (Lee Remick), whose compulsive promiscuity is more than Frank can take, have to be shoehorned into an already crowded narrative. Always engrossing, if not quite convincing, *The Detective* bends over backward to keep its liberal attitudes unimpeachably correct. Pointing up the fascistic methods of a young Negro cop, for example, is an obvious sort of reverse condescension. And the movie's sympathetic treatment of what is clearly meant to be New York's homosexual world would have us believe, Virginia, that most of the action takes place in parked trucks down on the waterfront.

RECORDINGS

Usually, when an actor takes it into his head that he can sing, the results range from indifferent to catastrophic. Not so with Richard Harris. On *A Tramp Shining* (Dunhill), as he did in *Camelot*, he displays a voice that is sensitive, individualistic and on key. Harris also had the good sense to have Jim Webb, the bright new light in the music world, supply the songs and the arrangements. Webb's music is fresh, inventive and filled with the sadness of love gone awry. *Didn't We, Name of My Sorrow, If You Must Leave My Life* and the long *MacArthur Park* are the best of the nine songs—all of which show what a good actor can do with the proper vocal equipment.

Sly and the Family Stone really cook on *Dance to the Music* (Epic). The milieu is psychedelic rhythm and blues and, while the material is not as exciting as on the Family's first LP—which went largely unnoticed—the groove is there on such items as *Higher, Dance to the Medley* and *Never Will I Fall in Love Again*.

Nelson / Miles Davis (Columbia) proves only one thing: Miles gets nothing but better. His quintet—with improving tenor man Wayne Shorter, the exemplary piano of Herbie Hancock and the rhythmic heroics of drummer Tony Williams and bassist Ron Carter—is in fine fettle. And the half-dozen originals penned by Hancock, Williams and Shorter give free rein to Miles' and the group's creative skills.

Mel Tormé, a singer whose horizons are apparently limitless, demonstrates a remarkable ability to vocalize with his tongue in his cheek on *A Day in the Life of Bonnie and Clyde* (Liberty). It's the Thirties, baby—*The Music Goes Round and Round, You're the Cream in My*

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Coffee, With Plenty of Money and You set the tone that Tormé sustains throughout the entire LP.

Look out for The Gary Burton Quartet. These four young men are coming on like Gang Busters. *Softly Take Anagram* (Victor), their latest offering, is a model of restraint and rapport. Vibist-leader Burton, jazz-and-rock guitarist Larry Coryell, bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Bobby Moses share equally in the accolades for a splendid session that includes everything from brisk up-tempo tunes to intriguingly ephemeral tone poems.

Some of the most mature music to come out of the pop explosion is contained on *Spirit* (Ode), wherein the group of the same name displays exceptional virtuosity and taste. Its scope ranges from jazz (*Elijah*) to folk (*Water Woman*) to Latin (*Topanga Windows*) to classical (*Taurus*). All 12 selections, aided by Marty Paich's subtle charts, come across with delicacy and clarity.

There is no vocal ensemble quite like the Staple Singers, who have consistently turned out this country's most exciting Gospel recordings. Their latest LP, *For What It's Worth* (Epic), amply demonstrates why *Wade in the Water*, *Deliver Me* and *Father Let Me Ride* are among the songs imbued with that particular Staples fervor. Even the overrecorded *If I Had a Hammer* comes alive.

Hello Dummy! (Warner Bros. Seven Arts). Such is the warm greeting bestowed on his audience—make that target—by the master of the punch-in-the-mouth line, Don Rickles. Recorded at Las Vegas' Hotel Sahara, Rickles, in his LP debut, sets out to demolish everyone in sight with a non-stop barrage of put-downs. He succeeds devastatingly. Totally unprejudiced, the sultan of insult leaves no minority group unscathed: "If it weren't for the Mexicans, we wouldn't have filth. The Jews are the chosen people. They pick up a couple of dollars and phone God. All Germans have boils. We need the Negroes—to have cotton in the drugstores. Those two Polacks in the audience are waiting for their truck to be fixed." He even has a good word for Ed Sullivan, who was in the audience: "Being with Ed is as exciting as watching a casket warp."

No matter what Glenn Gould plays, he invariably tells us something new, and in the *Mozart Piano Sonatas, Vol. 1* (Columbia), his originality of outlook is working at its impressive best. Instead of following the well bred, 18th Century drawing room approach to these early sonatas, Gould presents them as the passionate statements of an impulsive and sometimes angry young man. The result is a revelation. Where the routine run of

pianists find merely rococo elegance and charm, Gould detects a seething, sinewy current of storm and stress. Suddenly, these supposedly pallid pieces begin to sound like major Mozart. Undoubtedly, the pianist's rhythmic liberties, florid embellishments, jabbing accents and tumultuous tempos will send purists into a flap, but the rest of us can relax and marvel at a dazzling display of re-creative genius.

Sparked by the soulful voice and coherent arrangements of Steve Winwood (formerly the Spencer Davis Group's lead singer), *Traffic* rolls smoothly through 12 solid and melodious selections on *Mr. Fantasy* (United Artists). These young Britons have absorbed their influences more completely and blended them more fluently than most of their contemporaries. *Paper Sun Coloured Rain, No Face, No Name and No Number* and *Dear Mr. Fantasy* provide some of the best moments.

Epic's Encore Series of reissues is proving one of the most interesting and rewarding efforts in the field of jazz archaeology. "Chu," recorded between 1936 and 1941, has that limpid-toned tenor man performing with his own group and with the Teddy Wilson and Cab Calloway orchestras. Included on the LP is the immortal *A Ghost of a Chance*. Berry, who, with Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young and Ben Webster, made up the tenor hierarchy of that era, has his credentials verified by this recording. *The Hackett Horn / Bobby Hackett and His Orchestra*, circa the end of the Thirties, proves the guitarist-turned-cornetist to have been, even then, a horn man of the first rank. The flavor is Dixie-cum-Chicago, but Hackett's playing transcends musical boundaries, as witness *Poor Butterfly* and *Embraceable You*. *The Duke's Men* is a treasure-laden roundup of sides cut in the late Thirties by Ellington units led by sidemen Barney Bigard, Rex Stewart, Jolly Hodges and Cootie Williams. On hand are such gems as *Revelations* (Stewart), *Caravan* (Bigard), *Pyramid* (Hodges) and *Echoes of Harlem* (Williams).

THEATER

In moving to Broadway from off-Broadway, *Hair* has lost its innocence, but it has gained a backbone. It is a very different show, and more exciting than the one we reviewed in the March issue. Author-lyricists Jerome Ragni and James Rado have scrapped their book (the weakest thing about the original), written hard-edged new lyrics to some new Galt MacDermot songs (while keeping the best of the old ones) and turned the whole thing into a wild freak-out. Ragni still plays the spaghetti-haired goofy hippie, but whereas off-Broadway he was hammy, now he is

funny. Rado now plays the hero, a reluctant draftee, and he is more convincing than the actor he replaced Tom O'Horgan has completely restaged the show as if it were the Charge of the Light Brigade—often charging right through the audience. *Hair* is now so explosive, electric, dirty and outrageous that it makes everything else on Broadway seem like *The Sound of Music*. When was the last time you heard a Broadway hit tune called *Sodomy*, celebrating fellatio, cunnilingus and masturbation, or a little ditty titled *Colored Spade*, in which a Negro calls himself every name in the book? So what about that nude scene? At the end of the first act, the hippies stage a be-in, and under a huge billowing sheet remove their clothes, then in semilightness stand, briefly, facing the audience. The number of naked bodies varies from day to day, but there are always at least a couple for each taste. The gang strip is so quick and so dim that it seems like the only timid thing in the show. Otherwise, *Hair* is bold, adventurous and revolutionary. For those matinee ladies, it must be positively hair-raising. At the Biltmore, 261 West 47th Street.

The concept of *The Concept*, a sort of psychodrama about drug addiction improvised and acted by ex-addicts, is the kind of theatrical cliché that immediately turns one off—unless it happens to work. And this *Concept* really works. It moves, it structs and illuminates. The eight author-addicts are former inmates of Daytop Village, a rehabilitation center on Staten Island. The instigator of this theatrical event, Lawrence Sacharow, is also the director. Their collective creation is, thankfully, neither a confessional nor a commercial for Daytop. No one steps forward and says, "I am an addict," and bares his heart and his arm or passes a hat. What they do is dramatize their individual experiences, expose their common problem and show how community trust and personal commitment can help them salvage their lives. The focus is not on junk but on the psychological maladjustment of the junkie. They are pitiless in their self-scrutiny, as they manipulate social workers, fool their families, con psychiatrists, melodramatize withdrawal symptoms and, especially, lie to themselves. In a series of cutthroat group therapy sessions, they force one another to express fear, hostility, love—and to cry for help. The amateurishness of the nonprofessional cast adds a dimension of urgency and authenticity. To preserve their amateur standing and the production's vitality, three casts alternate weekly. The drama changes nightly, but not the extraordinary *Concept*. At the Sheridan Square Playhouse, Seventh Avenue and West Fourth Street.

6313. Composed and performed by Simon and Garfunkel.	6325. Eugene Ormandy Conductor	6329. Plus: Up And At It, Georgia On My Mind, etc.	6330. Plus: Wind Song, O More	6343. Also: Chicago, You Go To My Head, Out Of Nowhere, etc.	6347. Plus: Stardust, Sunday Morning, etc.	6351. Baseball, The Lovers, Conflict, The Apple, etc.
HERBIE MANN Glory of Love PLUS - Herbie Mann Band	CLAUDETTE LONGET Love Is Blue - PLUS - When I Look In Your Eyes	MAHLER Symphony No. 1 ("Res.") Leonard Bernstein Conductor	RAY CONNIFF It Must Be Him	PETULA CLARK The Other Man's Grass Is Always Greener	PAUL MARITAT and his Chick Blooming Rids	
6353. Also: House Of The Rising Sun, The Letter, etc.	6358. Also: Happy Talk, Falling In Love Again, Holiday, etc.	6362. Most often played by all. Night's world.	6366. Plus: A Man And A Woman, That's Me, etc.	6372. Also: Dotted Of A Mad Young Man, The Last Waltz, etc.	6377. Also: Mama, Somethin' Stupid, The Way We Are	6379. Also: Talk To The Animals, Panama, The Road, etc.
BEETHOVEN Moonlight Appassionata Pathétique SONATAS Glenn Gould Piano	CHARLIE BYRD Sketches of Brazil THE MUSIC OF VILLA-Lobos	ANDY WILLIAMS Love, Andy	HENSON CARGILL Skip A Rope - PLUS - It's Over & More	BARBRA STREISAND Simply Streisand	LEONARD BERNSTEIN The New York Philharmonic	
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I was in Philadelphia on business, and I found myself strongly attracted to a girl I met at a cocktail party I would like to know if it's acceptable to write to her and ask for a date. If you don't consider a letter acceptable, tell me what would be a proper approach.—D. B., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Any approach—letter, wire, phone call or smoke signal—is a proper approach. Just let her know you want to see her.

Occasionally, I go to a sports-car race with a gang of enthusiasts who throw around such terms as "slide" and "drift." Can you explain?—N. M., Deerfield, Illinois.

Both slide and drift are techniques in cornering. Going into a turn, an experienced driver will press the accelerator just hard enough to break the traction of the wheels, thus sending the car sideways as well as forward. If only the rear wheels skid toward the outside of the track while the nose of the car points itself in the direction of the corner, this is a slide. (To avoid spinning, the driver must hastily straighten the front wheels.) A slide can either be done as one long continuous sweep (rear wheels sliding outward, front wheels cocked to prevent spinning) or as several little slides followed by quick corrections in the front wheels. The drift—a far more difficult technique of high speed auto racing—can be described as a four-wheel slide with all the wheels lined up even. Executed correctly, forward momentum pulls the car straight ahead while sideways slip of all four wheels sends the car at an angle to the forward momentum. The trick, of course, is to keep all four wheels sliding as well as rolling.

During my first year at college, I met a guy who was good looking, brainy and damn sexy—the man of every swinging girl's dreams. An exciting summer friendship followed and soon gave way to a rousing affair. That was two years ago and things have only gone up from there. But now he's in med school, feels like settling down to a steady orgy and wants to marry me. He's the nearest thing to "hero" I've ever known and there's no doubt that we love each other. We've got it in bed, we've got it as friends, we share the same intellectual enjoyments and philosophy. All in all, he would make my ideal husband and I just wish I could stash him away for three or four years. But I know he won't stay put, and I can't keep putting him off. What am I

to do? I don't want to lose him but neither do I have any prominent yearnings toward dishwater and diapers.—Miss P. J., Atlanta, Georgia

The answer to your problem is clearly implied in your question. People who don't want to get married shouldn't get married. Marriage is not only finding the right person but being the right person.

Is it desirable for a gentleman to use sealing wax on strictly personal correspondence?—J. C., Austin, Texas

Only when the personal correspondence is hand delivered on a black velvet pillow by a satin-coated postilion in yellow knickerbockers.

Would it be possible for an intelligent young lady of 21 to drink two average-sized mixed drinks, enjoy coitus shortly thereafter and the next day have completely forgotten the experience? My girl maintains she "passed out," while I say she was aware of what happened but is lying to hide her guilt. This was our first experience together and I'd hate to go through this hassle every time. What do you advise?—E. Y., Raleigh, North Carolina.

We would grade you A as a logician but give you an "incomplete" in good manners. The social code sometimes requires that explanations be accepted without necessarily being believed. We think you and your girl both know what took place and that it had a different meaning to each of you. Be understanding of the struggle within her and she will doubtless grow to accept the responsibility of her own actions as she finds they are not harmful to her.

While experimenting with my tape recorder and record player, I encountered a rather perplexing problem. I recorded an album electronically from my record player through the amplifier to the tape machine; then I rewound the tape and tried to synchronize it with the LP by starting both at the same instant. The two recordings played together momentarily and then the phonograph moved ahead. Shouldn't the tape and LP synchronize because one recording was made from the other?—W. M., Seattle, Washington.

In theory, yes. In actuality, rarely. Any attempt to synchronize a tape with an LP brings a host of variables into play. For example: Motor speeds can change slightly from one recording session to the next; tape pulleys may momentarily bind, thus changing the playing time; or tape on the take-up reel can slip or even stretch



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depending on room temperature and tension fluctuations. LPs and tapes are solo performers; as a duo, they just don't swing.

When my husband's boss accepted an invitation to dine with us at home, I prepared beef Stroganoff for the occasion and purchased a bottle of burgundy to serve with the dish. When the boss arrived, however, he handed us a bottle of Pouilly-Fuisse. I'm not a wine expert, but even an amateur oenologist knows that you don't ordinarily drink white wine with Stroganoff. I thanked the man for his thoughtfulness and brought out the burgundy as planned. I'm still wondering, though, if I handled the situation correctly.—Mrs. C. E., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dinner guests who present their hosts with wine should not expect to drink what they've brought unless they've conferred with the hostess ahead of time. You were perfectly right in thanking the man for the Pouilly Fuisse—and promising to enjoy it at a future date.

As a young, handsome bachelor, I have an abundance of passionate, young female admirers with whom I enjoy frequent bedroom-sports activity. Several of the girls have strong matrimonial objectives, while my wish is to continue to enjoy the fruits of my freedom. Because I receive numerous late-hour phone calls from sobbing females threatening suicide unless I meet them at the altar, I am understandably concerned. What do you suggest I do?—J. L., Livermore, California.

Visit a shaman and have your dream analyzed.

The career I've planned for myself involves almost continuous travel in the wilder parts of our planet; while I may find a woman to accompany me, raising children would be almost out of the question. Even so, I would like the satisfaction of biological parenthood and think I have good hereditary traits to pass on. I have a high I.Q., am talented in the arts and have a strong, healthy physique. I'm wondering if it would be possible for me to donate my semen for artificial insemination and whom I should contact about this.—F. L. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Get in touch with a gynecologist connected with a large university medical center. Before you can be a donor, a thorough check of your family background will be made for any inheritable diseases (such as diabetes), neurological disorders or congenital deformities. Your blood type and blood group also will be identified to ensure compatibility with the potential mother and your semen analyzed to make certain of its fertility. Some gynecologists prefer donations from married men with children, since this gives them an added check on the quality of the donor's heredity; but this is not mandatory.

My fiancée and I want our marriage to be thoroughly legal but, as atheists, want it to have no religious basis whatsoever. Where can we go to have a civil wedding ceremony without any mention of God or religion?—J. G., Syracuse, New York.

Civil ceremonies are performed at your local city hall, with no mention of God or religion.

While spending a year on the West Coast, I developed a very close relationship with an English airline stewardess. Though we had met only casually, our rapport was almost instantaneous and she soon confided to me that she distrusted all men. This was largely because of a heartbreaking experience with an older man in London to whom she'd been engaged for four years; he ran off with another girl. It may be because I am four years younger than she, but she soon learned to trust me; and after many beautiful weekends in Carmel, Monterey and other romantic hideaways, she even learned to trust the pleasures of making love again. My motivation was to help her forget the ugliness of her previous experience and show her that real love was still possible and waiting for her. Now, after many months, I realize that we are not suited to each other and a great pall of apprehension hangs over me. I have tried to terminate our relationship several times without hurting her like that bastard in London did. I've tried making her hate me, I've tried staying away and I've tried withholding sex, but the result is always to make her want me more. How can I avoid hurting this beautiful, tender, trusting girl?—G. T., Redwood City, California.

Certainly not by baiting her emotions around indefinitely. It seems more likely that you are trying to avoid hurting yourself and your own self-image of savior. Just tell her kindly, but firmly, that you don't want to see her anymore. If your concern for her is genuine, precede—don't follow—the bad news with assurances that, in your estimation, she is just as you describe her in your letter's last four words.

Next month, I'll be in Bonn, Germany, for several days. I plan to air-hop to West Berlin for most of a weekend and, if possible, I'd like to spend at least an

afternoon walking around East Berlin. How difficult is it to cut through Red tape and get a look at the other side?—H.B., New York, New York.

Not very difficult: Take a cab or drive to Checkpoint Charlie, located at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Zimmerstrasse. After about a half hour of red tape and passport checking, the Volkspolizei will let you pass. Expect the same delay on your way back.

Is there a proper way to drink from a *bota* without letting the last few drops of wine run down your front and without touching your mouth to the spout of the bag?—D.N., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Tilt your head way back and keep a stiff lower lip. Then snap the *bota* back to vertical to cleanly cut off the flow.

This is my problem and not my husband's, I'm quite sure, because I had the same experience in relationships with several men before my marriage. I reach orgasm only when we perform the sex act with me on top. My husband generally prefers the man-above position; and in a year of marriage, I haven't had many orgasms. I have never told my husband about this, because I'm afraid he'll think there's something wrong with me. What advice can you offer?—Mrs. B.E., San Diego, California.

First, you need reassurance that there's nothing peculiar about a woman's reaching orgasm more easily in the female superior position than in others. This has been widely reported and was recently confirmed by Masters and Johnson in "Human Sexual Response." Several explanations are given in the sexual literature and they usually relate to the freedom of participation the woman experiences—both emotionally and physically. Most pertinent in the second area is the female's control of her movements and the opportunity for more clitoral involvement. Once you accept the fact that there's nothing wrong with you, the next step is to communicate with your husband. Tell him what pleases you and what turns you off, and learn the same information about him. Try a variety of positions, including your favorite, and, as you continue experimenting, don't stop communicating.

All reasonable questions from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

PLAYBOY THERAPY

Like Dr. Gerald C. Davison (*The Playboy Forum*, April 1967), we are presently conducting research at the University of Vermont into the modification of sexual deviation through behavior-therapy techniques. This approach, derived from Pavlov rather than from Freud, seems to have an important application to sexual deviation; but the main advantage of behavior therapy is that it lends itself to experimental analysis. The Pavlovian therapist can measure how effective he has been—something that is very difficult in many psychotherapies but yet is necessary if we are to improve our cure ratio.

We are using pictures of PLAYBOY girls and recording physiological measures of sexual attraction. We also measure physiological reactions to slides of the particular object of the sexual deviation (males for homosexuals, children for pedophiliacs, etc.). Therapy then consists of eliminating the deviation through counter-conditioning and, what is perhaps more important, reinforcing proper responses to the appropriate heterosexual objects (in this case, the PLAYBOY pictures).

The purpose of our research is to determine what treatment or combination of treatments in behavior therapy is most effective in redirecting sexual deviation; and, with our measures, we can actually watch the subject change his response from deviant directions to normal ones.

David H. Barlow
Department of Psychology
University of Vermont
Burlington, Vermont

MINISKIRTS AND MC LUHAN

The miniskirt, by far the nicest thing provided by dress designers in the past several centuries, may, indeed, be a "tribal costume" rather than a fashion, as Marshall McLuhan says in the April *Dear Playboy*. But it is most definitely not the costume "in all preliterate societies," as the media magus suggests; a little less thinking and talking and a little more looking at visual media would have made a number of things clearer to Professor McLuhan:

1. Some tribal peoples, not very many, permit both sexes to go completely nude.
2. Others permit nudity to men but insist that women cover their genitalia.
3. Most preliterate tribal people insist that both sexes cover the genitalia and that women cover their thighs as well.

4. Miniskirts expose exactly what most preliterate try to cover up: the thighs. And miniskirt wearers cover up exactly what most preliterate casually expose: the breasts.

Thirty years ago, A. L. Kroeker and Jane Richardson pointed out the cyclical patterning of necklines and hemlines in Western fashions. The miniskirt would appear to have finally broken the cycle on the bottom but the old pattern is not yet truly challenged on the top.

McLuhan frequently states that we are becoming tribal, attributing this trend to the influence of electronic communications media. Actually, we have been moving toward tribalism ever since we started to industrialize. Industrial economics demands a social structure similar to that of hunting and gathering societies. What is happening is that we are gradually shifting away from structures based on an agricultural orientation, which have been the norm for societies and states throughout most of recorded history. What electronic communications adds to this is the ability to interact instantly with a much larger tribe in a way that used to be possible only within relatively small groups of people.

James F. Downs
Associate Professor of Anthropology
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

DILLINGER'S WEAPON

I read with interest your discussion of the myth that John Dillinger's penis was 22 inches long and that it is on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington (*The Playboy Forum*, April). While you flatly refuted the Smithsonian yarn, you merely remarked that "there is no evidence" to confirm the abnormal penile length. I was an intern at Cook County Hospital in Chicago in July 1934, when John Dillinger's body was brought into the Cook County morgue, situated on the hospital grounds. I saw Dillinger's naked body on a slab. I can attest from personal observation that his phallus was no longer than that of any other male. All stories to the contrary are groundless.

David Rosenbloom, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

Strangely enough, the story about Dillinger's enormous phallus probably arose originally with Clyde Barrow. According



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to John Toland's *The Dillinger Days*, Barrow "worked out a quick draw with a sawed-off shotgun. It was blatantly theatrical but effective and the shotgun, concealed in a zippered compartment down his right trouser leg, could be drawn almost as rapidly as a pistol." Evidently, some people noticed the bulge and, not knowing that Barrow was sexually hung up, assumed that he was merely hung. After Clyde's death, the myth may have been transferred to the more colorful Dillinger.

Kevin O'Flaherty
Brooklyn, New York

Actually, it's 20½ inches. I am alive and well in Dallas, disguised as an oil billonaire and (thanks to the oil-depletion allowance on income taxes) stealing more than ever.

John Dillinget
Dallas, Texas

BUCKLEY BUCKS COHABITATION

William F. Buckley, Jr., star of politics, TV and the *National Review*, recently devoted a newspaper column to criticizing Barnard College coed Linda LeClair, who got into trouble with school authorities for living off campus with her boyfriend. He managed, at the same time, to get in a dig at *PLAYBOY*:

In an age in which *The Playboy Philosophy* is taken seriously, as a windy testimonial to the sovereign right of all human appetites, it isn't surprising that the LeClairs of this world should multiply like rabbits, whose morals they imitate.

Buckley views Barnard authorities with disdain, because they focused their attention on the girl's lying to them to obtain permission to live off campus and because they demonstrated "a total lack of conviction about the significance of Miss LeClair's sexual habits." He seems to feel that the punishment recommended for her—depriving her of access to the school cafeteria—was insufficient, as was her parents' decision not to send her any more money.

What concerns Mr. Buckley most is that no one involved with the case and no one who commented on it, other than himself, seems to see that Miss LeClair, by living with a man out of wedlock, is a threat to Western civilization:

There isn't anyone around who seems prepared to say to Miss LeClair: Look, it is wrong to do what you have done. Wrong because sexual promiscuity is an assault on an institution that is central to the survival of the hardest Western ideal: the family.

What does *PLAYBOY* think?

Willie B. Wilkins
Augusta, Georgia

Mr. Buckley makes his case not by

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

CURIOSITY SUPPRESSED

NEW YORK—Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy has upheld a U.S. Bureau of Customs ban on the Swedish film "I Am Curious Yellow," which the Film Censorship Council of Sweden had approved unanimously for uncut showing to audiences over 15 years of age, even though actual sexual intercourse is depicted on screen several times (see "The Playboy Forum," February). Grove Press, the film's importer, argued that the picture's theme, pacifism, has "redeeming social importance" and, thus, qualifies the film for First Amendment protection under Supreme Court guidelines. Grove asked the judge to dismiss the Customs Bureau's charges; when Judge Murphy looked at the movie, however, he found it "repulsive and revolting" and refused to release it for public viewing. The case will, therefore, go to a jury, where Grove Press is expected to argue also that Customs' procedures do not meet the stipulations of swift judicial review laid down by the Supreme Court.

SEX ORGIES VERBOTEN

MUNICH—A night club show in which bikini-clad girls wrestled in a pool to a background of rock 'n' roll has been banned by Munich's Office for Public Order. As reported in *The New York Times*, the show was closed "for reasons of hygiene and the risk of sexual orgies."

CENSORSHIP AND DISCRIMINATION

GRETNA, LOUISIANA—On the heels of a recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling that one standard of censorship may be provided for adults and another for minors ("The Playboy Forum," July), the board of aldermen in this Deep South town has nonetheless denied a license to an adults-only art cinema. Their explanation was that a movie house that barred minors was not only operating "against public policy and good morals" but was also "discriminating."

EROTIC ART EXHIBIT

LUND, SWEDEN—Clinical psychologists Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen have told *PLAYBOY* that they will probably bring their museum exhibit of erotic art—the first, according to them, ever to be shown—to the United States this fall. The deciding factor will be the prevailing censorship picture, which, they feel, has been getting increasingly brighter. The show, scheduled to close in Lund at the end of July, is the personal collection of the Kronhausens, gathered during several round-the-world jaunts. The husband-and-wife team has

written extensively about erotica in "Pornography and the Law" and in a recent analysis of the author of "My Secret Life" called "Walter, the English Casanova." Over 1000 explicitly sexual items are displayed in their exhibit, including Japanese painted scrolls, Greek and Roman sculpture, Indian reliefs and works of such modern American artists as Claes Oldenburg and Larry Rivers.

FILM VIOLENCE PURGES TENSIONS

LARAMIE, WYOMING—A team of psychologists has concluded that watching a violent film may have had an emotionally purgative function for a group of boys between the ages of 6 and 12. The 32 boys volunteered to spend two nights sleeping in a University of Wyoming laboratory. Just before going to bed, they were shown one of two films: a documentary about baseball and a Western in which a band of Indians violently attacked white settlers. Dreams after the baseball film tended to be more vivid and frightening and to involve guilt feelings more often than the dreams occurring after the Western. The psychologists concluded that an aggressive and exciting film viewed by youngsters, "far from rendering them more vulnerable to undesirable effects, may produce a cathartic release of accumulated psychological tensions." This finding parallels another catharsis theory, increasingly held by social scientists, that the viewing of sexually arousing material tends to purge rather than create antisocial impulses.

THE INSATIABLE MR. Z

As described in a Sexology article by former Kinsey researcher Wardell Pomeroy, the most unusual interview subject in the Kinsey records is a "small, slight, quiet, rather self-effacing, soft-spoken man with a twinkle in his pale-blue eyes." This man, identified only as Mr. Z, claims to have had sexual relations with 17 members of his own family (including his father and his grandmother), with countless women, with about 200 preadolescent girls and 600 preadolescent boys, with 2000 adult males and with a wide variety of animals (including cows, horses, burros, chickens, pigs and sheep). He finally married and had two children. When asked what form of sex he preferred, Mr. Z replied, "Women—but the burro is awfully good!"

AS WOMEN VIEW WOMEN

STORRS, CONNECTICUT—In a study reported in *Trans Action* magazine, University of Connecticut psychologist Philip Goldberg measured the degree of anti-

feminine prejudice in women. His method was simple: Forty college girls were given the same writing selection to evaluate, but half of them were told it was by John T. McKay, while the other half were told that it was by Joan T. McKay. John was rated as much more intelligent and persuasive than Joan even though there were no differences in the material except the names. Goldberg's conclusion: Anti-feminism, like anti-Semitism, is unconscious as well as conscious, in that it not only influences beliefs but "distorts perception and experience"—and it exists in women as well as in men.

BIRTH CONTROL FOR THE POOR

NEW ORLEANS—A new birth-control effort in Louisiana that puts the emphasis on personal contact has been unusually successful in reducing the rate of illegitimacy among the poor. The Louisiana Family Planning Program, jointly financed by Federal, state and local funds, has cut out-of-wedlock births 39 percent in a single parish between 1966 and 1967. When the program is introduced to an area, the names and addresses of all the indigent are gathered. Then trained community aides visit these people in their homes and offer birth-control help. The project has already been expanded and by 1969 is expected to reach half of Louisiana's poor.

BLOOD CLOTS AND THE PILL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has ordered manufacturers of oral contraceptives to add warnings to their product labels that an association has been demonstrated between the use of the pills and certain blood-clotting diseases (thromboembolism and pulmonary embolism—both of which may lead to disability or death). The order was issued in the light of two research reports appearing in the British Medical Journal, one of them, made by the Committee on Safety in Drugs, attributed 13 deaths per 100,000 to the pill in women between 20 and 34 years of age and 3.4 deaths per 100,000 in the 35-44 age group. However, Dr. Dennis Cahal, a spokesman for the Committee, pointed out that the risk of death from complications arising from a pregnancy is roughly 20 times greater than from one year's use of the pill.

CONTRACEPTIVE BAN CHALLENGED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal law prohibiting the importation, transportation or mailing of contraceptive devices or information—which was lobbied into the statute books in 1873 by the grandfather of American censorship, Anthony Comstock—is presently being challenged in Congress. Prompted by the experience of a visiting Swedish miss, who

was compelled to throw her diaphragm into the Hudson river by a zealous Customs official, Congressman James H. Scheuer introduced a bill to amend the law. Officials of the Treasury Department, State Department, Post Office Department, Attorney General's Office, Department of Labor and Department of Health, Education and Welfare have notified the Ways and Means Committee—where the bill was introduced—that they have "no objections." Among other beneficial side effects, a spokesman for Congressman Scheuer told *PLAYBOY*, the new law should radically lower the prices of some birth-control devices that presently have an abnormally high markup due to the lack of competition in advertising. The bill would also take the Government out of the embarrassing position of violating its own law, which it has been doing since it began encouraging the distribution of contraceptives to welfare clients in 1967.

SHOOT THY ENEMIES

GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS—According to the bulletin of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish in Glenview, the proper attitude toward moonshiners might better be summed up by "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" than by more traditional Christian formulations. As quoted in *The National Catholic Reporter*: "What a downright pleasure it is to hear Mayor Daley order: Shoot to kill! courageously.... In this mortal life of ours there is nothing that strikes greater terror in the mind of the criminal than death by capital sentence—hanging, electrocution, gas chamber—or shooting."

The *National Catholic Reporter's* terse editorial comment: "Sic."

SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

SAN FRANCISCO—The police department had long known of the unconventional views of Sergeant Richard ("Sunshine") Bergess, but it was taken aback when he appeared last April at the Hall of Justice leading a hippie demonstration against the marijuana laws. Sunshine turned to consternation when Sergeant Sunshine, as local hippies call him, suddenly produced what he announced was a marijuana cigarette and lit it in full view of reporters, photographers and fellow police officers. Quickly placed under arrest, the sergeant—who has been on the force for ten years—told reporters that his act of civil disobedience was a protest against a system that permits free sale of guns while "you can be arrested for the smoking of a harmless vegetable." Hippies strewed flowers in front of Sergeant Sunshine as he marched up the Hall of Justice steps to end his career as a lawman and begin his new status as an outlaw. Under state drug laws, smoking pot is a felony, carrying a penalty of one to ten years.

reasoning but by spinning a sticky web of slanted epithets around Miss LeClair, calling her "loose minded," "an unemployed concubine," a "pathetic little girl . . . glutinous for sex and publicity" and an imitator of the morals of "rabbits." But only once in the midst of all this mud-slinging does he venture to give a reason for his thinking. Miss LeClair's conduct was wrong. "Sexual promiscuity is an assault on an institution that is central to the survival of the hardest Western ideal: the family." Buckley, utilizing a rhetorical trick long favored by those who advocate chastity at any cost, indiscriminately lumpes every form of unmet sexual activity under the single pejorative phrase "sexual promiscuity." But this expression, as he well knows, means non-selective intercourse with a variety of partners; Miss LeClair's known behavior, to the contrary, was extremely selective, since it involved a full-time and exclusive liaison with only one person. Moreover, it is absurd to claim that the fate of the family depends on keeping Barnard girls out of the apartments of Columbia boys: in all sorts of societies, the family has flourished side by side with sexual activity outside marriage.

PLAYBOY does not proclaim "the sovereign right of all human appetites"; but it does deny the right of pious moralizers to impose cruel and unnecessary prohibitions on harmless private sexual behavior. As for that word "windy," there is an apt proverb: "If it were not for the wind, spider webs would cover the sky."

SEXUAL ILLOGIC

In the January article *God and the Hippies*, Harvey Cox says: "Promiscuity is to be avoided now not because sex is evil but because sex in the context of a wider, deeper and more enduring relationship is so much more significant." There is a common logical error in this statement one which John Wilson describes in his book *Logic and Sexual Morality*. He calls it "the fallacy of discrimination." The essence of the fallacy is the notion that because there are very valuable and significant forms of a certain activity, we must reject all the less valuable and less significant forms. We can see what is wrong with this notion, Wilson shows, if we apply it to human pleasures other than sex.

We might look with some suspicion on the man who could only enjoy five-star dinners or the late Beethoven quartets, and who had one or two intimate friends but no acquaintances. It is he, if anyone, whom we could suspect of incapacity incapable for ordinary human desires and unsophisticated pleasures.

"The fallacy of discrimination" is widely used as a pseudodemocratic argument



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teaming up

The Playboy warm-up shirts. On the beach, the campus, it's the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals.

The rugged good looks of fine cotton outside, soft, absorbent double-brushed fleece inside. Machine washable. The rollicking Rabbit is embroidered in white on black or black on white, chili, bright gold and emerald.

S, M, L, XL sizes, short sleeve, \$4.50; long sleeve, \$5.

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against unrestricted sexual enjoyment and it should be just as widely exposed as nonsense.

Peter Holmes
Vienna, Austria

BOGUS LANDMARK

In the May *Playboy Forum*, a *Newsfront* item describes the reversal of the obscenity verdict against Mrs. Polly King, a Cincinnati bookseller. You may be interested in my reaction to the case, which was pushed by Citizens for Decent Literature and pulled up by *Reader's Digest* as a "landmark." I was called by the defense as an expert witness. I have testified in several such cases but never have I witnessed such a proceeding as the one in Cincinnati. The judge would not allow most of my testimony to be introduced on direct examination. However, the prosecutor created an opening that allowed the defense attorney to get my testimony in during redirect questioning. Finally, the judge's charge to the jury was a demand for a guilty finding.

The *Reader's Digest* article was a sham. I was very pleased to learn that the Appellate Court overturned Mrs. King's conviction.

Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D.
New York, New York

Dr. Pomeroy, a pioneer in sex research, joined the Kinsey Institute in 1943 and was co-author of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" and "Sex Offenders." From 1956 to 1963, he was director of field research at the Institute. At present, he practices psychotherapy and marriage counseling in New York City and has recently authored a highly praised sex primer for adolescents, "Boys and Sex." (See "The Insatiable Mr. Z" in the "Forum Newsfront" section.)

REAL LANDMARK

A more interesting Ohio case than Polly King's (not surprisingly, overlooked by *Reader's Digest*) was the recent dismissal by Judge Gilbert Bettman in the Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas of an indictment against the J. L. Marshall News Company, charged with possessing "obscene, lewd and lascivious books." In his opinion, Judge Bettman pointed out that the U.S. Supreme Court, in the case of *Redrup vs. New York*, had "declared that the standard by which to determine proscribable obscenity that had been used by various members of the Court in prior cases was 'not dissimilar' to the standard used by Mr. Justice Stewart in his dissent in *Ginzburg vs. United States*. . . . In *Ginzburg*, Mr. Justice Stewart held that hard-core pornography, which he defined in a footnote, is the only material that the Government may constitutionally suppress. . . .

"*Redrup* holds that except under laws dealing specifically with juveniles, the state may not constitutionally proscribe

any material other than hard-core pornography as described by Mr. Justice Stewart in *Ginzburg*."

It may be of interest to refer to this definition of "hard-core pornography":

Such materials include photographs both still and motion picture, with no pretense of artistic value, graphically depicting acts of sexual intercourse, including various acts of sodomy and sadism and sometimes involving several participants in scenes of orgylike character. They also include strips of drawings in comic book format grossly depicting similar activities in an exaggerated fashion. There are, in addition, pamphlets and booklets, sometimes with photographic illustrations, verbally describing such activities in a bizarre manner, with no attempt whatsoever to afford portrayals of character or situation and with no pretense to literary value. All of this material . . . cannot conceivably be characterized as embodying communication of ideas or artistic values in violation under the First Amendment.

In my opinion, Stewart's limitation on the legal definition of "obscen" and the use of this limitation in the *Redrup* case and in Judge Beaman's decision is the real landmark.

Charles Reagan
Cincinnati, Ohio

CORRESPONDENCE-CLUB CODE

Recently, at a friend's house, I noticed a pile of correspondence-club magazines and began leafing through them. To my surprise, I found quite a few personal ads that seemed to be thinly veiled invitations to participate in orgies (e.g., "Broad minded couple wishes to meet sophisticated singles or couples for exotic parties"). There was also a drablike repetition of certain phrases that seemed to be some form of sexual code. The expression "interested in French culture" appeared again and again, until I was convinced it signified the same thing as the expression "Frenching": oral sex. Are these ads placed by postal inspectors to entrap people or are they legitimate?

Could you also clarify a few code expressions for me? What do these ads mean by "discipline," "water sports," "boot worship," "domestic training," "docile," "dominant," "dog training," "uniforms" (and the occasional variation "Nazi uniforms")?

(Name withheld by request)
Galena, Illinois

General Counsel Timothy May of the U.S. Postal Department assures us that present postal policy forbids inspectors from placing ads in correspondence-club magazines as entrapment "bait" for private correspondence. "The Playboy Forum" has received no complaints about such entrapments in more than a year.



our best to you

The Best From Playboy Number Two

A sparkling volume of reading and viewing entertainment spanning a decade of prized PLAYBOY features. Truly the best from PLAYBOY.

FICTION FIRSTS, "The Hildebrand Rarity" by Ian Fleming and Walter S. Tevis' "The Hustler." A mind-bending trio of writers, including Aldous Huxley, explore LSD. Provocative PLAYBOY INTERVIEW with Henry Miller, author of "Tropic of Cancer." WIT AND WHIMSY by Jules Feiffer, Erich Sokol, Gahan Wilson, John Dempsey. THE PLAYBOY PORTFOLIO OF SEX STARS unveils Elizabeth Taylor, Ursula Andress, Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot. HUMOR at its funniest with "Silverstein in a Nudist Camp." NOSTALGIA in "Classic Cars of the Thirties" by Ken W. Purdy. FINANCE by J. Paul Getty, who offers ten precepts for amassing a fortune. On the LIGHTER SIDE, "Playboy's Party Jokes," "Symbolic Sex" and "Word Play." Plus a photo-text tour of the most famous pad in the world, Hugh M. Hefner's PLAYBOY MANSION.

All yours—and more—in THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER TWO. 198 pages (90 in full color). Hard cover, \$4.95. Use order no. BD32901.

Available at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Playboy Press, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

PLAYBOY and a half; we have no reason to believe, therefore, that the policy is not being adhered to. But Post Office administrations change and policies change with them; thus, we recommend an old Italian proverb to anyone tempted to express himself with more than customary candor to strangers: Think much and often, speak little and write less.

The words and phrases you have isolated are, indeed, coded entries in the vocabulary of the kinky underworld of sex. "Discipline" refers to sadomasochistic practices; "water sports" involves urination; a "boot worshiper" is a masochist who digs dominant women (or sometimes men) in boots; "domestic training" is a combination of masochism and transvestism in which the male is dressed like a woman and bullied by his female partner—who acts ~~g~~ry gruff and masculine; "docile" means masochistic; "dominant" means sadistic; "dog training" refers to the practice of bestiality by females; and the uniforms, Nazi or otherwise, are just uniforms—some sadomasochists like to give a quasi official militaristic air to their activities.

SOCIOLOGY OF SWAPPING

It is important in understanding wife swapping to recognize that adultery and infidelity are not synonymous terms. Mate sharers commonly label their behavior "faithful adultery," because there is no deception of any kind involved and because they engage in their fun together, as a couple. The mate sharer's view of sex is that it is something neither sacred nor profane but, rather, that it is a social activity with great potential for embellishing and enriching life. However, sex does not "mean everything" to spouse swappers, as some of their critics claim. All too often, it *does* mean everything to traditionalists, to whom adultery is the prime justification for divorce. Most Americans view adultery quite negatively because they have been consistently indoctrinated from their very earliest years with the idea that this is very bad behavior. Mate swappers, to put it succinctly, are people who have been able to reindoctrinate themselves successfully with the mate-sharing ideology, a quite different way of thinking about sexual morality. As they see it, they are fully faithful to their spouses; they just don't equate fidelity with sexual exclusivity.

Brian G. Gilmartin
Department of Sociology
State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Mr. Gilbartm describes an ideal that does not always work out so smoothly in practice. See the following letter.

I once thought adultery as foreign to my nature as robbing a bank. But then my husband met a very willing lady who approached him with a reciprocal

trade proposition. I was sure this woman's husband wouldn't be interested in me, considering the type of wife he has. She very impartially spills billows of sex appeal everywhere; I am one of those antiseptically attractive women one sees on the tennis courts or in pictures of the Junior League. Though expecting defeat, I was willing to try. The joke is that this wonderful man and I fell completely in love with each other; we are friends as well as lovers. Meanwhile, my husband and his tigress are not very good together and they have nothing to say to each other once out of bed. But they try—they cannot stop trying—with no regard for discretion or for the protection of the children in both families. My lover and I don't dare even look at each other when the children are around. We limit our times together to occasions when all conditions are safe. This takes fantastically complicated arrangements and much self-denial.

After more than a year, I had hoped that the situation would have atrophied and I'd have my own husband back. Although he and I are still better together than he and she they can't give each other up. And it would be shattering to my lover if I gave him up; he doesn't even want to talk about the possibility of ending our relationship. Yet I can see nothing but trouble if this continues. I have tried to make a break twice during this time but I succeeded only in enraging three other people.

I don't know what moral to draw from this; perhaps no moral can be drawn. But I laugh now bitterly when I hear the words "casual adultery." There is nothing less casual in the world.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

SODOMY FACTORIES

The Reverend Thomas E Sagendorf drew a very true picture of the sexual violence in some of our prisons (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Forceful anal intercourse and oral copulation do occur among inmates. The Reverend Sagendorf should know, however, that "the homosexuals among them" who "are always looking for new victims" are generally men who were heterosexual before being imprisoned. All the sexual assaults that I knew about were committed by this breed. And sometimes they were done so viciously that the victim consented the next time, in hope of better treatment. I have even seen cases where the victim ended up "going with" his attacker. This happened to my best friend, while we were in San Quentin.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I have written a number of articles concerning the education and rehabilitation of prisoners. In this capacity, I have interviewed wardens and other high-

rank ng correction officials in this country and abroad. Naturally one aspect of prison life that I try to cover concerns a prison's policies toward conjugal visits, a practice carried out in some countries.

The warden of a minimum-security correction camp in mid-New York State gave me a valid and succinct summing up of the situation. "We have nothing against such visits," he explained, "but adequate privacy in such situations would be difficult to enforce. The situation could too easily be exploited."

As he spoke, a scene from the movie *Spartacus* flashed across my mind. The male-slave hero had been given the use of a woman slave as a reward, but as she disrobed, he looked up to see Roman guards watching them from an opening in the ceiling. "I'm not an animal," he screamed in indignation.

You've printed a number of letters that were written by former inmates, portraying their side of the situation. I just wanted to say that this particular warden and other correction officials with whom I've discussed the problem are intelligent, compassionate men who understand the problem of sodomy in prisons and want to solve it. They merely fear creating another problem that proves to be even more dehumanizing.

Mrs. Eleanor Roth

North Bellmore, New York

While we don't question the intelligence and compassion of the unnamed warden you quoted, we feel that he is unduly pessimistic about conjugal visits. Certainly, the present system of enforced sexual segregation, and the inevitable homosexuality thus created, has proved itself thoroughly detrimental to the rehabilitation of prisoners. On the other hand, experience at Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman, as well as in Sweden and other countries, suggests that the conjugal-visit system has much to recommend it. Time magazine has noted:

University of Mississippi sociologist Columbus B. Hopper reports that only ten percent of Parchman's 822 unmarried prisoners resent the husbands' privilege. Having studied the system since 1959, Hopper claims that Parchman's unique visits have kept marriages intact, bolstered prison morale and reduced homosexuality—all in sharp contrast to other prisons, where discontent and riots are often attributed to sexual tensions.

Neither from Parchman nor from Sweden nor the Latin-American countries where this system is widely practiced have there been reports about any sort of "exploitation" that would discredit the reform. The English cautiously began experimenting with conjugal visits for male convicts last fall and have found the system so successful that the Home Office

(continued on page 132)



*{ Flying is like any other business:
you wind up in the black or the red }*

THIS IS A BUSINESS LETTER. FROM BUSINESSMEN TO BUSINESSMEN. THE UNDERSIGNED IS SWISSAIR.

Dear Businessman:

Many's the time you or your colleagues have been our guests. We've flown you across the world to pursue your business or get away from it. And in the process you've given us the chance to carry on *our* business: flying.

We want to thank you. Swissair was truly happy to have you on board.

But now that you've flown with Swissair on business, why shouldn't we talk business a bit? After all, it's a subject of some interest to you.

We've copied out for you here a few important bits from our last annual report. To let you see what kind of business Swissair is.

"Dear Shareholders,"

In 1967, Swissair operated in circumstances that were somewhat less favourable than those prevailing in the two preceding years. Even so, the company achieved a result which as a whole corresponds fairly with the objectives approved by the Board, and may be considered good."

From the section Traffic	1967	1966
Number of flights	52234	46241
Kilometers flown	64846636	49825484
Stage passengers carried	2692970	2410096
Average length of trip in kilometers	1279	1296

(From the section Round-up of 1967)

"Our network in Europe was enlarged by new routes to Helsinki, Bucharest, Moscow and Malaga."

"Overall, our passenger traffic has scored satisfactory results. It increased by 12 percent over the level of the previous year, which had been favoured by unusual events."

"As regards air cargo, in 1967 most airlines registered a slackening in the development as compared with the two preceding years. Swissair even had to accept stagnation in this field, because we could boost our specific cargo carrying capacity only to a slight degree."

"On the whole, though traffic revenue came up to expectations. The operational surplus amounting to 1195 million francs, was 10.6 percent below the 1966 level. Even so, after

depreciation of 95 million francs, it permits recommending for the year 1967 the distribution of an unchanged dividend of 8 percent on the share capital, which has again been increased

(From the section Fleet and Operations)

"At the end of the year under report, we had 27 jet aircraft: 5 Douglas DC-8s
8 Convair 990 Coronados
7 Douglas DC-9s
7 SE 210 Caravelles
7 piston-engine airplanes Convair 440 Metropolitan"

(From the section Personnel)

"In the year under report, Swissair's personnel strength in Switzerland and abroad exceeded the 10 000-mark."

"For personnel training and instruction, Swissair spends year by year considerable sums. Our total expenditure for this purpose was 19.4 million francs in 1966, and 25.6 million francs in the year under report."

(From the section Next Plans for Business Development)

"Now that the Coronado aircraft on the South Atlantic route have been replaced by DC-8-62s since March 1968, we are planning a corresponding conversion and capacity increase in the Far East for 1969/70."

"As part of our general development plan we are in the current year establishing a new route

to East and South Africa, operated with DC-8 aircraft. The modernization of our European fleet will temporarily be completed this year when the last CV-440 Metropolitans will have been replaced by DC-9s which will enable us to reinforce our services on some routes of the European network."

(From the section Fleet Planning)

"In the past year, the Board took a number of important decisions on fleet development. First it approved the order for two further DC-8-62s and three additional DC-9-32s."

The General Meeting of shareholders of April 28, 1967, was further informed that the Board had the same day decided to reserve two high-capacity aircraft of the Boeing 747 type for delivery in 1971."

(From the section Financing)

"The General Meeting of shareholders of April 28, 1967, decided to increase the share capital from 175 to 218.75 million francs, and this for the first time by issuing bearer shares which can also be bought by foreigners."

(From the section Statements of Earnings)

"The operating surplus, which had amounted to 133.6 million francs the year before, stood at 119.5 million in the year under report."

"Total expenditure, excluding depreciation, rose by 85 million francs or 15 percent to 651 million francs."

"Total revenue rose by 71 million to 771 million."

We've done our best to give you as much information as possible about our business in this (expensive) advertising space. Would you care to know more about it? Write and ask for the complete, illustrated Swissair 1967 Annual Report. We'll be charmed to send you a copy in English, French or German, as long as the supply holds out.

In case you feel uncomfortable about

accepting this free Swissair service, you can swap us an annual report of your own company. We're enquiring too. And the whole thing then comes under the head of Reciprocity.

Sincerely yours,
SWISSAIR
Department Traffic and Sales/V
Box 929, Zurich, Switzerland



P.S. Of course you're welcome to our annual report even if you aren't a businessman. Flying not on business is almost nicer. Ask us some time.

If you were piloting a jet here tomorrow

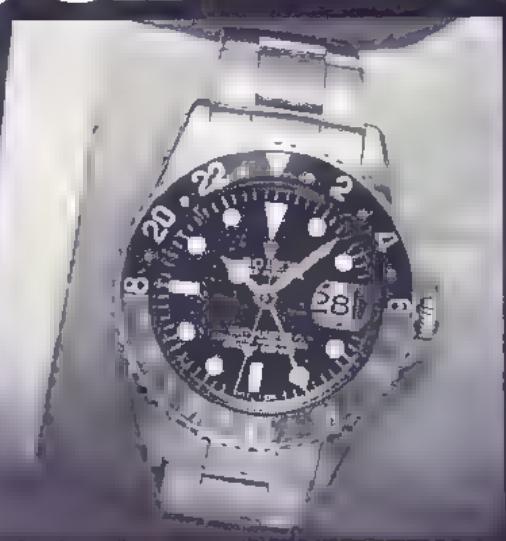
you'd wear a Rolex

40,000 feet over the Pacific, the most
looked-at face in the cockpit is on the watch
the captain calls the best in the world.

And it is as big as it is tough.

The Oyster case, for example, is carved to
its classic shape out of a solid block of
Swedish stainless steel or gold. Inside its
solid pressure-proof walls is a self-winding,
officially certified chronometer movement.

Because so much of the work is done by
hand, it takes us more than a year to build a Rolex. Pan Am feel
it was time well spent. The watch they choose for their pilots
and navigators is the GMT-Master.



ROLEX
OF GENEVA

Write to Rolex, Geneva, Switzerland, for free colour catalogue.



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 97-E

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AUGUST 1968

"WE NEVER CLOSE" LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB NOW SWINGS 24 HOURS, SIX DAYS A WEEK!

Club is Open Sundays, Too, from 7 P.M.

LONDON (Special)—Playboy Club members and their guests have responded enthusiastically to the new operating policy of the London Club—"We never close!" The general attitude seems to be summed up in the words of one member who said, "This is just what London needed—a place you can go to at any hour and know that you will find it swinging."

Even if you're not the kind of night owl who is apt to want to entertain himself and friends at 5 or 6 in the morning you will still find that The Playboy Club offers you more entertainment under one roof than anywhere else in London.

Applications for Charter Membership in the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.0 during your first year and £5.0 each year thereafter.

A complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an entire evening on the town without ever leaving the Club.

You can dance to exciting beat groups in the Living Room Discothèque, where you can also help yourself to a delicious hot meal of beef à la Playboy, fried chicken and the finest barbecued

spareribs in Europe—all for only 10s.

Enjoy epicurean cuisine impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the VIP Room and visit the Playroom Cabaret showroom presenting acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world, where you can dine on Playboy's hearty steak dinner at the same price as a drink.

In the Penthouse Casino, occupying the entire top floor of the Club, members and their guests try their luck at blackjack, American dice, roulette and punto banco.

On the ground floor of the Club members relax in the Playmate Bar and enjoy a delicious meal at breakfast, lunch or dinner from the Playmate Grill. Here, too, the swinging atmosphere continues at the gaming tables throughout all hours of the day and night, six days a week. Of course, drink service stops after regular licensing hours but the informal atmosphere, the delicious food and the fun and games that give The Playboy Club the air of a sparkling private party never stop. (The Club opens Sun. at 7 P.M.)

Open the door to the Playboy world of excitement. By mailing the coupon today you save £8.0 during the first year of membership and £5.0 each year thereafter. Full credit privileges are available to those who qualify, enabling them to sign for all purchases at the London Club. For credit privileges just tick the appropriate box. Act now, while special Charter Membership is still available.

APPLY NOW AND SAVE— CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

Reserve your place on Charter Roster (Initiation £3.3.0, Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures a substantial saving over Regular Membership Fees (Initiation £6.6.0, Annual Subscription £10 10 0).

Applicants from the Continent may enclose Initiation Fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the charter roster without prior notice.



The roulette wheel spins 24 hours a day, six days a week, Sunday from 7 P.M. Games include roulette, blackjack, dice and punto banco.

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LONDON (Special)—Luxurious suites located above the London Club, with their own entrance, lobby and lift, are available to Playboy visitors on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. Handsomely furnished in contemporary decor, each has its own TV, bath and kitchenette-bar.

Daily maid and linens, 24-hour switchboard and porter services are included. Arrangements can be made for car-hire, travel, secretarial service, sightseeing tours, valet and laundry.

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CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: Membership Secretary

THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for charter members. I understand that the Annual Subscription for charter members will be £5.5.0, payable upon notification of acceptance.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS

PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

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Bunnies serve lung-size drinks in the Living Room where you may enjoy a meal at the same price as a drink. The discothèque features live groups and the latest records.

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AND
CONTRAST
SCREEN

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN

a candid conversation with the embattled chaplain of Yale and Vietnam war critic tried for counseling young men to violate the draft laws

One of those anointed few over the age of 30 who can and do communicate with the nation's young is William Sloane Coffin, chaplain of Yale University. A leader for several years in the movement against the war in Vietnam, Coffin became even more prominent—"notorious," some up-right adults would say—when he was indicted by the Federal Government in January of this year on charges of conspiring to counsel young men to violate the draft laws. (Codefendants are Dr. Benjamin Spock, writer Mitchell Goodman, Harvard University graduate student Michael Ferber and Marcus Raskin, codirector of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington.) The trial began in Boston as this issue went to press; whether the charges will stick remains to be seen, but the 41-year-old clergyman has, indeed, supported those who resist the draft, and he still does.

Controversial on campus long before the current furor, Coffin has become an even stormier petrel since his indictment. "After reading your nauseating article about publicity-hound Coffin," wrote one alumnus to the Yale Alumni Magazine, "I threw up—then burned my Alumn Fund contribution card. Please send future issues of your magazine in a plain wrapper. I don't want anyone to know, not even the mailman." Kingman Brewster, president of Yale, has publicly disagreed with Coffin's position on draft resistance, but adds: "I feel that the quality of the Yale educational experience and the Yale atmosphere has gained

greatly from his presence. Thanks in large part to his personal verve and social action, religious life within and without the church reaches more people at Yale than on any other campus I know about. More important, the rebellious instinct which elsewhere expresses itself so often in sour withdrawal, cynical nihilism and disruption is here more often than not both affirmative and constructive, thanks in considerable measure to the chaplain's influence." This spring, Coffin's appointment as chaplain was renewed on a permanent basis—but with the proviso, as stated by Brewster, that "the corporation might want to review the appointment when the lawsuit is terminated if it seemed that the final judgment had some bearing on the chaplain's fitness for his duties."

In contrast to this equivocal endorsement by the school administration, 640 Yale faculty members—including 16 deans, 25 department chairmen and 8 college masters—have issued a statement in his support. And on college campuses throughout the country, Coffin draws even larger and more enthusiastic crowds than before his arrest—not only because he is a strikingly effective speaker but also because he comes through strongly as a man of tested integrity who is wholly free of self-righteousness. A typical account of a Coffin appearance was carried in the Providence Evening Bulletin in March on the occasion of a speaking engagement at Brown University: "As Mr. Coffin began his public appearance yesterday in

Meehan Auditorium, about an eighth of the 3000 Brown students stood to applaud him. When he left the rostrum, all stood to applaud."

Coffin's background could hardly be more unlikely for so formidable an opponent of the Government. Born in New York, the son of the late vice-president of W & J Sloane (the posh Fifth Avenue furniture store), Coffin grew up a part of the Eastern establishment. After graduation from Phillips Academy in 1942, he served with distinction as a captain in the Army paratroop corps until the end of World War Two. It wasn't until after V-J Day that he committed his first act of civil disobedience. Assigned to the Russian army, Coffin was ordered to return Russian deserters to the Soviets. "The first one I brought back," Coffin has told a reporter for The New York Times, "they shot on the spot. After that, I never gave them back another one."

Despite this defiance of authority, Coffin returned to the Eastern establishment. He completed his undergraduate work at Yale, spent a year at Union Theological Seminary, and then joined the Central Intelligence Agency shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War. When he came home again, following three years' service as a CIA agent, Coffin finished his divinity studies, was ordained in the Presbyterian Church in 1956 and served as chaplain at Phillips Academy and at Williams College before he was appointed chaplain at Yale—where he gave an inkling of



"The churches and synagogues will have to get rid of their irrelevant righteousness. They've been concerned about free love—and yet indifferent about free hate. They must rearrange their priorities."



"If the next Administration is a continuation of this one in terms of policy and action, many students are going to turn off to private sensations, leave the country in droves—or turn to acts of terrorism."



"I don't think any man ever has the right to break the law; but I do think that upon occasion, every man has the duty to break the law—when the law begins to dominate rather than serve men."

FORUM things to come by making his first pastoral rounds on a motorcycle.

It soon became clear that Coffin's chaplaincy was going to be forceful and unpredictable. Although he had been a member, as a Yale undergraduate, of the highly prestigious Skull and Bones secret society, Coffin as chaplain strongly opposed fraternities and secret societies because of their racially, ethnically and religiously restrictive membership. Off campus, in 1961, he was arrested at one of the first sit-ins in Montgomery, Alabama. Two years later, he was arrested again—this time for protesting segregation at an amusement park outside Baltimore. And in 1964, he went to jail in St. Augustine, Florida, for participating in yet another civil rights demonstration.

As Coffin moved into militant antiwar protest in 1966, his bewyng and speaking skill soon made him a national figure. He has perhaps been best described by Norman Mailer in "The Assmes of the Night." On an October afternoon last year in Washington, Coffin and others confronted members of the Justice Department, handing them 944 draft cards returned by young men who had refused to serve in the Vietnam war. "The Yale chaplain," Mailer recalled, "had one of those faces you expected to see on the cover of Time or Fortune, there as the candidate for Young Executive of the Year. He had that same flint of the eye, single-mindedness in purpose, courage to bear responsibility, that same hard humor about the details in the program under consideration, the same suggestion of an absolute lack of humor once the line which enclosed his true W&P temper had been breached. He was one full example of the masculine principle at work in the cloth."

These toughminded qualities are impressively evident in the following conversation with Nat Hentoff—the most outspoken and extensive interview ever granted by Yale's embattled chaplain. "Coffin met me at the railroad station in New Haven," reports Hentoff. "Tall and limber, he is one of the most informal public figures I know. This ease of manner, like the dryness of his wit, is part of an integral style that helps explain why no generation barrier exists between him and the young. Wearing a blue sport shirt, red tie and slacks, Coffin was escorting me to his car when a middle-aged lady stopped him. 'You don't know me,' she said, 'but I just wanted to tell you that you're one of the reasons I'm beginning to have hope for the world.'

"As we drove the short distance to Yale, Coffin said, 'Attitudes are changing more and more. There's a big Italian butcher near here. A hawk, I guess you'd say. Last week, he stopped me in his store near those huge meathooks. As he loomed over me, I wondered, 'Is he

going to pick me up and impale me?'" Coffin laughed. "What he said was, 'Reverend, I'm beginning to see your point!'"

"The chaplain and I talked all day and into the night. Whenever we were outside, on the campus, he was frequently stopped by students—some with a problem, one to ask if he'd officiate at his wedding, others just because they dig speaking with him. Late in the afternoon, the interview was interrupted as Coffin met with several students planning a ceremony on campus at which more draft cards would be turned in, but not burned. Coffin was asked to speak and, predictably, agreed. Later, we continued talking at his small, comfortable, unpretentious house nearby, where I met his three young children—two boys and a girl—and his wife, Eva, daughter of pianist Artur Rubinstein.

"After that day and night at Yale, I talked to Coffin again following Lyndon Johnson's announcement that he would not run again and that he would begin negotiations with North Vietnam. Coffin was preparing a speech for an antiwar demonstration at the time. It was in part an answer to the call from the President for Americans to now close ranks. Coffin read me his reply: 'The war is still going on. The plea to close ranks is a plea to close our eyes and hearts to the continuing suffering of the Vietnamese, let alone our own boys. It is a plea for spiritual death to which we can only respond: "Do not go gentle into that good night / Rage, rage, against the dying of the light."'" I began the interview by asking him to assess the significance of Johnson's new political posture in pragmatic rather than poetic terms."

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the cutting edge of the peace movement been dulled by the negotiations with North Vietnam and by the President's refusal to seek another term of office?

COFFIN: Far from it. Though we're now in a most hopeful period, it's also a most dangerous period. It would be a catastrophe if we didn't remain alert to the possibility of what can happen if negotiations break down. It's quite possible that President Johnson, robed in his new moral garb of self-abnegation, could turn to the country before the end of the year and say, "You can see I've done my best, but the enemy is clearly not serious about negotiations, so we have no choice but to resume the fighting." Were he to do this, many unthinking citizens might believe he had exhausted his diplomatic resources when, in fact, he had hardly begun to tap them. What worries me is the fact that most Americans see our willingness to negotiate as the moral issue in this war; once Johnson agreed to negotiate, his moral standing rose again. But the basic moral issue

is why we are in Vietnam in the first place. Since I believe that many Americans haven't begun to understand that, I remain very apprehensive that the killing will not stop and may well increase.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Spock has predicted that peace, if it comes, may be as far away as two years. But you've said that we can't afford to wait that long. Why not?

COFFIN: Because the psychological and moral timetables demand that peace come sooner. I don't think people at home and around the world can sit around just waiting for two years; if talks drag on that long, the situation is bound to deteriorate. And if it does, that could mean a much more intense escalation of the war.

PLAYBOY: What course do you think the negotiations should take to prevent that from happening?

COFFIN: I've always tried to make a distinction between intent and implementation. Were the American Government to show a genuine intent to extricate itself, I would be inclined to leave it considerable latitude in the realm of implementation of that intent. A convincing disclosure of that intent will be crucial in negotiations. We desperately need reconciliation with the North Vietnamese and with the National Liberation Front. Ha noi in the past has said that once America really decided to move out, the path would be strewn with roses. I would hope that if Johnson does show a clear intent to get out, the National Liberation Front will make a similar statement.

PLAYBOY: What do you think should be the terms of an equitable settlement?

COFFIN: Clearly, the Saigon government will have to change, and that means at least a coalition government with the National Liberation Front. In the past, it might have been possible to have had a non-Communist coalition in the South, with the Buddhists and other forces represented. But it's too late for that now. We could have negotiated with the British in 1777—if they had offered to negotiate; probably something like six and a half colonies for them and six and a half colonies for us. But by 1780, it was too late. It is now 1780 in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: What if the present Saigon government refuses to accept a coalition government with the National Liberation Front?

COFFIN: Then they'll have to go it alone. And that means really alone.

PLAYBOY: There's also the possibility that our own Administration will persist in its refusal to consider the possibility of a coalition government. What if it remains adamant on that point?

COFFIN: In that case, negotiations will probably break down and the war escalate again. And if that happens, our resistance to the war will also have to increase.

PLAYBOY: Even if both sides consent to a coalition government, do you agree with

those who feel that the U.S. has a responsibility to prevent mass executions of those whom we've supported?

COFFIN: Yes, I do. The likelihood of bloodshed is real after 22 years of bitter conflict. So I would like the strongest possible international presence there after the settlement. But perhaps not the UN. A beefed-up International Control Commission, for example, would probably be more acceptable to North Vietnam than a United Nations peace-keeping force, since North Vietnam is not a member of the UN. If we had this kind of international umbrella for a time, the United States could withdraw its troops while the international presence acted as a force against mass bloodshed. The big cats—the *kings*, the *Thicus*—will get out; they always do. It's the little kittens who get left behind that are vulnerable. But if an international presence remains during the transition period, the little ones can be protected. And as this is going on, the North Vietnamese can be removing their own troops.

PLAYBOY Even if they do—and even if bloodshed is avoided—what if the N.L.F. proves to be so powerful that South Vietnam eventually goes Communist?

COFFIN: That's a possibility we have to face. But that doesn't mean a unified Communist Vietnam would then automatically come under Chinese control. There's every indication that Ho Chi Minh wouldn't want the Chinese Communists in Vietnam any more than he wants us there. Every time there's a Communist conference in Moscow that Peking boycotts, the North Vietnamese delegation turns up closely followed by the North Korean delegation. This clearly indicates that China is not able to control even Communist countries in Asia. We have to remember that communism keeps changing. There is a vast difference now among Polish pink and Russian red and Chinese crimson. And look at what's been going on in Czechoslovakia this year. What an irony that when a Czech Stalinist general defected, he defected to America. How are the Czechs possibly going to get the lid back on those students again? In Yugoslavia, after Tito, we may even have a two-party Communist system.

We have to bide our time. We have to realize that enemy number one is nuclear warfare, not the Communists. And enemy number two is poverty. The real struggle in this world is not East West or Communist-capitalist; it's the rich against the poor. That's why our priorities ought to be not in "containing" communism nor in increasing our nuclear arsenal but in helping the underdeveloped countries. That's our self-defense. It's absolutely ridiculous to say that we need South Vietnam to be under some kind of American control as a means of ensuring America's national security. Nor, in all likelihood, would a

unified Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh be any more of a danger to us than Yugoslavia now is. As a matter of fact, a unified Vietnam could become an *Asian* Yugoslavia.

PLAYBOY: In view of America's total military commitment to preventing Ho Chi Minh from winning the war, hawks argue that a Communist Vietnam—Yugoslavian in orientation or not—would be an immeasurable blow to U.S. prestige. Do you see any validity in that view?

COFFIN: That kind of thinking leads to the perfectly immoral position that life is expendable but prestige is not. In any case, what creates prestige? Does it stem from the naked use of power or from the legitimate exercise of authority and responsibility? Despite the fact that the French had to pull out of Algeria and out of Indochina before that, I think it's clear that they haven't lost face. In fact, they've regained a great deal of influence as well as prestige, in both those areas. The sincerity of America's international commitments is already questioned—but not because we've failed to save corrupt anti-Communist regimes from Red aggression. Our sincerity is questioned abroad because we have reneged on our commitments of economic aid to eradicate poverty, illiteracy and disease throughout the world. Our sincerity is questioned because we're not really dealing with racism and poverty at home. It is in these areas of commitment that we have to prove ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's fair to accuse this country of renegeing its responsibilities to help eradicate world poverty, illiteracy and disease when it's already spending more than three billion dollars a year on foreign economic aid?

COFFIN: Completely fair. I know that sounds like a lot of money, but when you divide it up among the billions of people who desperately need it, that comes to about a dollar apiece—and most of them never get it, anyway. Much of the public economic aid—and most of the private investments—we've extended abroad have deterred rather than advanced the cause of social reform in the underprivileged nations. By that I mean, we have not been nearly careful enough to see that our aid is actually used for education and health, for example, rather than to prop up those in economic and political power. It's well documented that much of our aid is siphoned off at the top before what is left—if any—trickles down to the masses of people.

PLAYBOY: What do you suggest to remedy the situation?

COFFIN: For one thing, if a government is corrupt and tied in with monopolistic economic interests, we should refuse it military aid. That would give such a government a real incentive to bring

about reform, since it would not be able to suppress dissent by force of arms.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't that country easily acquire arms from some source other than the U.S.?

COFFIN: The only country besides ours that can supply large quantities of arms is Russia; and if Russia were to support such a reactionary and oppressive government in this way—which I consider unlikely—it would clearly be an ideological victory for us.

PLAYBOY: But suppose that government were to fall as a result of our nonsupport.

COFFIN: In that case, there might well be a new government that really had the loyalty of most of its people—one that might be more deserving of economic aid, because its very existence would be predicated on an acknowledgment of the need for internal economic and social reform.

PLAYBOY: Many critics of American foreign policy feel that the U.S. should give no military aid to *any* government, regardless of how democratic it may be. You seem to disagree.

COFFIN: It depends on the individual case—but rather than give military aid unilaterally to any single government, I think we should concentrate on creating international peace-keeping forces under the direction and control of the United Nations. It can well be said that America passed from isolationism to interventionism without passing through internationalism—without realizing that in the world as it is today, a multinational body must be the one to decide if intervention is necessary to keep the peace. But it's not too late to do that even now. By making military arms and power international, we could avoid, for instance, the type of arms race that's going on now in the Middle East. We could avoid the situation we had when we armed India and Pakistan to forestall Chinese invasion and Russian influence and then, when those two countries started fighting each other, it was the Russians who came in and settled the argument.

America spends more than two billion dollars a year on that kind of military aid and almost \$10 billion dollars more on its own war in Vietnam—both ostensibly to defend the underdeveloped nations from communism. Yet we give only the tiniest fraction of that amount—approximately three tenths of one per cent of our gross national product—to economic development abroad. That makes us one of the stingiest nations per capita on the face of the earth. This is a real indictment of Americans—it's ruthless distortion of national priorities.

PLAYBOY: How can we reorder those priorities?

COFFIN: That gets to the question of the personal priorities of individual Americans, which too frequently are power, prestige and pleasure. I very much object

to the way institutions take over individuals to such an extent that they not only won't extend or commit themselves, they won't even speak out. When I was in Detroit last year, I asked the reporters after a press conference—and reporters are always a great source of information for me—"Who in the automotive industry is against the war?" They said, "Reverend, you must be joking. You don't think these bastards ever open their mouths on a controversial issue, do you?" That's what really gets me. I know many businessmen who secretly have opposed the war, yet they have allowed their rights of citizenship to be bought out by Government contracts or by fear of pressure of one type or another. To make a very bitter remark, most American businessmen are such practicing cowards when it comes to controversial issues that they make common integrity look like courage. It's a dreadful commentary on the country when the peace movement is symbolized by baby doctors and chaplains. The business of America is business, we've been told. All right, then, let businessmen assume their responsibilities in controversial areas as well. I think it's awful the way people go up the success ladder only to become blander and blander. The result is that we have, if not the blind leading the blind, the bland leading the bland in this country. Again and again, businessmen have asked in amazement: "Why are all these students out in the street?" My answer to them is very simple: "Because you've crawled into the woodwork. If you come out and did your duty as American citizens, there might not have to be so many students on the street." It's because of this dereliction of duty that students have become so cynical about the business community.

PLAYBOY: You're not saying that businessmen are the only ones to blame.

COFFIN: No, most Americans don't involve themselves in what needs to be done. Moreover, we are more paralyzed in thought than we know. This point was brought home to me very vividly a couple of years ago, when two Soviet citizens came to visit in New Haven. They started off by asking, "How do you Americans do it?" Knowing they had just returned from the Midwest, I naturally assumed they were talking about our great agricultural achievements, but they soon made it clear they had something very different in mind. "We have watched CBS, NBC, ABC. What's the difference? We have listened to endless radio broadcasts, and their monotony is absolutely breathtaking. With the exception of such newspapers as *The New York Times*, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and the *Louisville Courier Journal*, your country's editorial policies, not only in the Hearst papers but in other papers, are remarkably alike. So how do you do it? How do you achieve such a high degree of thought control

without resorting to terror?" I thought to myself, "This is some irony Communists might soon be coming to our shores, in droves, in order to study more sophisticated methods of thought control."

PLAYBOY: There certainly hasn't been anything sophisticated about the methods used to suppress dissent in this country—particularly against the Vietnam war. The techniques have ranged from economic reprisal and physical brutality to the kind of extraordinary legal pressure epitomized by your indictment, along with Dr. Spock and three others, for counseling violation of the draft laws. How do you account for what's been called the "war on dissent?"

COFFIN: As our indictment testifies, there have certainly been conscious attempts by the Federal Government and other authorities to stifle dissent, though I must admit that, in our case, we were crowding the Government a little by asking for a confrontation. But I don't know if I'd term it a "war" on dissent; I don't think the people in power are consciously out to do away with democratic process. It's rather that their concern for "law and order" has blinded them to the higher priority of our constitutional right to free speech. They see in our dissent, rather than in their suppression of it, a clear and present danger to national security. This overreactive reflex is all part of our willingness to seek solutions by force; abroad, we do it militarily; at home, with police, rather than dealing with the real social and economic causes of unrest.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you think the Government has been successful in its campaign to suppress opposition to the war?

COFFIN: So far, the campaign has been counterproductive. It's increased dissent, just as the bombing of North Vietnam strengthened rather than weakened the resolve of the North Vietnamese; and in my case, the Government's indictment has given dissent a kind of respectability it didn't have before. People didn't always believe us when we said we were willing to accept the legal consequences of what we were doing, but now they see that we're following the traditional legal route. And the fact that we've been indicted also elicits some sympathy for people who face a prison sentence for what seems more and more clearly a question of conscience.

PLAYBOY: You said on the steps of the Department of Justice Building on October 20, 1967: "The law of the land is clear. Section 12 of the National Selective Service Act declares that anyone 'who knowingly counsels, aids or abets another to refuse or evade registration or service in the Armed Forces . . . shall be liable to imprisonment for not more than five years or a fine of \$10,000, or both.' We hereby publicly counsel these young men to continue in their refusal to serve in the Armed Forces as long as the war in Viet

nam continues, and we pledge ourselves to aid and abet them in all the ways we can. This means that if they are now arrested for failing to comply with a law that violates their consciences, we, too, must be arrested; for, in the sight of that law, we are now as guilty as they." The Government finally took you and four others at your word. If you're willing to go to jail for this issue of conscience as you say, why not simply accept the penalty?

COFFIN: That statement did not mean I abdicated my right to test the constitutionality of that law. We believe that on a number of grounds, including our free speech rights under the First Amendment, the Government's case against us doesn't hold up constitutionally. Certainly, we were prepared to be arrested. We were also prepared to test the law. If a law is unjust, one of the ways of demonstrating its injustice is to have as many arrests as possible.

PLAYBOY: If you lose the case, will you appeal the decision to a higher court?

COFFIN: Yes. It is hard to argue constitutional issues at the lower end of the judiciary. I expect we'll have to go all the way to the Supreme Court.

PLAYBOY: And if you lose there?

COFFIN: If we lose and are punished, that will point again to the perennial paradox of legality and morality. Of course, men must be concerned with what's legal, but we must be more concerned with what's right—right in terms of one's own informed conscience—and we have to keep in mind the occasional difference between the two. I hope we'll see the day when this country attains such a high level of democracy that any action to which a man adheres for reasons of conscience, and that harms no one, will be constitutionally immune from the power of the majority.

PLAYBOY: Those who disagree with you argue that if everyone is allowed to determine for himself which war he'll fight in, and which war he'll resist, it could lead ultimately to anarchy—and to the undermining of this country's capacity for legitimate self defense.

COFFIN: This is the argument I hear all the time. I'll answer the second part first. I think the history of public support for even the most dubious of wars makes it highly unlikely that people would refuse to fight when the national defense was clearly at stake. As far as the argument about anarchy is concerned, I think it's important to remember three things about draft resistance. One: It's an expression of patriotism rather than of disloyalty. At least that's what motivates me, and I think that's what motivates most draft resisters. These are people who know the anguish reflected in Albert Camus' words "I should like to be able to love my country and still love justice." Two: Draft resistance does not infringe on the civil liberties of any other person. Therefore,

those who say that I'm taking the law in my own hands, like the Ku Klux Klan, or that I'm doing the same as advocating rioting really don't see the point. Third: If you're prepared to accept the legal consequences of draft resistance, you are, in fact, supporting and not subverting the legal order. So if these three points are kept clearly in mind, then one can understand the spirit—even when one doesn't agree with the convictions—of those who resist the draft. After all, they are in the tradition of Socrates, of Jesus, of the Quakers in the Massachusetts Bay Colony and of John Woolman, who broke with Benjamin Franklin and refused to pay taxes in 1750 when Pennsylvania decided to arm against the Indians. They're also in the tradition of Thoreau, Eugene Debs and A. J. Muste.

PLAYBOY: But how do you justify determining, as an individual, the rightness or wrongness of a particular war? What of your obligations as a citizen?

COFFIN: The answer to that is that it's in the best American tradition not to surrender one's conscience to the state.

PLAYBOY: Even when that means breaking the law?

COFFIN: As I've said before, I don't think any man ever has the right to break the law; but I do think that upon occasion every man has the *duty* to break the law. When the law begins to dominate rather than to serve men, far from staving off chaos, it begins to *invite* chaos. Fundamentally, it's only a good law, not any law, that stands between man and chaos. The 1964 Civil Rights Act, yes the 1860 Fugitive Slave Act, no. When a man decides to break the law, he has to ask himself how great the specific evil is that he's protesting. Have all other remedies been exhausted? Is the evil so monstrous that there is no time to exhaust what remedies remain? What will be the consequences of his action on others—today and 20 years from now? Has he really done his homework about the issue at hand? And has he purged himself of all self-righteousness? None of those questions can ever be answered fully; but if the overwhelming weight is in favor of the need to break the law, we have to act wholeheartedly without absolute certainty. The war in Vietnam has been such an occasion. To stand against the law is a difficult and even fearful thing; but in the face of what is insane and inhuman, we cannot be either silent or servile. As the French nationalist and poet Charles Péguy wrote "The worst of particularities is to withhold oneself the worst ignorance is not to act, the worst lie is to steal away."

PLAYBOY: Your opponents also argue that this kind of justification for civil disobedience is predicated on an assumption of your own moral superiority over those who do not agree with you—and on a conviction that the morally elite have the right to break or resist any laws they

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don't like, because they are "morally superior" beings.

COFFIN: To take a moral stand doesn't imply that everybody else is immoral. Just as when you join SANE [the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy], you're not proclaiming that everybody outside that organization is *insane*. You're saying that what this country does with nuclear arms has become an issue of conscience and that joining SANE is the way you personally have to act on it. But I do think that history is full of people who had consciences that were badly informed. Conscience is a good servant but it can be a bad master. One needs more than simply conscience; one needs to have a great deal of information and a capacity for rational judgment to take this kind of moral stand. So, rather than adopting a stance of moral superiority, the issue is one of informed conscience.

PLAYBOY: Yet many critics of the war have called the Johnson Administration "immoral." Doesn't that tend to indicate an attitude of moral superiority?

COFFIN: Yes, it does. Too many young people fail to understand that all it takes for evil to flourish these days is for a good man with a great deal of power to be a little wrong while the majority of his citizens remain indifferent to the way in which he's exercising his power. If there is something immoral about our leaders, it has less to do with their character than with their social function. It's too easy to fight national righteousness by falling into personal self-righteousness; one has to make a great effort not to get into an accusatory moral stance. The way I would assess our Government is that it has been caught for a long time in a kind of paralysis of imagination, a paralysis of sensitivity. There's a certain element of pride in our foreign policy; we seem to think we have a lot to teach and very little to learn. Our pride-swollen faces have closed our eyes to a great many things that were going on in Vietnam that we preferred simply not to see—the wanton atrocities, the corruption of the government, the suffering of the people.

PLAYBOY: That suffering, along with the war itself, according to several spokesmen for the Administration, has been prolonged by the kind of dissent represented and encouraged by you and Dr Spock; they say it gives aid and comfort to the enemy. What's your reaction to that charge?

COFFIN: My reaction is that it's nonsense. It's American policy that has prolonged the war. I think the rising chorus of dissent in this country has actually helped shorten the war—by motivating the Administration to negotiate. But even if dissent were prolonging the war, is this a democracy or is it not? Are we expected to fold our democratic tents and steal away? If that were the case, the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—the vast majority of whom

have been against the war for some time—would be expected to stop dissenting, too. If you take that line of argument seriously, we're expected to pay the price of giving up democracy so that the country can be "united" against the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front. That's far too high a price to pay. Actually, those who have brought a great deal of aid and comfort to the enemy have been such people as General Westmoreland, with his policy of escalation that has turned world opinion completely against the United States. So have Ky and Thieu, by their incapacity to rally their own people. The fantastic corruption of the Saigon government has brought an enormous amount of aid and comfort to the enemy.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the aid and comfort supplied by those who carry Viet Cong flags in peace demonstrations?

COFFIN: Well, theirs is a perfectly legitimate position; and it's the position held, let's face it, by the vast majority of Europeans. According to every international poll I've heard about, 80 percent of all Europeans think we're dead wrong and that withdrawing is the only decent thing for Americans to do. So the extreme position here is their *moderate* position. I think it's perfectly dreadful that in Europe, they've been talking about "good Americans"—who allow crones to be committed in their name—the way they used to talk about "good Germans." But many Europeans have told me that the protest movement in this country is the only thing keeping alive the hope in their minds and hearts that the American dream has not turned totally into a nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you concerned about public opinion in this country?

COFFIN: It obviously doesn't help our cause to carry Viet Cong flags, any more than it helps to burn draft cards or American flags. If you're trying to sway a complacent public, that's hardly the effective way to do it. I keep thinking of the kind of low-voltage discontent about the war that prevailed in 1964; then four or five people burned their draft cards and immediately, millions of outraged Americans found there was a good reason to wage the war. And as for burning the American flag, I agree with Norman Thomas: "Don't burn it, wash it."

PLAYBOY: Would you try to exclude draft card burners and flag burners from demonstrations with which you're associated?

COFFIN: I'd have to handle that sort of thing one demonstration at a time. More basically, I would be for seminars about demonstrations on every single college campus—and as many other places as we could have them. I mean seminars that would be exceedingly demanding intellectually: everybody would be asked to face exactly what it is he wants to accomplish, what message he's communicating, whom he wants to reach. Then

you act according to your aims. For example, if you want to convince the middle class of the horrors of war, maybe you should demonstrate against Dow Chemical, the manufacturers of napalm. But in demonstrating, you don't obstruct the movements of Dow Chemical representatives, because that will turn off many in the middle class. And if you're trying to reach the middle class, you try to put the bearded ones among you somewhere in the background. If you feel, on the other hand, that a concern with public relations is precisely what has corroded the quality of life in this country, then you put your beards up front. But you must know what it is you want to accomplish.

My great cry, my constant misgiving about the peace movement is that we're not hard-nosed enough about just what it is we want to do and so we often end up doing things that are counterproductive—or so it seems. It's hard to know what is counterproductive in the long run. Thoreau was gloriously ineffective in his time; but by his example, he injected something into the mainstream of American and world history that is nourishing people more than a hundred years later. So I think it's a very small measure of devotion we owe to a generation yet unborn to be willing to go to jail, if necessary, to witness to a truth as we see it. It's going to be very good for our grandchildren to know that there were some people who protested rather vigorously during a period in American life that history will judge very harshly.

PLAYBOY: Another form of protest that you've championed is conscientious objection on nonreligious as well as religious grounds. Why?

COFFIN: I think it's a gross misfortune not to believe in God, but it's not automatically an ethical fault. As a minister, I'm deeply concerned that the rights of conscience of a secular humanist are not properly recognized under current law.

PLAYBOY: By what criteria could one determine that such an objector was conscientiously opposed to war rather than simply afraid of being killed?

COFFIN: You may have some people whose motives are more involved with personal survival than with principle—but it does take a certain amount of courage to stand against a war. Even if you're a physical coward, you have to be quite independent to take that step, and I don't think there are many people who have the independence to be a member of such a conspicuous and unpopular minority; so I don't think many people apply to be C.O.s just because they're cowards. I think the criteria would have to be very broad, once you got away from religious belief and training as the primary requisites for conscientious objection. I'm quite prepared to say that a man is a conscientious objector if, for example, he says, "Look, I'm a conscientious economist. I've done four years of



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graduate study in economics at Yale and I think, from the point of view of a conscientious economist, that this war is an outrage." You have to be willing to go quite far, once you allow selective conscientious objection on nonreligious as well as religious grounds.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the kind of conscientious objector who refuses to even apply for C. O. status, who believes the very act of registering for the draft—even on a noncombatant basis—represents complicity with evil?

COFFIN: If that's the way this young man truly feels about it, then, obviously, that's what he's going to have to do. But I think it's important to point out to him that it will be harder for him to make his case of conscience in court, because the Government will simply point out that he had a number of administrative procedures available to him and did not avail himself of any of them. Therefore, he's going to be charged with failure to fulfill those administrative procedures. His case won't be decided on what he regards to be the overwhelming principle of noncooperation with the Government.

PLAYBOY: If such a man were to ask you for public support, would you give it?

COFFIN: If I thought he were being truly conscientious in taking this position, I'd support him, on the grounds that he had the right to express his conscientiousness in this way. But I might also make clear that I didn't think this was a very good stand to take. It's not one I'd particularly approve of.

PLAYBOY: Would you serve in a noncombatant capacity, if drafted—say, as a chaplain?

COFFIN: With respect to this war, I would refuse service of any kind.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you feel any responsibility to minister spiritually to those who need you, even if they're in uniform?

COFFIN: It would be a difficult decision for any chaplain to make, but I would choose to minister spiritually to those resisting military service in this war and to those already in jail because of their resistance.

PLAYBOY: Do you oppose the draft only because you oppose the war, or do you agree with those who feel that America should do away entirely with conscriptive military service?

COFFIN: I'm really hung up on that one. I tend to be suspicious of a standing professional Army, so that would seem to argue for a draft of civilians. On the other hand, I'm not sure if it makes that much difference, given the pervasive reality of what Eisenhower called the military-industrial complex. I mean, our protection against military control is supposedly that at the very top, the civilians still control the military. But does it really matter that the Secretary of Defense is a civilian, when so many generals retire to become presidents of corporations that then, in turn, accept contracts from the

Pentagon? Even with a draft, to what extent is the civilian mentality really in control? A corollary, and perhaps more fundamental, question is: How large should the Army be? Here, again, not being a pacifist, I have no instant answers. We do need an Army for defense; but if it's a large Army, the temptation is to use it, and so I'm not sure to what degree America gets involved in wars partly because it has such a large Army already.

PLAYBOY: Since you do believe there has to be an Army of some size, and since the draft is likely to be operative for the foreseeable future, how do you think it can be made more equitable, so that the poor—particularly those who are poor and black—are not disproportionately represented in the Army and in the front lines?

COFFIN: One way would be to make sure that more blacks sit on draft boards. If it's not a constitutional problem, it ought to be, when thousands of Negroes can be drafted in Mississippi without one black sitting on a draft board in that state. Another way to distribute the burdens of war more equitably between rich and poor, educated and noneducated, would be to turn the draft into a lottery system. We could either have everybody serve for a period of time when he gets to the age of 18 or 19 or there could be educational deferments set up in such a way that they're not extended so long that they actually become exemptions.

PLAYBOY: Seventy priests in Boston earlier this year proposed deferments for young Negroes working to develop the city's black community. Would you consider that a legitimate reason for deferment?

COFFIN: Yes. I think that should be an occupational deferment, because it's in an area where the national interest is at stake. It could also be a valid form of alternative service for those blacks who conscientiously object to a specific war or to all wars. Similarly, a splendid form of alternative service might consist of a member of Students for a Democratic Society organizing a community of poor whites in Chicago or Appalachia.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think should decide which deferments are legitimate?

COFFIN: The decision making should be democratized to such a degree that all elements of each community are involved. If broad, flexible guidelines were set by the Federal Government, it wouldn't be difficult for democratic local boards to decide on legitimate educational and occupational deferments.

PLAYBOY: The New York Civil Liberties Union has taken the position that the implementation of the current draft system is unconstitutional. It claims that any draft is a serious deprivation of civil liberties and can be justified only if a national state of emergency is proved. The President, the N.Y.C.L.U. adds, has failed to demonstrate that such a state of emergency exists. Do you agree?

COFFIN: Well, that's one of the constitutional issues I hope we can argue during the course of our trial—if not in the lower court, then in the higher courts, if we lose below. It seems obvious to me that when the business of declaring war is the business of the Legislative and not the Executive branch of Government, and when we don't even have a declared state of emergency, not only does the war become constitutionally questionable but so does the implementation of the draft.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the war is not only unconstitutional but in violation of the laws of war. In what way?

COFFIN: In many ways, I'm afraid. We have destroyed crops and villages, we have forcibly relocated thousands of people and we have been guilty of indiscriminate killing of civilians. The inordinately high ratio of civilian casualties to military casualties makes clear that we have not made the distinction between combatants and noncombatants that is fundamental to the laws of war, as well as of humanity. The result is that almost the entire surface of Vietnam is soaked with the tears and the blood of the innocent. If you want more than 400 pages of very specific testimony of American violations of the laws of war in Vietnam, you'll find it in a book called *In the Name of America*, commissioned and published by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. It's full of eyewitness accounts published in American newspapers and on American wire services, as well as accounts from various periodicals, here and abroad, ranging from *Air Force Space Digest* to *Le Monde* in Paris. The type of thing in it is indicated by excerpts from a letter written by a GI and published in the *Akron Beacon Journal* last spring.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Today we went on a mission and I'm not very proud of myself, my friends or my country. . . . When the ten helicopters landed this morning, in the midst of these huts, and six men jumped out of each "chopper," we were firing the moment we hit the ground. We fired into all the huts we could. Then we got "on line" and swept the area. It was then that we burned these huts in distinct violation of the solemn laws of war that we have signed.

The families don't understand this . . . so everyone is crying, begging and praying . . . then they watch in terror as we burn their personal possessions and food. Yes, we burn all rice and shoot all livestock.

Some of the guys are still careless. Today, a buddy of mine called, "La dich" ("Come here") into a hut, and a lone man came out of a bomb shelter. My buddy told the old man to get away from the hut and since we have to move quickly



KLM was the second airline in the world to fly with stewardesses.

KLM is often accused of inventing the stewardess.

And it's not true. Just because we've been in the business longer than any other airline doesn't mean that we're always the first to come up with something new. Certainly, we were the first airline to schedule regular flights between Europe and South East Asia. And the first European airline to own and operate the

DC-8 jet. And the DC-9 jet. And the first airline in the world to own the Super DC-8-63. But as for inventing the stewardess, we are forced to deny that accusation. And there's one more thing. We didn't invent our reputation. Of being the most reliable airline in the world.



on a sweep just threw a hand grenade into the shelter. After he threw it and was running for cover during the four-second delay, we all heard a baby crying from inside the shelter. After the explosion we found the mother, two children (ages about 6 and 12, boy and girl) and an almost newborn baby. The children's fragile bodies were torn apart, literally mutilated. We looked at each other and burned the hut. The old man was just whimpering in disbelief outside the burning hut. We walked away, left him there. My last look was of an old, old man in tattered, torn, dirty clothes, on his knees outside the burning hut, praying to Buddha. His white hair was blowing in the wind and tears were rolling down.

If that were an isolated instance, my telling it to you would be mere sensationalism. But I'm convinced—and *In the Name of America* supports the conviction—that this isn't an exceptional instance.

I would also add the frequent instances of brutal interrogation and torture of prisoners by the South Vietnamese army. We may not do it ourselves, but if we stand by and let our allies do it, we're just as guilty as they are, according to our own laws of war. Let me give you some examples. The Saigon government has used Chinese mercenaries from Formosa—Nuongs—who control their prisoners by taking wire and running it through a man's hand and then his cheek and into his mouth. They pull the wire out through the other cheek and the other hand, finally knotting both ends around sticks. The South Korean troops we use have rounded up unarmed villagers and shot in cold blood, without further investigation, anyone who informers said had anything to do with the Viet Cong; that's one of our forms of "pacification." We have also trained what are called Provincial Reconnaissance Units—South Vietnamese troops who engage in assassination and butchering. Describing them, a *Washington Post* reporter wrote last year: "A Viet Cong unit on occasion will find the disemboweled remains of its fellows along a well-trod canal-bank path, an effective message to guerrillas and to noncommitted Vietnamese that two can play the same bloody game." Again, these are not isolated instances. They form a bloody pattern of war crimes.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned atrocities committed only by Asiatics against other Asiatics. What about the reports that some American soldiers have kept Viet Cong heads and ears as trophies?

COFFIN: If true, this is a further indication of the dehumanization of our own men that the war in Vietnam has caused. I am aware that those who point to the crimes we have committed are always asked about Viet Cong atrocities—but

you don't use somebody else's dirt as soap to wash clean your own hands. We can't be responsible for what they do, but we can be responsible for what we do. Furthermore, we have to recognize that the more selective terroristic tactics of the Viet Cong have paid off politically far more than the indiscriminate terror that is rained from the sky by our mortars, artillery and, particularly, by our airplanes. When the Viet Cong resorted to terrorism in the late Fifties, they eliminated the appointees of the Saigon government who—by the later admission of the Saigon government itself—were corrupt. That kind of terrorism, as Bernard Fall pointed out in his books, put a kind of Robin Hood halo over the heads of many of the Viet Cong. That's something our Government has never really understood: the degree to which the people of Vietnam, South as well as North, actually sympathize with the Viet Cong; the fact that the struggle of the NLF is actually a civil war against the forces of reaction and corruption and colonialism, rather than a strategic beachhead of the "international Communist conspiracy" in its master plan for world conquest."

PLAYBOY: As Norman Mailer might have phrased it—why are we in Vietnam?

COFFIN: From the very beginning, America's involvement has been based on our misinterpretation of what was happening in Vietnam and on the rigidity of our anti-communism. The French originally got us involved in Vietnam by translating the anticolonial thrust of their opposition into a danger to the "free world" from monolithic, messianic communism. We fell for that to the tune of more than two billion dollars, all of which went straight down the drain. We failed to see that nationalism was a more important element than communism in the Vietnamese struggle against the French. We failed to see that South Vietnam, under Diem, was going to hell in a basket. And we failed to see, as I indicated earlier, that a united Vietnam would have been much better able to withstand pressures from China than a divided Vietnam. So I think—and all of the State Department representatives with whom I've debated agree to this—we should have allowed the 1954 Geneva accords to take their course. We should have allowed elections by July 1956 and let Ho Chi Minh have his Vietnam. But we were so terrified of communism that we were ideologically paralyzed.

PLAYBOY: Do you hold Eisenhower and Dulles responsible for this paralysis?

COFFIN: Dulles was certainly the architect of America's anti-Communist crusade, but Eisenhower's intervention was actually very modest. It consisted of economic aid and was based on a certain expectation that the Saigon government would do its own part, would bring about necessary reform to merit

further economic aid. Kennedy began to escalate aid, military as well as economic; but he maintained some sanity when he said, "Finally, it's their war—Vietnamese against Vietnamese." No, it's Johnson who has to bear the responsibility for having brought American military involvement so hugely into the forefront.

PLAYBOY: We gather you don't agree, then, with those among the radical young who maintain that from Eisenhower to Kennedy to Johnson American involvement in Vietnam has been a progressive extension of American institutional interests—that the blame must be placed on a pervasive policy of unlightened self-interest, rather than on the warmongering of a single President.

COFFIN: In the largest sense, of course, they're quite right. We should be addressing ourselves to a re-evaluation of the institutional commitments of this country, rather than to the acts of this President or that President. If those commitments and priorities are not changed, we are going to continue to be in trouble. You cannot have a more-than-50 billion-dollar military enterprise and think that somehow you're going to avoid other policy wars after Vietnam. By policy wars, I mean wars that are not really in self-defense but are part of a global policy that equates American self-interest with American control of certain areas of the world. You cannot nurture a paranoid laurel of a monolithic Communist enemy and think that somehow you're going to avoid a nuclear holocaust forever. We have to examine our attitudes as well as our financial commitments to see the degree to which we have lost our freedom to maneuver, the degree to which we have become ideologically simplistic and doctrinaire. That I believe is one of the great responsibilities of the universities today—the undertaking of a fundamental re-examination of American institutions and attitudes.

PLAYBOY: What you're asking for will depend on the initiative of the intellectual community, yet this war has involved more intellectuals in its support than any in American history—those in the Rand Corporation; those connected with the Institute for Defense Analysis, a consortium of 12 universities, those who started with the Kennedy Administration and are now advising Johnson. In the light of the hawkish role they've been playing, do you think it's likely that they will now undertake "a fundamental re-examination of American institutions and attitudes?"

COFFIN: Well, there are two types of intellectuals. One is the kind who fulfills the Socratic ideal of a gadfly. He is generally out of power and he insists on asking the basic questions: "To what end? To what purpose?" These are the intellectuals who have been leading the opposition

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THE YOUNG MAN WHO READ BRILLIANT BOOKS

he might have resisted mrs. pearce's pressures, but when she dangled her five beautiful daughters as bait, even he couldn't resist



fiction

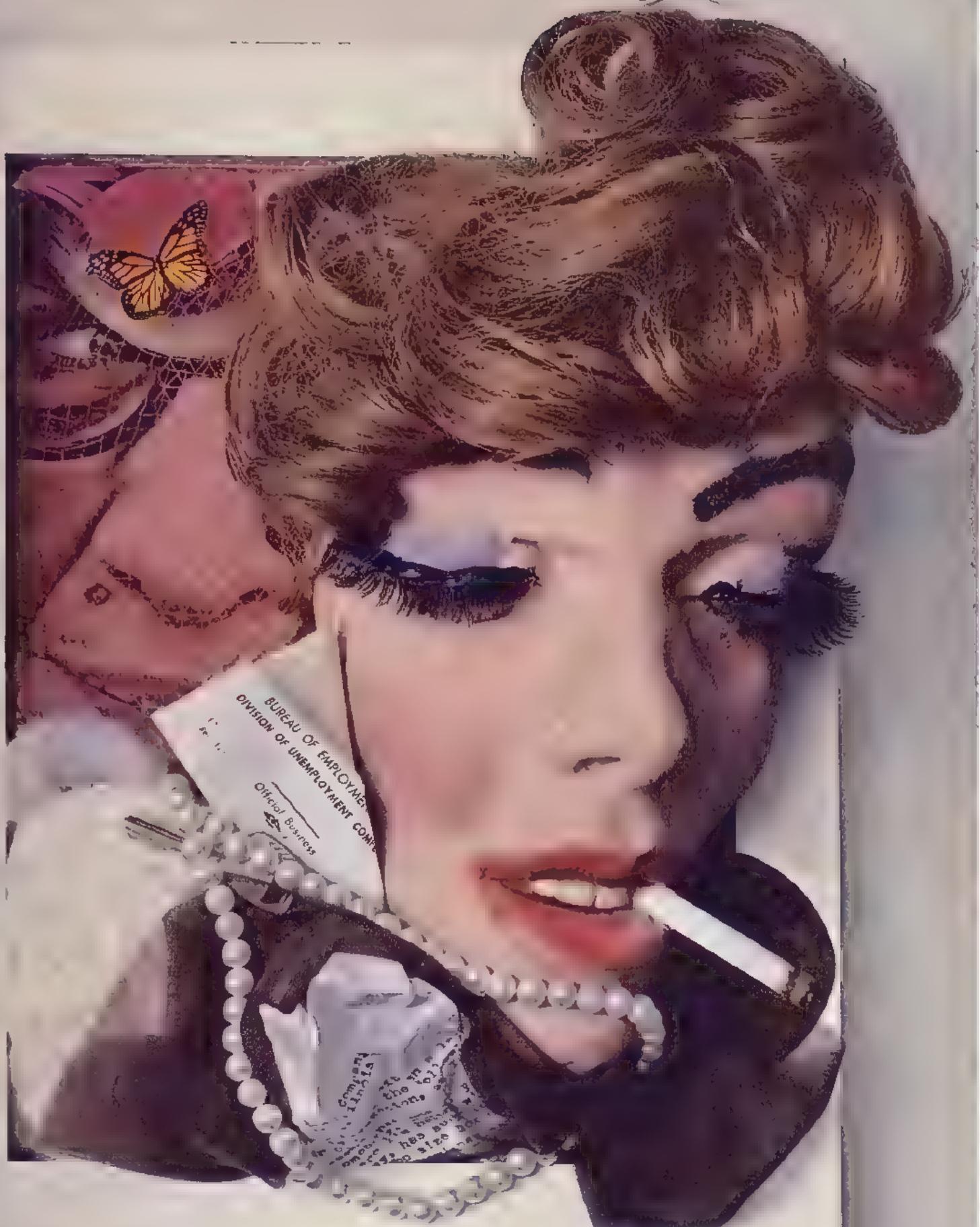
By STEPHEN DIXON

AT THE STATE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE this morning, David met a woman in line who told him, after giving him the thorough once-over and then deplored the long wait and interminable California rain that she had five beautiful daughters at home from whom he could just about take his pick if he liked. "You seem that good-natured and sensitive to me," she said, "and just look at the way you read those brilliant books. And then, strange as this sounds, sonny," and she looked around the room suspiciously and then stretched on her toes to speak into his ear, "I think it's high time they began seeing some men who aren't always so stupid and wild."

David thought the woman was a little eccentric, so he politely told her he wasn't interested. "What I'm saying is that, enticing as your offer seems, I'm really much too busy with my studies to go out with some women I don't even know."

"*Girls*," she said, "not women. Young gorgeous, unattached girls, the homeliest of which looks like nothing short of a glamorous movie starlet. And who said anything about going out with all five of them? *One*, just one, we're not perverts, you know. And my daughters are smart and obedient enough to realize that what I say is usually the right thing for them, so you can be sure you'll have your choice, like I say."

"Thanks again," he said, as he was trying to finish the last few pages of the paperback he was reading and then get to the one sticking out of his jacket



COLLAGE BY RON BRADFORD

pocket, "but I'm afraid I'll still have to say no."

"Why no? Listen some more before you shut me off. One's even a blonde, though with fantastic dark black eyes. You ever go out with a blonde with fantastic dark black eyes? Ever even see one, no less? Well, take it from me, they're the most magnificent female creatures on God's earth, bar none. Writers write endless sonnets about them, swoon at their feet. One handsome young biochemist actually wanted to commit suicide over my Sylvia, but I told him he was crazy and he'd be better off discovering new cures for cancer, instead. And listen: Each of them has a beautiful body. You interested, perhaps, in beautiful bodies?"

"Of course I am," and he closed the book on his finger. "I mean"—he tried to harden his face from showing his sudden interest—"well, every man is."

"Like Sophia Loren they have bodies," she said dreamily. "And cook. Everything I know in the kitchen and my *cordon bleu* mother before me knew. I've taught my daughters. Now what do you say?"

She was next in line now and the clerk behind the desk asked her to come forward. "Listen to that jerk," she whispered to David. "A dullard like that I wouldn't let one foot into my house. Wouldn't even let him say hello on the phone to my daughters, even if he's pulling in three hundred a week from his job. But you?"

"Madam," the clerk said irritably, "if you don't mind?"

"You," she continued with her back to the clerk, "sandals, long hair, mustaches, face blemishes and all. I'd make an elaborate dinner for and introduce around to my girls one by one. Then I'd give you a real Cuban cigar and Napoleon brandy and show you into our library till you made up your mind as to which of my beauties you want to take for a drive. And you want to know why? I like brains."

"That's nice of you to say that," David said. "Because nowadays—"

"Brains have always been taught to me by my father as the most important and cherishable part a man can bring to a woman. Clerks like that moron don't have brains, just fat behinds with sores on them through their whole lives. But you I can tell. Not only because of your intelligent frown and casual way you speak and dress but simply the way you concentrate on your brilliant English novel here," and she slapped the book he held. "Now, come on, sonny, because what do you really have to lose?"

"All right," he said, smiling for the first time since he met her, "you've broken my arm. But just for dinner. If you don't mind. And only to meet your lovely family and have a good home cooked

meal with some stimulating conversation."

"Now you're being smart." She wrote her name and address on his bookmark, told him to be at her home around six and stepped up to the clerk's desk to sign the form for her unemployment check.

"You act like you don't even need the money," the clerk said, shoving the form in front of her.

"This stinking forty dollars?" she said for everybody to hear. "Peanuts. But I and my employer put good money into your insurance plan, so why shouldn't I make a claim for it if I'm looking for work?"

"Next," he yelled over her shoulder, and David walked up, said good morning extra courteously, as he didn't want to give this man even the slightest excuse for becoming unkindly and ultimately overinquisitive about him and next answered the same two questions he'd been asked since he started getting the checks.

"Did you work any days last week?"

"No, sir."

"Received a salary or payment of any kind for any labor last week?"

"No, sir."

"See you tonight, then," the woman said from the side, twiddling her fingers goodbye and looking very cheered as David signed the form. "And don't worry about any fancy dressing for our cozy dinner. We're very informal people at our home—very informal, though we're not exactly beggars, by any means."

That evening, David shaved himself twice with his electric razor as the rotary blades were in serious need of a cleaning, and trimmed his full mustache so that none of the hairs hung over the upper lip. Then he dressed in his only suit and tie, brushed down curly hair with cream oil till his skull was as flat and shiny as a football helmet and patted after-shave lotion on his face and neck and then at the underarms of his jacket, which also needed a good cleaning. But then, he thought, it wasn't every day of the week a lonely, sort of homely-looking guy like himself was invited to sit down at a fancy table with five beautiful young sisters.

The house he drove up to was in the cheapest part of town. It was small and boxlike, sticking out of a garden of weeds gone wild like an ancient, rundown mausoleum. He rang the bell, much less hopeful now of any grand time this evening but, surprisingly, the girl who opened the door turned out to be as beautiful as her mother had said. She was about 21, black-eyed and as well built as Sophia Loren, whom she also resembled above the neck a great deal, except for her long blonde hair.

Come right in," she said in the sweetest voice imaginable; and David, feeling his neck knot up with excitement, managed

to squeak out that he was the man her mother had met this morning and invited for dinner.

"You're Sylvia," he said. "I'd know you anywhere by your mother's glowing description." He stuck out his hand, but instead of having his fingers squeezed seductively as he had imagined, he was jerked past the door and thrown halfway across the large room. When he got up a few seconds later, a little dizzy and his pants ripped at the knee and all set to ask what kind of infantile practical joke she was playing on him, he saw that she was locking the front door with a key, which she promptly dropped down her bra.

"Now, how's that for a quick-change routine?" Sylvia said with a voice that was much tougher and throatier now, though that smile of unwavering sweet ness remained on her face. Years back, I was in show business, so I know what's what with costumes and make-up and things."

David tried to keep cool by examining the rip in his pants. "It's a damn good thing this is my oldest suit," he said, "that's all"; and, glancing up to see what kind of reaction his remark had, he nearly fainted dead away on the spot when Sylvia began peeling off her face skin from the forehead down and then her magnificent blonde hair.

"A Sophia Loren I can only pretend to be for minutes," the woman he had met at the unemployment office said, "but a svelte Audrey Hepburn I could play for you for hours. Not much padding there to bother my tush and ribs and hamper my walk, you know what I mean?" She placed the wig and Sophia Loren mask in a hatbox—neatly, as if she were preserving them to wear a few years from now—and unzipped her dress, removed the socks from her bra and the bandages around her buttocks and, from her waist, a black-satin cummerbund that had been as tight as a tourniquet. When she finished rezippering and hitching, and putting her gray hair back into place, she said: "Well, now, Davy boy, what do you say we get down to business?"

"Why, you big fraud!" he blustered. "I mean . . . why you big incredible fraud."

"Sure I'm a fraud! What then? You saying you would've come all the way out here just to see an old fart like me? But look who's talking about frauds. We're on to you, you know, the way you take unemployment-insurance money from our Government under some body else's name and Social Security number—some good pal of yours in Paris who you send ten dollars to every week. We checked, so don't think you've been invited here just for your good looks, you weasel. At least I worked for my unemployment money—twenty miserable

(continued on page 68)



"Couple of fellows insisting it's 'love at first sight'!"

DREAM CARS

THIRTY YEARS AGO, General Motors' head stylist, Harley Earl, unveiled the "Y-Job," prosaically named but revolutionary harbinger—power-operated convertible top, extended front fenders, concealed headlights—of what GM had up its sleeve. Thus was born the dream car. Since then, the Motor City's blustery production lines have turned out idea autos in ever-increasing numbers; almost every Detroit make was represented in this year's auto shows either by some far-out vehicle boasting its name

detroit's avant-garde vehicles—built to draw crowds at the shows—are dramatic portents of automotive things to come



plate or—at the very least—by a highly modified, "futured-up" version of a current model. The "one-off" dream car can be an expensive proposition, but the car companies amortize its cost in a number of ways. Except for pretty girls, there is no surer method of drawing the crowds over to an auto-show display than to have a dream car as the exhibit's focal point. In many instances, the car is used by the company as a barometer with which to gauge reaction to contemplated changes. Dodge General Manager Robert McCurry put it at the introduction of the Charger III: "This experimental vehicle is designed to show the public some of the design and

CHARGER III. Dodge's sleek exercise in imaginative transport is only three-and-a-half feet high, has no movable doors or windows. When its jetlike canopy top arcs up for entrance or exit, the steering wheel and instrument-cluster pod swing away and the space-capsule-type seats elevate to make maneuvering easier for driver and passenger.





ASTRO I. From Chevrolet comes this air-cooled rear-engined fastback, top, which contains such niceties as a periscope rearview mirror, twin-grip steering control, air-flow spoiler on the rear deck that raises up for quick-stop braking or high-speed driving. Whole rear section pivots up for entrance and exit.



MUSTANG MACH 2. Designed by Ford for both street and competition, the two-seater Mach 2, above, sports a 289-cu. in. engine mounted amidships. The side windows have small access openings to facilitate payment of turnpike tolls. Heights of brake, clutch and accelerator pedals are adjustable.

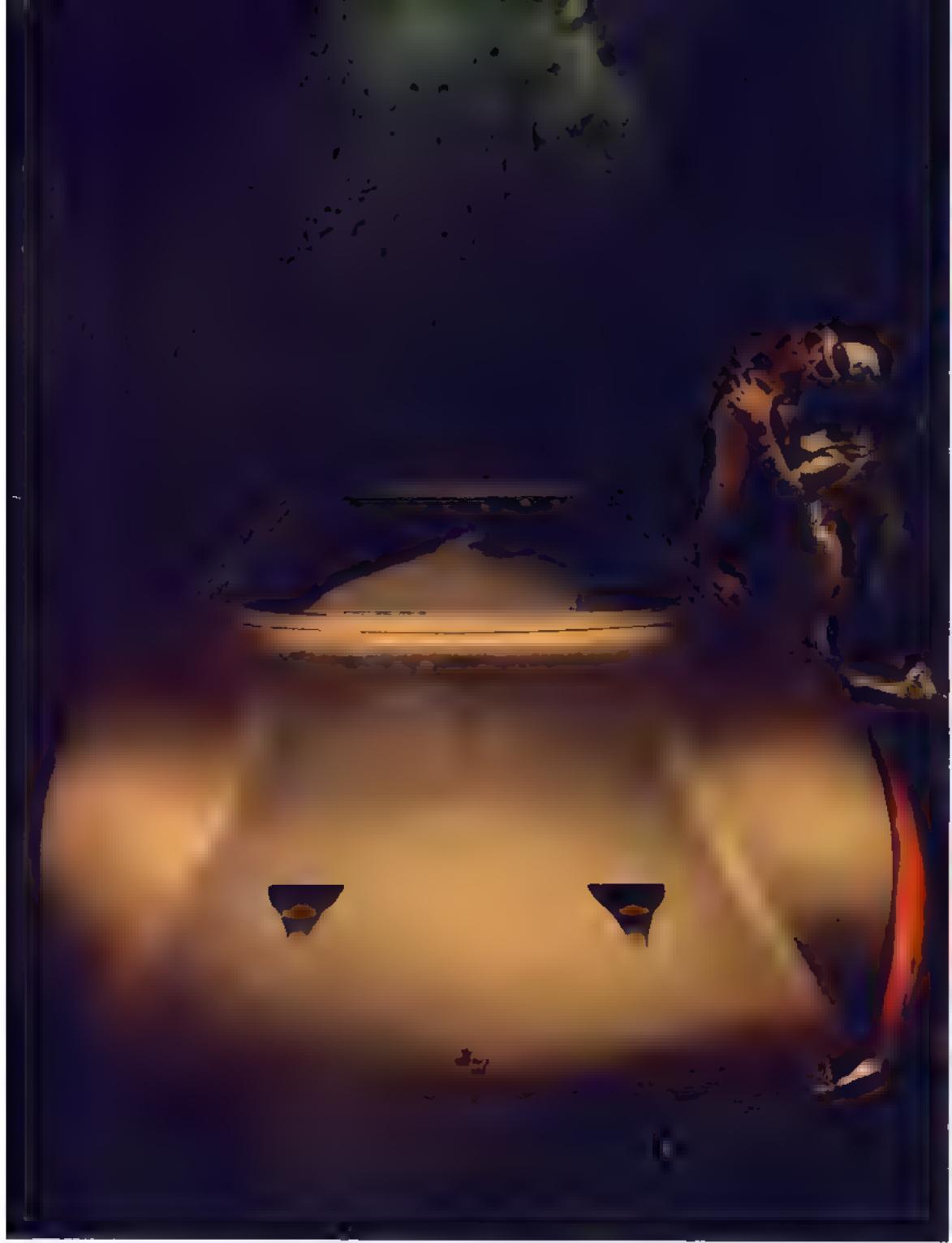
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS LRBA



FIREBIRD OF TOMORROW. Well, maybe not quite tomorrow. But Pontiac's hypoed-up two-seat version, top, of its fast-selling sporty car is an eye grabber, nevertheless, with its pillarless windshield, combination roll bar and airfoil and almost complete absence of exterior chrome.

ALLEGRO II. A Ford Corporate Projects design, the low-slung Allegro, above, features a steering wheel cantilevered off a centrally located steering column that houses a tachometer in its hub. Downward-sloping "fins" running from door to tail are mounted atop the rear quarter panels.

engineering concepts that we have developed. From the public we learn what it would like, or not like, to see in tomorrow's automobile." (Recent futuristic display items heralding assembly-line realities were the Mako Shark II, which bore many of the design characteristics of the current Corvette, and American Motors' "Ramble"-seated AMX, which wound up, sans rumble seat—but with almost all of its design intact—as the production model.) There is also the dream car's high gloss glamor, some of which the makers hope will rub off on its more pedestrian bread and butter brethren. This is often accomplished by the simple and inexpensive expedient of transferring the dream car's name to one particular model or to a whole line of production autos. GM's Biscayne, Le Mans, LeSabre and Firebird; Ford's Mustang, Futura, Cougar and Monterey; and Chrysler's Dart, Newport and Adventurer are examples of Detroit's retain the name game. Conversely,



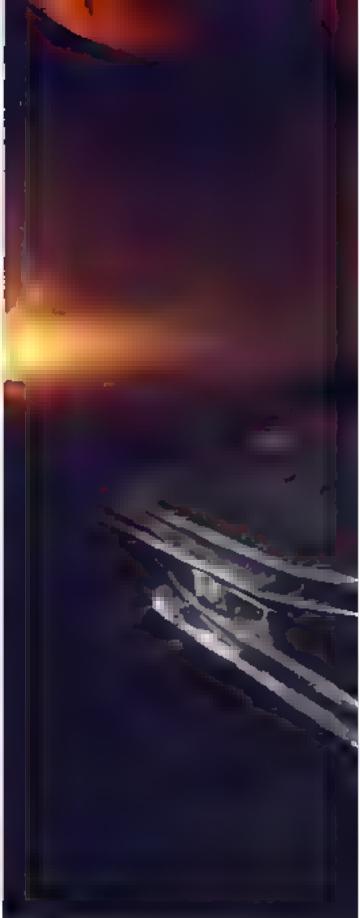
BEARCAT.

Ford's International Design Center created the Bearcat, above, and the Alpencoupe (right top) as projections of where Ford of England and Germany might be heading. The four-passenger Bearcat has a midship-mounted engine, front fenders rising high above the hood, driving lights that disappear behind the front bumpers, removable roof. Its taillights boast minutely perforated stainless-steel lens covers that appear opaque.

CENTURY CRUISER.

Mounted on the 119-inch wheelbase employed by the Buick Riviera, the Century Cruiser, right, is the farthest out of all the dream cars shown here. It was conceived as the type of vehicle that would utilize the computer-programmed automatic superhighways of the future by means of an electronic guidance system.

While the car is under computer guidance, its occupants can make use of its TV, game table or refrigerator.

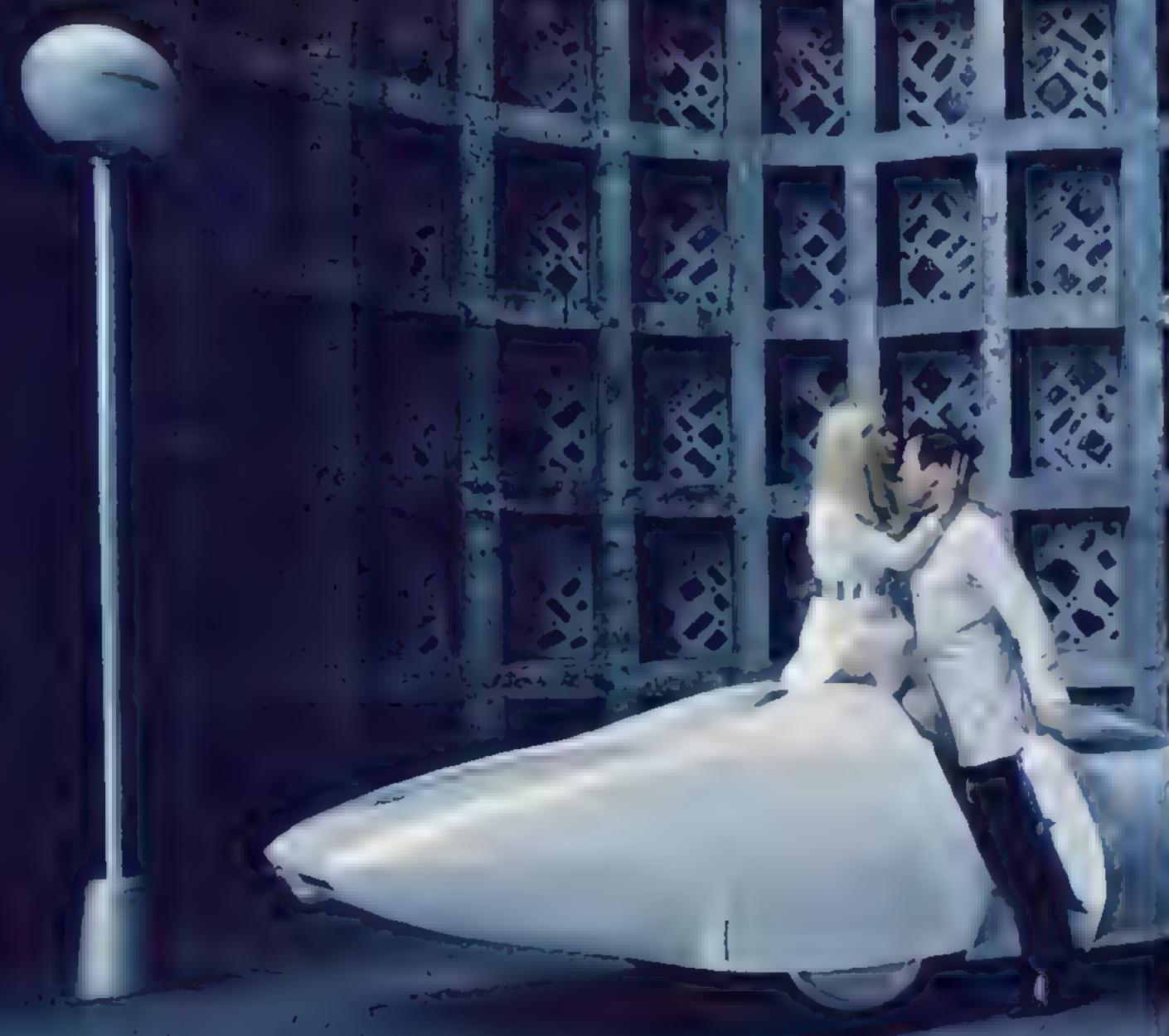




ALPENCOUPE.

A short-wheelbase, high performance 2 Plus 2 GT, Ford's Alpen coupe, above, has a broad exhaust port running almost the width of the hood, a rear window—recessed under the slightly sloping roof—that's fitted into a roll bar, and a racing type fuel cap mounted on the rear-deck lid. Its slim vertical sidelights are set in body at ends of the bumpers.

American Motors' Tapon—by some mysterious pectoral inclination of the consumer surveyor's craft—passed on most of its looks but wound up in the dealers' showrooms as the Marlin. Occasionally, automotive suppliers such as U.S. Steel, Borg Warner Bridgeport Brass and Dow Chemical get in on the dream-car act, coming up with advanced-styling vehicles to help pitch the use of their products in auto manufacture. Although Detroit continues to investigate alternative means of powering its vehicles—rotary piston gas-turbine, electric and even steam engines are being weighed as means of propulsion for the car of the future—it's obvious that what could wind up under the hood doesn't fascinate the show-going public nearly as much as a way-out auto body. Which is why the daringly designed dream car is here to stay.



ASTRO-VETTE. Chevrolet, in this variation on the Corvette theme, concentrated on wind-resistance-reducing aerodynamics—from the sharply sloped ground-hugging roof to partial belly pans, to skirts for the rear-wheel openings. Even the roll bar has been design-integrated.



THE YOUNG MAN

(continued from page 58)

weeks I worked, which is not one day over the minimum and which I don't ever expect to do again. But sit down." She motioned him to a chair. "A sense of decency I at least still got for your likes. You want a drink? Some good gin? Oh, stop shaking your head like a clod. You're not going to get out of here till we've had our say, so you might as well sit back comfortably with a drink."

"About that unemployment insurance," David began uneasily. "Well, that's my business—my worry. And if you've invited me here to extort hush money out of me, well, forget it. I'm broke, flat, rien—comprenez-vous français? So I'll be leaving here, if you don't mind," and he stood up, a bit winded from having had to make even that short assertive speech, and very confidently stuck out his hand for the key; but she just laughed and slapped at his fingers and yelled in the direction of the stairs.

"Georgie? Little Day's here and he's getting very impatient. You want to come down?"

From upstairs, a man answered in a soft lilting voice: "I'll be down in a sec, sweet."

"You'll be down in a set nothing," she shrieked. "Get your ass here this instant, you big ox."

A very thin, sickly-looking man in his 50s came hurrying downstairs. He was panting, still full of sleep, a few days past his last shave and scratching his undershirt nervously when he gave David a limp wet hand to shake. "Pleased to meet you, son. Sylvia here's told me some very encouraging things about you. Very."

"You see," Sylvia said, edging David back into a couch beside Georgie, "both my husband and I have decided you're just the man we need for our work."

"That's right," Georgie said. "We need a smart boy with brains."

"What Mr. Peartree means is that just the idea of you carrying through your plans to snagle the Government is a very good sign to us. Besides which, of course, we can always use it against you if you don't go along with what we ask."

"Sylvia told me all about it," Georgie said, smacking his gums appreciatively. "Amazing. Just terrific. No, really, pal, because not many guys can get away with conning the Federal Government anymore."

David told them he still didn't know what they had in mind or even what the wages were for their mysterious work.

"Five dollars a day," Sylvia said, as if it were a hundred, "and, judging from what we have on you, consider it philanthropy."

"You're getting a bargain," Georgie nudged him. "Take it quick, before she lowers the offer."

"Offer for what?" David nearly yelled, and Sylvia, telling him to control himself for a minute, went into this long, detailed account of what they had in mind. She and Georgie were basically uneducated people she said, and as he could see just by looking around their home, these were not the best of times for them, either. So what they needed now was an educated person to write bright uncrackpot letters to all sorts of big American companies, complaining about the products that some woman they'd made up had allegedly bought and how much trouble and even serious harm these defective goods had caused this woman and her family.

"We give you the names of the products," Sylvia went on, "and what you do, and which we know you're capable of because of your strong English literature background, is think up something wrong with these goods, type up a nice neat letter telling about it and then sign our Mrs. O'Connell's name and this address. From these letters we expect all kinds of small and semilarge cash settlements, and if not that, then tremendous supplies of these same products Mrs. O'Connell's complaining about, which should keep us in most of the home goodies for a solid year."

"A friend of mine," Georgie confided, "once wrote a letter like that to a cigarette company, telling the truth about how the cig paper had pinholes in it, which made the damn things unsmokable. In a week he got back a nice hand-signed letter from the sales manager himself, saying how sorry they were and for his trouble they were sending along two cartons of the very same brand he made a stink about. Two cartons—can you imagine? Just think if he was a bramby guy like yourself and wrote a bright letter telling how he found some chemically tested rat hairs in his smokes."

"Letters like that," Sylvia said, "which shouldn't take you more than two days. Then you get your tanner and our sincerest promises that we won't leak a word to the Government about your little insur-ance embezzlement: is it a deal?"

David had 21 more weeks to go on his friend's unemployment insurance, which came to—after he had subtracted the weekly ten-spot he sent to Paris—more than \$100, tax free and clear. He really had no other choice but to go along with these people, so he told them he agreed, though reluctantly, he wanted them to understand, and assured them both that he'd be at their home for work bright and early the following morning.

"Listen," Sylvia said sharply as she unlocked the door, "bright and early it better be. Or around nine tomorrow morning, the U. S. Government gets an anonymous call about one David P. Knopps, you know what I mean?"

David returned to their home the next morning and got right down to writing the letters. They already had a long list of the names and addresses of the companies he was to write to, so all he had to do was think up something wrong with the company's product, begin the letter with a brief, courteous description of what that difficulty was, mention that she (Mrs. O'Connell) had never written a letter like this before, make no monetary demands or threats about possible law suits but just say that she wanted to "bring this oversight to the attention of your organization, as I'm quite sure you'd want me to do." Then he was to sign her best wishes and name and, in a postscript, assure the company that, "although my five daughters and I are a bit less confident of your product these days, we still bear no grudges against you, realize that big institutions as well as small individuals can make mistakes, and that we've no plans to stop using your product in the future."

Working an eight-to-five shift, it took David three days to complete these letters, all typed on personally engraved stationery that Georgie had a printer friend run off for the occasion. The first letter, to a multimillion dollar soap company in Chicago, took him about three hours to compose and type. The letter suggested that one of its employees—"perhaps an anarchist or somebody, though with jobs being as hard to get now as they are, I'm hardly the person to place a man's work in jeopardy"—had substituted sand for soap powder in your jumbo-size box of Flash, which if you must know, ruined my seminew washing machine and an estimated value of \$96 worth of clothes." But after the first few letters, David became more adept at grinding out these lies and he was able to knock off a new one every 15 minutes. One went to the president of the country's largest canned-soup company: "Unbelievable as this may sound, sir—and because of its importance, I'm directing this missive to you alone—the bottom half of a white mouse was found in a can of your cream-of-chicken soup, which, when dumped into the pot, gave my aging mother such a fright that she's been under heavy sedation ever since." Another letter went to a chocolate company in Georgia that, in its magazine advertisements, prided itself on its cleanliness. "You can imagine our shock, gentlemen, when we discovered, after removing the wrapper of our family's favorite candy for more than 30 years, that your milk-chocolate bar had teeth marks all over it and a tiny end square bitten out." And about a hundred other letters, all very civil and somewhat squeamish, all initially self-critical for even thinking of writing this giant

(continued on page 118)



*"I just thought I'd call and tell you about
all the things your love has given me."*



HOW THE NATIONAL MAGAZINES TAUGHT ME TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE OPEN-HEART SURGERY **THE GUTSMUT GAME**

ARTICLE BY WILLIAM IVERSEN *I NEVER THOUGHT I'd see the day when my lover's quarrel with American culture would lead me to quote Shirley Temple Bugs Bunny, maybe, Marshall McLuhan or Mary Poppins, perhaps. But not Shirley Temple, whom *McCall's* magazine hailed last year as the "uniquely winsome little girl who dimpled and danced her way across the Depression-weary scene" of the Thirties.*

Probably because of some serious lack on my part, little Shirley's dimpling and dancing never brightened my Depression-weary scene for a minute. In fact, there are some of us who feel that the Depression didn't begin until little Shirley gave out with *On the Good Ship Lollipop*. Before that, we were poor but happy.

But enough of nostalgia. Our concern is with the present. And when the grown up Shirley Temple Black "speaks up about some of today's 'adult' movies" in a big, two-page article, and a great national magazine like *McCall's* puts it up front in the lead-off slot—well, America had better pay attention. We may be headed for another crash.

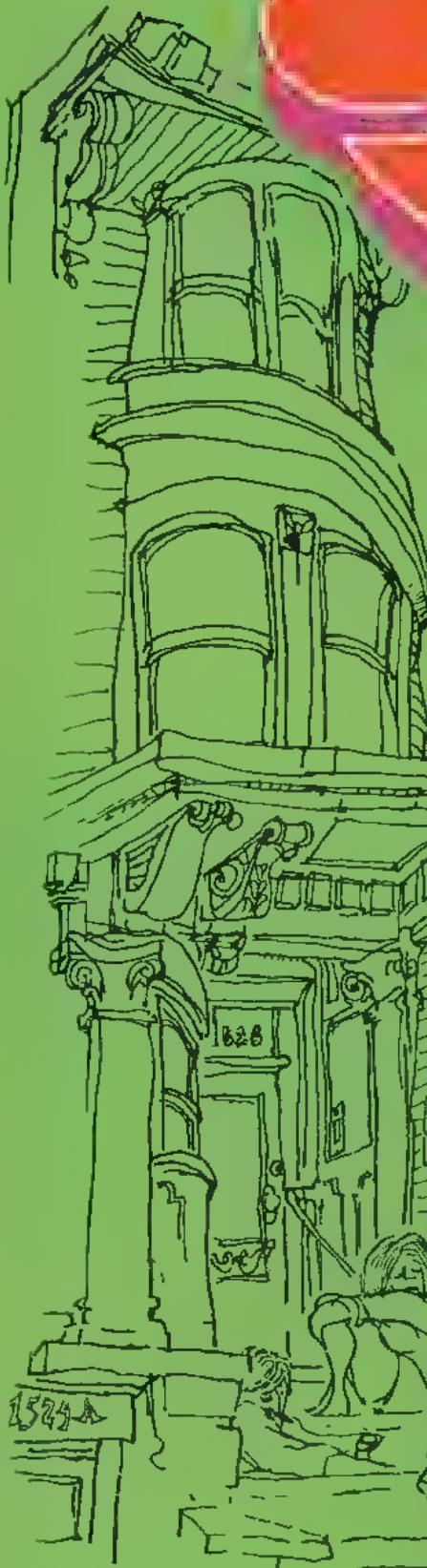
The article was laid out under an illustration of a sinister-looking strip of film draped over a couple of stacks of quarters labeled "SEX AT THE BOX OFFICE" and was a kind of formal position paper in which the former child star once again explained her world-shaking resignation from the chairmanship of the Venice (California) Film Festival in protest against the proposed showing of a Swedish entry called *Night Games*. "In dissenting from my fellow members of the Film Selection Committee, I expressed my opinion that the film had little to recommend it and much to disqualify it for a civic-sponsored festival such as ours," the grown-up Shirley explained. "I noted the technical inadequacies of the film, but chiefly I criticized the preponderance of and unnecessary emphasis upon erotic detail. I called it 'pornography for profit.' Advocates of the movie protested. It was, they insisted, 'a serious attempt to ennable one man's search for the roots of his sexual impotency.' Perhaps. But if so, it was rather like shooting for the moon and hitting the outhouse door."

Unfortunately, the latter lively comparison was rendered somewhat less than felicitous by the fact that Shirley's high-minded think-out on "pornography for profit" was bordered by a *McCall's* ad for a Torkaflex All-Angle Toilet Plunger and her own declared preference for another naughty *Svenska* flicker called—of all things—*Dear John*.

But it was just such little ambiguities and happenstances that made for much of the article's charm. "What I am fed up with are those medicine men of movies who create and sell hard-core pornography for profit," the authoress continued to insist—leaving the reader to wonder where she might stand on the issue of hard-core pornography *without* profit. Was it the commercialization she objected to? Was she, perhaps, in favor of turning the production of hard core pornography over to some nonprofit making National Foundation for the Propagation of Filthy Films? Or would she have preferred to see it subsidized by taxes, through some sort of Federal grant?

Though it hardly seems likely that Shirley Temple would ever lend her name to a Government sponsored program of socialized smut, her support of the foundation principle was suggested in a biographical squib in which the editors noted that "Shirley Temple Black not only crusades against pornography for profit in films but works tirelessly for the international pooling of talent and resources to fight multiple sclerosis"—a good and worthy cause, whose non-profitable status is evidenced by the fact that of an estimated \$4,300,000 income enjoyed by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society in 1965, a mere 21 percent was spent for the purpose of actual research.

But, as I was to learn from a copy of *Time* that appeared during the same month, Shirley Temple Black's interest in things medical did not end with multiple sclerosis. "There are bird watchers and bee watchers, satellite watchers and girl watchers," *Time* observed in its weekly miscellany on "People," "in fact, watchers for just about everything. But Mrs. Charles Black, 38, once known as Shirley Temple, belongs in a category all her own. 'I'm an operation watcher,' she explained to *The New York Times*. It started when Shirley was 14, visiting (continued on page 78)



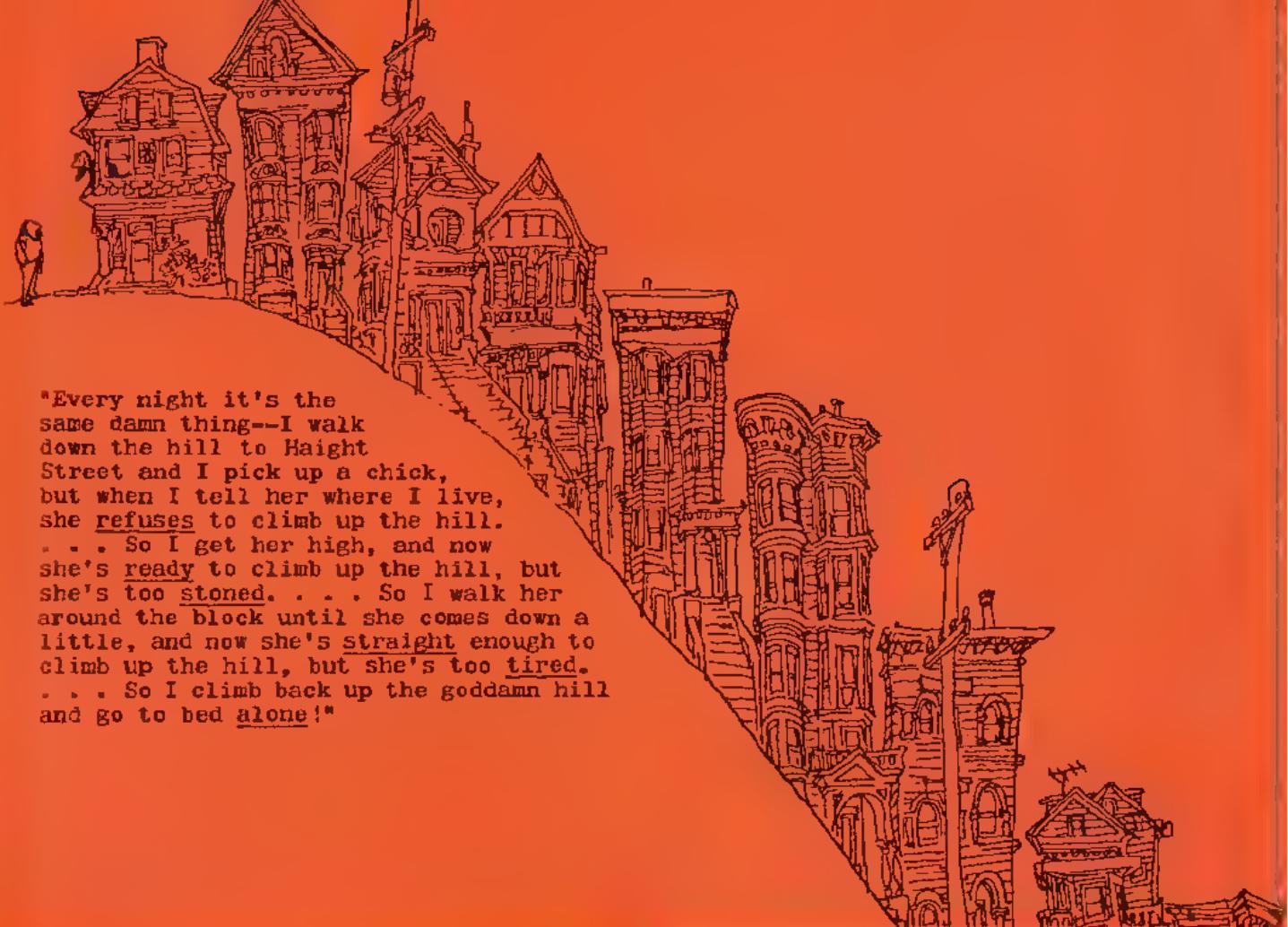
MORE Silverstein AMONG THE *Hippies*

the further adventures of truth seeker shel in darkest hashbury

"A GUY IN A BLANKET panhandles on the corner with a sign, IT'S DEBBIE'S BIRTH DAY - HELP ME GET HIGH." Shel reports, recalling his Hashbury highlights. "The other night, some guys sneak into the zoo, shoot a buffalo, drag it out, and the Diggers have meat for their free food line. A beaded girl takes me home makes 'like' to me and never speaks a word. An old man on a soapbox: 'You've tried pot, you've tried LSD—now how about giving Jesus Christ a chance! And everyone talks about the 'death of the hippies' and they stage a hippie funeral and some people who were just sitting in doorways getting stoned march to the park carrying a giant coffin and they set it on fire and do a dance around it and everybody says, 'Well, the hippie thing is dead.' And then they all go back to Haight Street and sit back in the doorways and start getting stoned again. And the funeral is over, but the corpse is still grooving."

"Well, if you just want to take our picture, it will cost you a quarter. . . . If you want a picture of us rolling a joint and getting high, that will cost you a dollar. . . . And for five dollars, we'll call a cop over while we're smoking and you can get a great shot of us being busted!!"





"Every night it's the same damn thing--I walk down the hill to Haight Street and I pick up a chick, but when I tell her where I live, she refuses to climb up the hill. . . . So I get her high, and now she's ready to climb up the hill, but she's too stoned. . . . So I walk her around the block until she comes down a little, and now she's straight enough to climb up the hill, but she's too tired. . . . So I climb back up the goddamn hill and go to bed alone!"

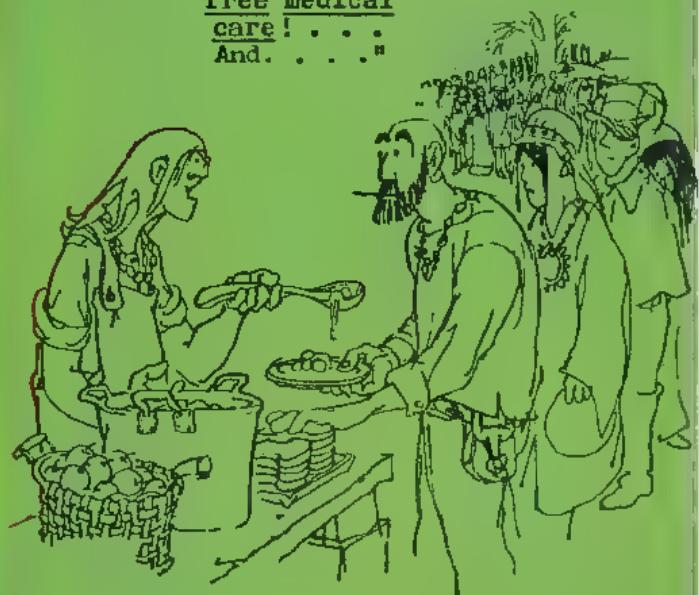


"Hey, man, didn't I meet you in Paris during the expatriate scene?"

"No, but maybe we met in Greenwich Village during the beatnik scene."

"Yeah, I was there . . . and I think I also used to see you in Big Sur during. . . ."

"Independence--that's why these kids come here--to escape from their parents and establish their independence! And we Diggers help them--we give them free food! . . . And the Free Store gives them free clothes! . . . And the Free Clinic gives them free medical care! . . . And. . . ."

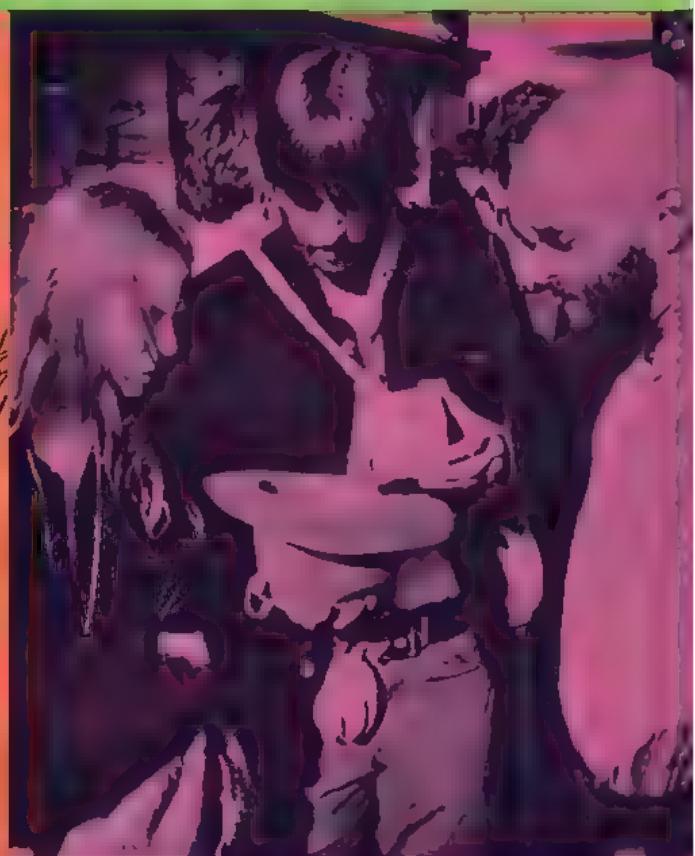




"It was supposed to say 'LEGALIZE DRUGS' . . . but E is out trying to score, A and I are on an acid trip, the other E just got busted, and U was simply too strung out to show up!"



"I'm doing this as a statement of independence, a rebellion against my parents and a protest against outdated puritanical morality. Why are you doing it?"

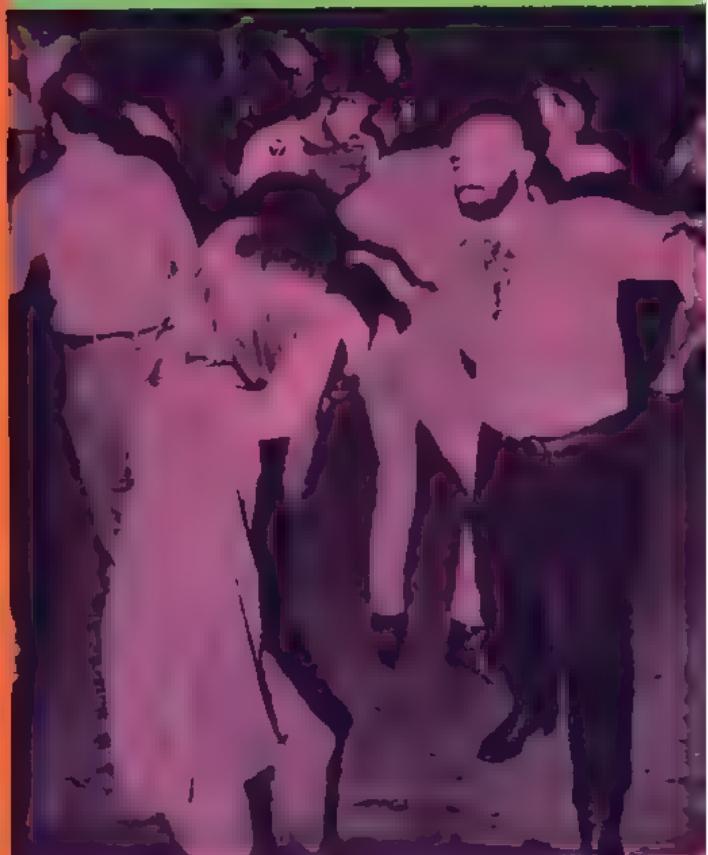
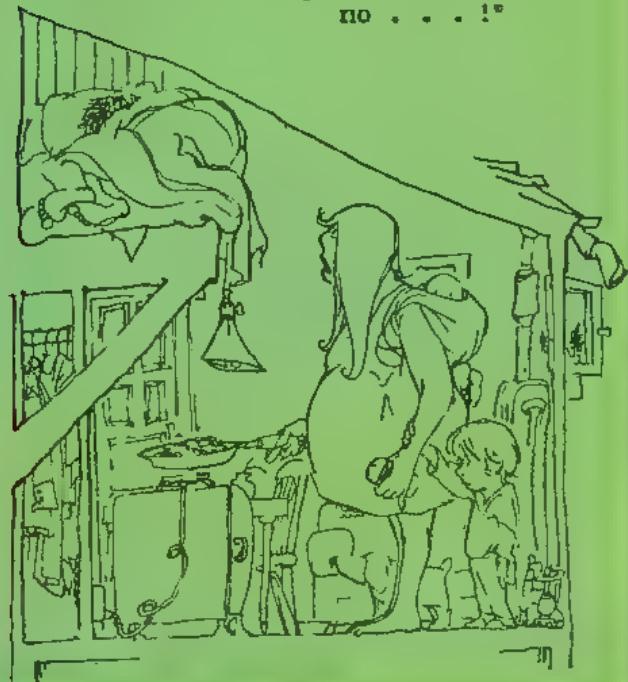


Silverstein looks on as Haight resident passes the hat for mind-blowing donations to be doled out to the needy.



"Sure, they shout about the freedom of going barefoot--but they don't shout about the broken glass, and the dog shit, and the. . . ."

" . . . And while you were out all night getting high, did you ever think about your wife and children waiting for you here at home . . . did you ever consider bringing a little something home with you, so that we could get high, too?! Oh, no . . . !"



With swinging teeny bopper friend, Stel plugs into the Fillmore Auditorium's high-voltage electric rock scene.

"Long hair is hard to manage
earrings are expensive . . .
shawls are uncomfortable
beads are a bother . . . !
Sometimes I wish I'd been
born a girl!"



Silverstein hangs out with sun-grooving nature children
at the Morningstar Ranch just outside of San Francisco



"Shel--you're wearing a blanket!
Now you're one of us--liberated
from the senseless restrictions
of clothing, no longer governed
by the inane rules of
fashion . . . ! Of course, it is
a little too short . . . and it's
the wrong color . . . and. . . ."



"Sure, I can feel it, but I
don't think it's affecting
my drawing style!!"



"But I didn't mean to go to bed with him,
Shel--I was standing in the psychedelic
shop, when he walked up and showed me his
'LSD' button, so I showed him my 'Better
Living Through Chemistry' button, then he
showed me his 'Get Out of Vietnam' button,
so I showed him my 'Make Love, Not War'
button, and then he showed me his 'Let's
Fornicate for Freedom' button and I didn't
have any button to reply, so I didn't know
what else to do . . . !"



"Oh, Shel, what a beautiful day!
We'll take some Dexi to get us
going . . . smoke some pot to make
breakfast taste better . . . then
we'll take that acid trip I've been
promising you . . . and tonight we'll
sniff coke to help us make love
. . . and take some Seconal. . . ."



"OK, let's check the list.
Let's see. . . . Smoke pot--check.
. . . Take LSD trip--check. . . . Go to
a love-in--check. . . . Panhandle in
the street--check. . . . Join a
protest movement--check. . . . Get
arrested--check. All right,
Susie, I guess we can
go back to Milwaukee now!"

GUTSMUT GAME

(continued from page 71)

an Army hospital in Oregon. "A boy asked me to be with him while his leg was amputated. I held his hand the entire time, and since then have watched many operations. Gall bladders are the best—the colors are gorgeous."

While I found it somewhat surprising that a person of Mrs. Black's lofty and humane sensibilities could be quite so ardent in her enthusiasm for the visual kicks to be had from seeing people cut open and divested of their gall bladders, I was even more taken aback by *Time's* styling that her fascination with displays of the human gizzard put her "in a category all her own." *Time*, of all publications, should have known better. Its own weekly coverage of the medical-surgical scene is so notably thorough-going, deep and insde, as to suggest that its audience must include a considerable number of visceral voyeurs—bladder enthusiasts, kidney fans, liver lovers, brain-surgery buffs and transplant aficionados.

During the Great Heart-Transplant Festival that began in late 1967 and early 1968, for example, *Time's* reportage was so vivid and detailed that the operation watchers in its audience were privy to more clinical minutiae than were the readers of *Medical World News*, *Science News* or *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. *JAMA's* report to the medical profession was, indeed, sparse and telegraphic in comparison with *Time's* big cover story on "THE TRANSPLANTED HEART." Jam-packed with dramatic facts and peppered with real life photos, the *Time* report wore its big red heart on the front cover and offered a three-step diagram of surgical procedure that was so easy to follow, it was a wonder it didn't start a vogue for weekend heart swapping among the surgical swingers of suburbia.

Because of the fast-breaking developments—"In an unprecedented flurry of clanging surgery, four human hearts were transplanted last week"—*Time's* heart transplant coverage lacked much of the colorful, well-planned gore of its never-to-be-forgotten "Surgery" issue. One of the spirited newsmagazine's fabulous, in-depth specials, on the order of "Is God Dead?" and "Sex in the U.S.", the *Time* takeout on surgery appeared back in May of 1963, but it is only recently that I have been able to force myself to even look at it.

The cover is OK, as such things go—a portrait of this famous surgeon in his surgical cap and gown. His surgical mask dangles casually from his neck and his craggy, unsmiling face is framed in a shower of surgical hardware: an assortment of scalpels, a large clamp and a couple of pairs of forceps with steely crocodile teeth. Slashing across one corner, there runs a five inch scarlet legend:

"IF THEY CAN OPERATE YOU'RE LUCKY."

To find out how lucky, the reader has only to trundle his eyes over 17 gorgeous inside pages. But no flinching, remember. This stuff is educational. You can put off looking at the full 12-page color folio of "SEVEN MAJOR OPERATIONS," if you wish, but there's no avoiding the first photo page. An overhead shot, looking down at a group of ghostly, gray-gowned figures huddled around a huge, blood-red excavation in a human chest: "HEAR THE OPERATION, involving clusters of men and machines, is supreme effort of surgery . . ."

By average laymen's standards, this is truly a surgical feast for the eyes. But in *Time's* lavish smorgasbord, it is but an ocular aperitif—a visual hors d'oeuvre to pique the operation watcher's appetite for the entree of innards and brains to come. No use trying to duck it by retreating into the text, either. From the very first line, you are *there*. In surgery.

"The gray-gowned figure in charge looks like a visitor from another planet. Between skullcap and mask, his head sprouts a startling pair of binocular spectacles. His hands move with confident precision and his even voice snaps with authority, but his very words seem part of an alien language—a communication designed solely for his colleagues.

"Four on Frenchies, please. Two on threes. . . .

"Let's get those little bleeders up there. Give 'em a little current!"

"Suction! Suction!"

"Swift yet unhurried, the tense drama of the operating room plays itself out as Dr. Francis D. Moore, surgeon in chief of Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital removes a breast afflicted with cancer. . . .

Removes a breast! Boy, oh, boy! Imag me that all you lucky little bleeders out there in Bladensburg, Steckville and Kidney Heights! Would any of you fellas and gals like to see how it's actually done? You wanna see what a real, human female breast removal looks like?

Well, just flip a few pages. There you are, gang—a two-page spread! Two full-color diagrams and seven full-color photographs, detailing every important step in a radical mastectomy! One of the biggest, goriest hunks of major surgery ever presented in a mass-circulation magazine!

Just take a gander at those diagrams. Shirley—and you, too, Sam. Look at that first one. A female torso, showing the two female breasts, with the two female nipples and all. Take a good look at the left one. It looks healthy enough, but that's the one that's coming off! This is just the first step: "OPENING THE BREAST." There are the "outer mammary lymph nodes" and there's the "inner window incision through the chest

wall . . ." Over here, the "window flap is opened" and you can get a look at her left lung through the "scissored ribs." And here we have the "pectoral muscles" and the "internal lymph nodes and mammary blood vessels" that are exposed when the "window flap is removed along with entire breast."

Gorgeous! Bet you never saw a fe male breast like *that* before! From the inside! And those are just the diagrams. Here are your seven exciting color photos "1. Dr. Urban pulls back skin and outer tissue of chest, exposing surface of breast bone as clamplike hemostats stem blood flow from large vessels. 2. Mallet strikes on chisel as surgeon cuts through breast bone. . . . 3. Placing finger in opening (right), Dr. Urban feels for location where he will cut chest wall, make window complete. . . ."

Man, that guy's really *in* that chick, ain't he? Her breast is off and her whole left side is laid wide open. Gorgeous! Looks like a bombed-out meat market. And the beauty of it is, it's all so educational. Like it's the miracle of the hu man body only it's not pornographic or objectionable, because it's inside! Dig? Once you cut through the epidermis, and jazz the body up with malfunctions and disease, anything goes! Nothing is "too raw for public showing," as are some of those sexually explicit "adult" movies, where people go taunting around in their whole skins.

When it comes to sex, Charlie, sick ness saves. You show a naked female breast in a family magazine, without you got a doctor on the scene, and you're apt to run into trouble. People will write indignant letters and cancel their subscriptions. But if you show a naked female breast, and right away quick you get a surgeon to *cut it off*—then you've got a real crowd pleaser. They'll shower you with bouquets!

"It's worth a year's subscription price," a lady in Catawba, South Carolina, wrote in praise of *Time's* big "Surgery" number. "I admired your guts," punned a gentleman in Boston. The medi cal profession was equally fervent in its praise. "Congratulations and a bushel of orchids," wrote John L. Bach, assistant director of the American Medical Association's Department of Scientific Assembly. "The text, the pictures and diagrams were marvelous. *Time* can really be proud."

It would be inaccurate to imply, however, that *Time's* operation watchers were all hung up on breast surgery. There were, after all, six other "MAJOR OPERATIONS" in that one issue alone. There was "SURGERY BY MICROSCOPE," wherein the armchair intern was treated to all the nitty-gritties of a tricky middle-ear job, and a colorful seven-picture spread on "REPAIRING A HAND DEFORMED BY ARTHRITIS."

(continued on page 98)

BANKING BY THE NUMBERS



the inner workings of alp-high finance, where the redoubtable swiss equip your account with a digital disguise

article By JOSEPH WECHSBERG TO INNOCENTS, from abroad and elsewhere, Zurich's Bahnhofstrasse looks like the main street in a prosperous, dull Swiss city. Its jewelry, watch and fur stores compare favorably with those on New York's Fifth Avenue and London's Old Bond Street. But that's where the comparison ends. Bahnhofstrasse is the world's third largest financial center after Wall Street and the City in London. One square meter of ground is now worth over \$9000. Behind the dignified, Victorian façades of the dark-gray bank buildings, several billion dollars' worth of assets, and of mysteries, are hidden. It might be easier to get hold of atomic secrets at the Pentagon than to ferret out the secrets inside a Swiss bank.

The banks display gold coins, gold bars and exotic bank notes in their street level windows. During the great gold rush in March, when the price of an ounce of gold shot up to \$44.36, compared with the official price of \$35, trading in gold was temporarily discontinued and all the gold suddenly disappeared from the window displays. In April, the leading Swiss banks formed their own joint gold pool; since then, the Zurich gold market has become a serious rival to London's gold market, until then responsible for 70 percent of the world's gold trade.

Now gold coins are on display again in the Swiss banks' windows, and so are Afghanistan afghani, Cape Verde Islands escudos, Faroe Islands crowns; Mauritius rupees are tastefully mounted on colored panels, exuding an air of adventure. Some passers by look at the bank notes as though they were painted by Gauguin or Van Gogh. The gold coins are displayed on black velvet pads—napoleons, 20 franc Louis d'or with the heads of various French kings (many since informally beheaded), Swiss vreneli, Dutch tientje, English sovereigns; in the Middle East, old sovereigns fetch a higher price than the new ones with the Queen's head—out there, a woman's head is supposed to bring bad luck, and maybe it does. I've seen American tourists showing their kids American ten-dollar eagles that the children never saw back home.

Also displayed are closed circuit-television screens showing the latest stock market quotations. Inconspicuous men, who perhaps keep a million (francs or dollars) in the bank, hardly look at the figures as they walk by. They just did a little coupon clipping before lunch and don't worry about the market. Capitalists feel happy in this atmosphere of uninhibited live and let live and solid respectability.

Many Americans distrust banks. "No wonder nobody likes bankers," writes Theodore Levitt in *Business and the Plural Society*. The late Wilhelm Ropke, the great liberal economist, said, "Bankers have rarely luxuriated in the sun of popular favor." Except in Switzerland. Many Swiss feel affection for their banks, which helped make their country (no coal, no oil, no minerals, no natural gold deposits, but plenty of gold) an island of stability with the highest living standard in western Europe. The Swiss currency, the franc, is covered—(continued on page 10)

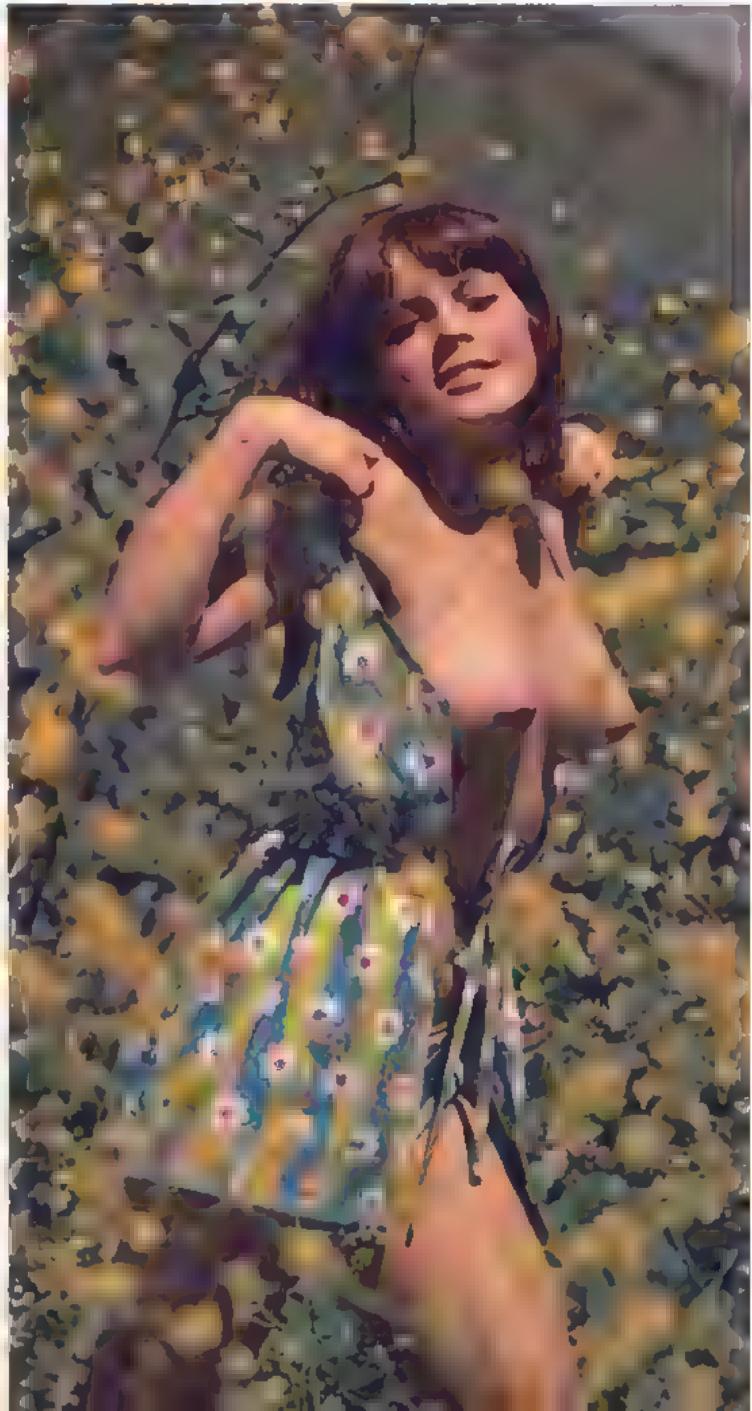
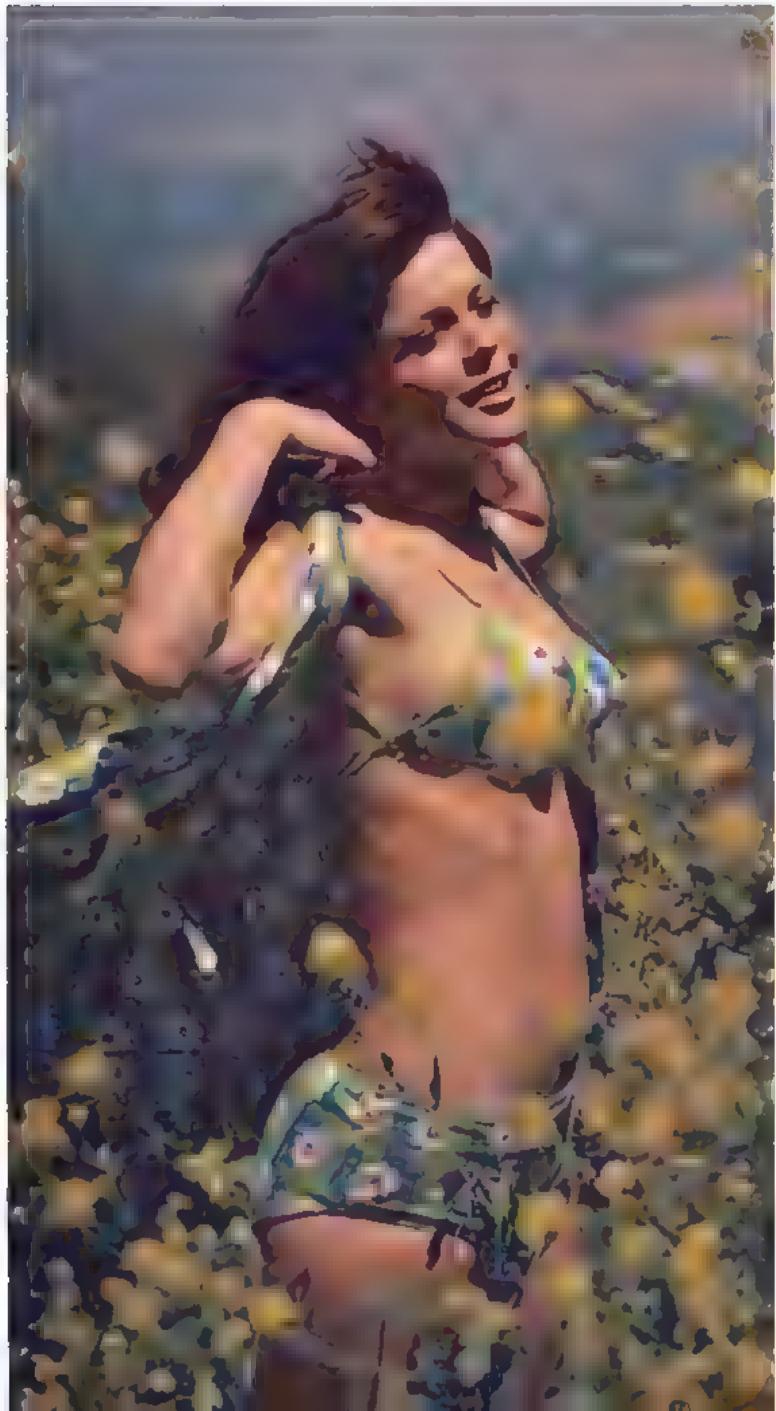
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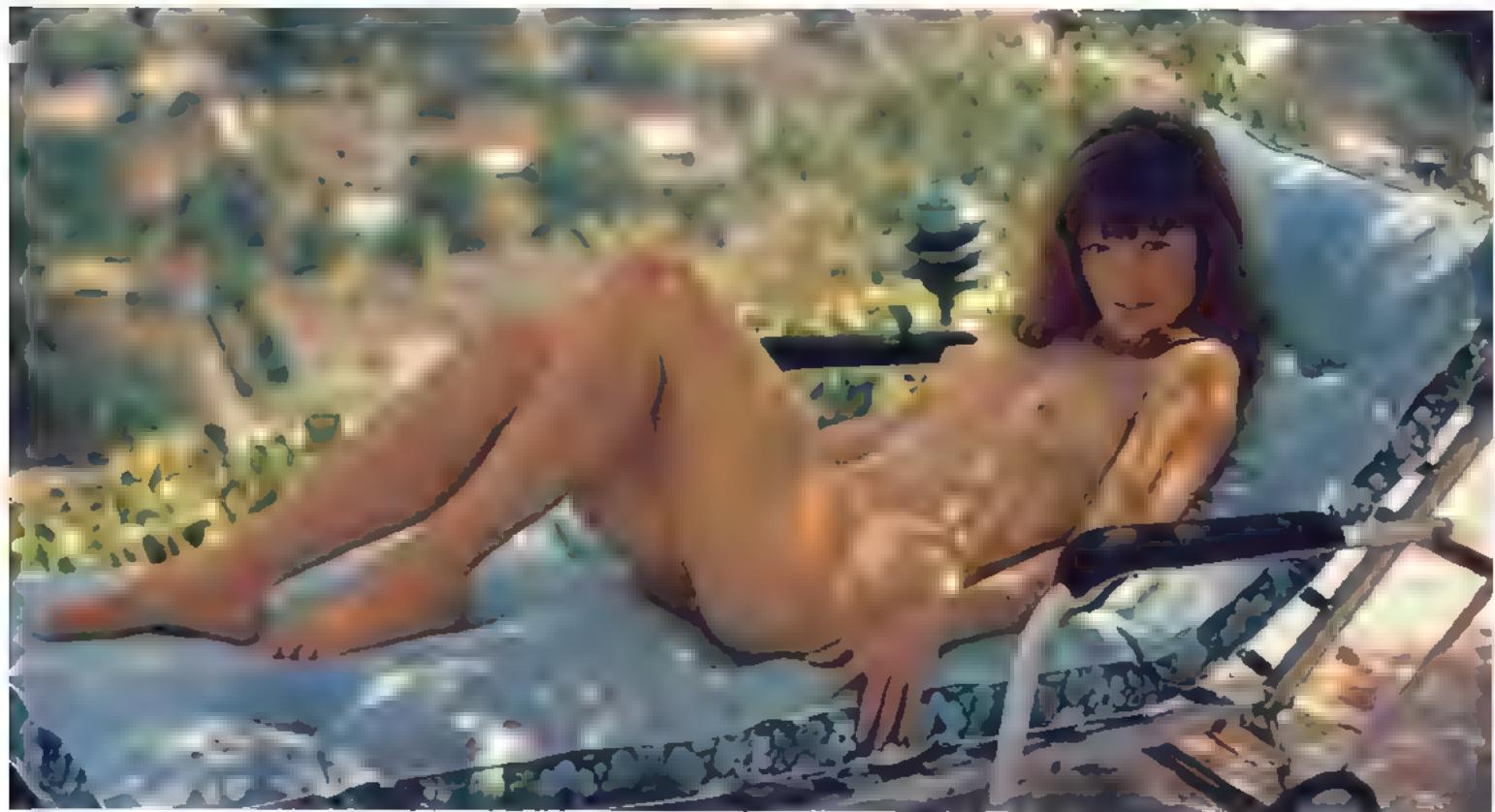
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Gale Olson has lived in more places than most people her age get a chance to visit. At various times in her life, Gale, who was born in Oklahoma, has resided in Alabama, Germany, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Zealand and, currently, California. Says Gale, "My dad was an Army career officer and every time we were just getting used to a new place, it was time to move again." Her father, Major Theodore Olson (Ret.), fought in World War Two, Korea and Vietnam and accumulated a drawerful of medals. The Olsons, who now live in Costa Mesa, are a large, closely knit family. "Having six



*an ex-army brat,
august's out-of-this-world
playmate aspires
to be an astronaut*

brothers and three sisters really teaches you a lot about sharing things, materially and emotionally," Gale says. Our August Playmate hopes one day to raise a family almost as large, but that won't come about until she first fully satisfies her penchant for adventure. "Last year I decided to become an astronaut, so I called the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Houston to find out qualification requirements." Gale spent enough time being briefed on the phone by NASA officials to acquire four pages of notes. "So far, things are turning out fine for me," she reports. "NASA prefers prospective female astronauts to have a





Gale recently moved into her own pad and (top left) really relishes the luxury of being able to sleep late. "It's the one great advantage of having my own apartment—I don't have to hear the patter of a horde of not-so-little feet starting at seven A.M." Top right, the shapely Miss Olson, who owns a set of bar bells and dumbbells, gets ready for her morning exercises. Later, sheltered in privacy at a girlfriend's home (above), she sun-bathes au naturel. Gale likes impromptu afternoon excursions, often driving to the country, where she picks up a mouth-watering souvenir of her visit for her brothers and sisters.



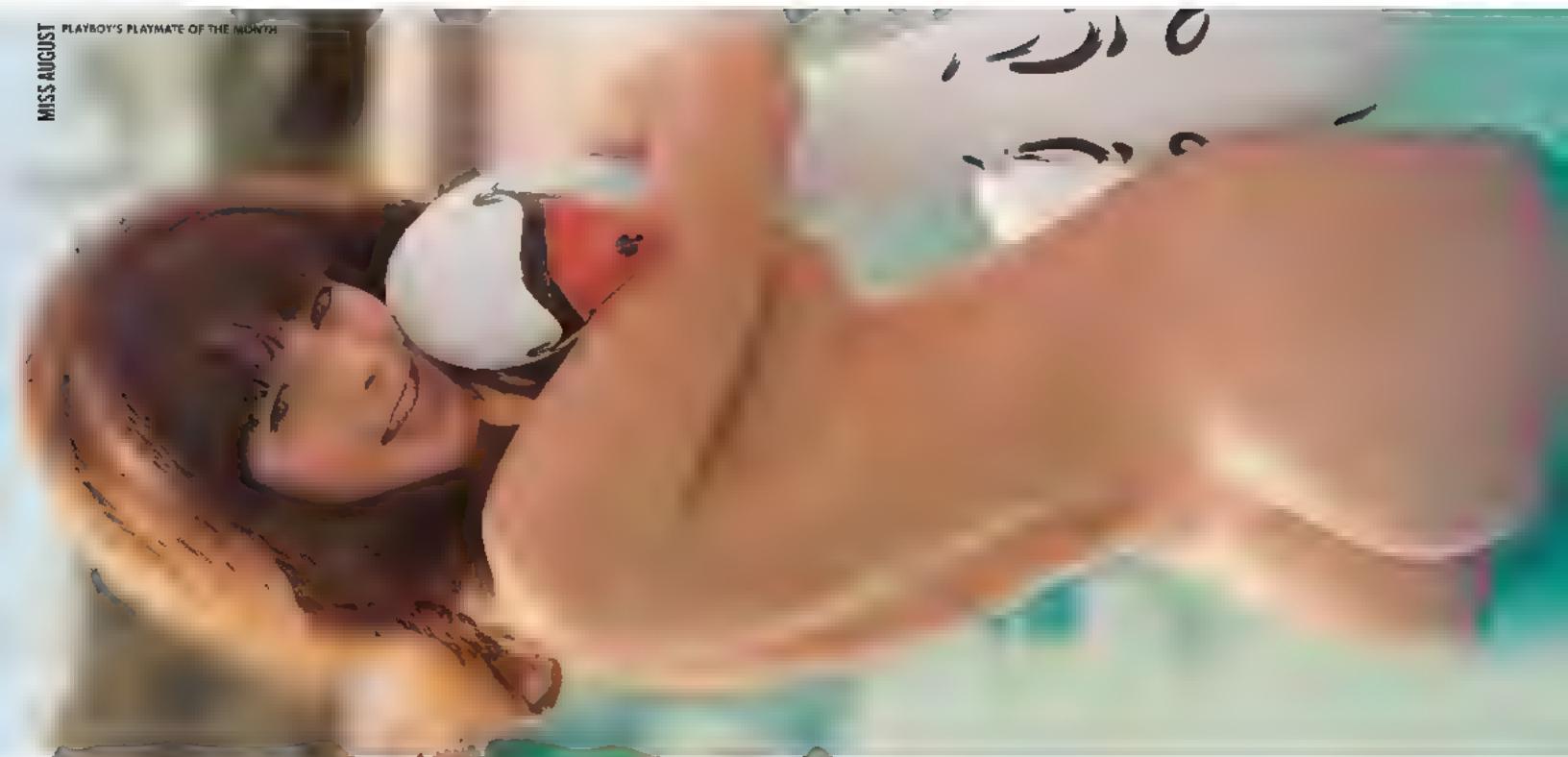


strong background in mathematics, my strongest subject." Miss Olson, who's attended Orange Coast Junior College in Costa Mesa, plans to continue her studies this fall at the University of Colorado. The brown-haired beauty is almost as fascinated by inner space as she is by the outer variety. "When I was in high school, I started to keep a daily 'ego book'—I'd write down things that bothered me and why. It's a good way to get pettiness out of your system. Lately, I've been jotting down dreams I've had; someday I'm going to write a book based on those dreams." A model (36-22-35) of American femininity, Gale (who delivered talks on girl scouting over German television) stays in shape by practicing ballet and exercising, and plans to study Tahitian dancing next year. At the moment, however, she feels that at least one of her dreams has come true. "I think every girl who has the figure for it wishes she could be a Playmate, and I'm no exception," she observes. "All I can say is that I was lucky!" Lucky Gale, lucky readers.

At a park playground (top), Gale, who'd never tried trampolining before, limbers up and then gets some pointers from friends, she's soon bouncing around like an expert. "I usually don't like strenuous sports," she says. "Horseback riding is about the limit for me." Left, Miss August votes in a mock election held at Pierce College in Woodland Hills in California. "I think more people ought to join political groups," says Gale. "Democracies work well only when the majority of citizens get involved in the political process. If they don't, a few people begin to accumulate the power that really belongs to everyone."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Politically minded Gale and friends (top) listen to a television address by Vice President Hubert Humphrey. "I'm a conservative," she says. "I think our Government has grown bewilderingly big." Left, Miss August, leading a family outing, gets set to catch four-year-old brother David as he comes barreling down a slide. Aided by sister Joyce, an airline stewardess (above), Gale doles out desserts to three family members.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It all happened so fast," sighed the sweet young thing trying on a bridal gown. "First he said 'I do' and then I said 'I do'—and now we have to get married."

No need for me to come out to the house," the doctor told the worried caller. "I've checked my files and your uncle isn't really ill at all—he just thinks he's sick."

A week later, the doctor telephoned to make sure his diagnosis had been correct. "How's your uncle today?" he asked.

"Worse," came the reply. "Now he thinks he's dead."



Have you heard about the husband who took a mistress just to break the monogamy?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frustration* as mixed emotions.

About to marry a girl in her early 20s, the spry octogenarian went to a marriage counselor and asked how he might keep his prospective bride happy. Shaking his head, the counselor could only say: "I think you should take in a youthful boarder."

Several months later, the old gent returned to the counselor and reported that his new wife was pregnant. "I see you took my advice about the boarder," said the counselor, chuckling.

"Yep," said the octogenarian, "and she's pregnant, too."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as sibling ribaldry.

As the Shakespearean actor slipped off his trousers and prepared to join her in bed, the lady of the evening gave an appreciative whistle at his generous endowment.

"Madam," he cautioned in response, "we have come to bury Caesar—not to praise him."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bulldozer* as a chap who sleeps through political speeches.

Then there was the prostitute who was so dumb she wound up working in a warehouse.

Encountering a sad looking man standing on a street corner, the sweet old lady sympathetically walked over to him, pressed a five-dollar bill into his palm and said: "Chin up."

Next day, as she passed the same corner, the man walked over to her and gave her \$20. "Thanks for the tip, lady," he said. "He paid twelve to one."

During her first visit to Las Vegas, the inexperienced and frustrated young schoolteacher readily succumbed to the advances of the first man she met—a bellboy. Following their frenzied lovemaking, she breathed in his ear: "Wouldn't it be more discreet if you got me a room where the door would stay closed?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "But this isn't your room—it's the elevator."

Of course I wouldn't accept money from a perfect stranger," the gold digger told her girl friend. "But then, nobody's perfect."

Darling," cooed the wife sweetly over morning coffee, "do you remember those trout you spent two weeks fishing for back in April?"

"Sure," mumbled her husband through his newspaper.

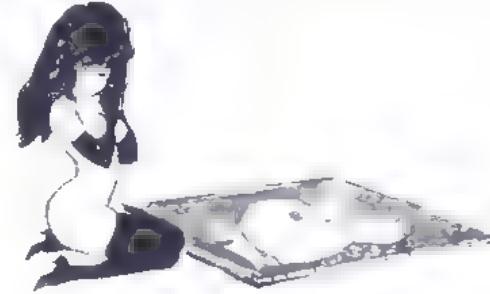
"Well," she continued, "one of them called last night to say you're going to be a father."

The distinguished-looking gentleman asked the department-store floorwalker where one might purchase some personal stationery. He was directed to the notions department on the third floor, but in the crowded elevator he became confused and got off on the fourth floor by mistake. Approaching a sexy salesgirl standing near the elevator doors, he said, "Excuse me, miss, but do you have notions?"

"Sure," she replied, blinking her big eyes suggestively, "but I try to suppress them until after five o'clock."

"No, no, you don't understand," he stammered. "I mean to say, do you keep stationery?"

"Right up until the end," replied the salesgirl, "and then I just go all to pieces."



Coming home early from work one afternoon, the exec found his wife lying naked in bed, breathing heavily and clearly distracted.

"Alice, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I think I'm having a heart attack," she gasped.

Quickly, he rushed downstairs to the phone and was dialing a doctor when his son hurried in and exclaimed: "Daddy! There's a naked man in the front closet!"

Going over to the closet, the exec opened the door and found his best friend cowering there. "For God's sake, Frank," blustered the husband, "my wife is upstairs having a heart attack and here you are sneaking around scaring the children."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"You're aware, I suppose, that you're terrifying the trout."

BANKING BY THE NUMBERS (continued from page 79)

140 percent by gold. The Swiss National Bank could replace its entire bank note circulation with gold coins and still have enough gold left for its short term liabilities. Switzerland has more savings books than inhabitants. In the land of John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli, savings are a must; poverty offends God. Money may be the root of all evil but not in Switzerland. A Zurich proverb says, "God rules in heaven and money on earth."

Going to the bank in Zurich is a little like going to church in Rome or to the Folies Bergere in Paris, or to a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. Businessmen go there to gossip, young people have dates "in the bank." The bank is bazaar-club-gossip place. Women pick up some change before going shopping. Personal checks are unpopular in Switzerland. I know a big banker who recently took \$8000 in greenbacks along when he went to America.

American Internal Revenue agents who see Swiss banks in their nightmares would be disappointed. A big Swiss bank looks as respectable as an American Legion post. Don't expect a furtive-looking Texan to shove \$1,000,000 to the teller, whispering the number of his secret account. The furtive-looking character who just walked in through a side entrance or through a neighboring building was a respected Swiss citizen acting for somebody else. Swiss bankers have recently been accused of pulling the financial strings behind the international scene, of helping foreigners make shady deals. Specifically, they were said to attack the pound sterling, to attract "hot money" and illicit profits, to cover up tax evasions, to operate in proxy fights against the management of American corporations, to enable Communists to gain control of American key industries. Insult was added to injury when George Brown, then the British Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, coined the expression "the gnomes of Zurich." (The epithet was not used last year when leading Swiss bankers lent Britain the equivalent of \$104,000,000 to help steady the shaky British pound. "They never call us gnomes when we send money out of Switzerland," a Zurich banker says sarcastically.)

Switzerland has more banks than dentists. This small country, twice the size of Vermont, has 470 banks, with 4300 branch offices—one for every 1300 inhabitants (compared with one for every 6300 people in America). Theoretically, anybody with 50,000 francs (\$1200) can open a bank in Zurich. Swiss bankers are distressed about some recently opened foreign-owned banks with outlandish names that are said to be controlled by people who once operated in the financial free-lance districts of Beirut and

Tangier and have neither the traditions nor the ethics of reputable Swiss bankers. One such enterprise advertised the slogan, "Switzerland, Land of Security and Secrecy." There has even been a Soviet bank in Zurich since last October. Voskod Handelsbank (named after the Sputnik "Sunrise") finances trade with the Communist countries, except China, has Russian and Swiss directors, is capitalized at 10,000,000 Swiss francs. The correspondence is in English, but the bookkeeper is a Russian. The Swiss, who are violently anti-Soviet, are concerned about the new Soviet banking net in western Europe (there are also Soviet banks in London, Paris and Beirut) that may be used to finance local Communist Parties.

Obviously, there are banks and banks in Switzerland. A big bank in Bahnhofstrasse may turn down an account that is snapped up by the ambitious manager of the bank's branch office in a small town. No respectable Swiss bank accepts money from a known gangster, but suppose the gangster hands over the million to a Swiss citizen, for a nice fee, and the Swiss deposits it in his own name? "Some foreign-owned shyster banks here will accept accounts that we wouldn't touch with a flagpole," Hans J. Bar, of the 78-year-old, respected private bank Julius Bar & Co., told me.

Swiss banks are not large, by American standards. The Big Three, internationally well-known commercial banks—the Swiss Bank Corporation, the Swiss Credit Bank and the Union Bank of Switzerland—each have assets of about three billion dollars and certainly don't rank among the top 30 in the international banking hierarchy. (The Union Bank gained greatly after its recent take-over of Interhandel.) Swiss banks are small, compared with the Bank of America or the Chase Manhattan Bank, but they have prestige far beyond their resources. Their combined total resources of about 25 billion dollars are almost twice the gross annual product of Switzerland (America's bank deposits are about half the annual U. S. gross national product.) Not included in this figure are the enormous securities portfolios controlled by these banks.

Swiss banks are almost unlimited in their functions. They accept deposits, grant commercial loans, carry out all stock market transactions, act as their own brokers, are custodians for securities, lease safe-deposit boxes, establish trust funds, buy gold and foreign exchange, underwrite stocks and bonds and run the large Swiss investment trusts. Switzerland is the biggest single investor in the capital markets of western Europe and the United States (Swiss banks are believed to account for about 15 percent of Wall Street turn-

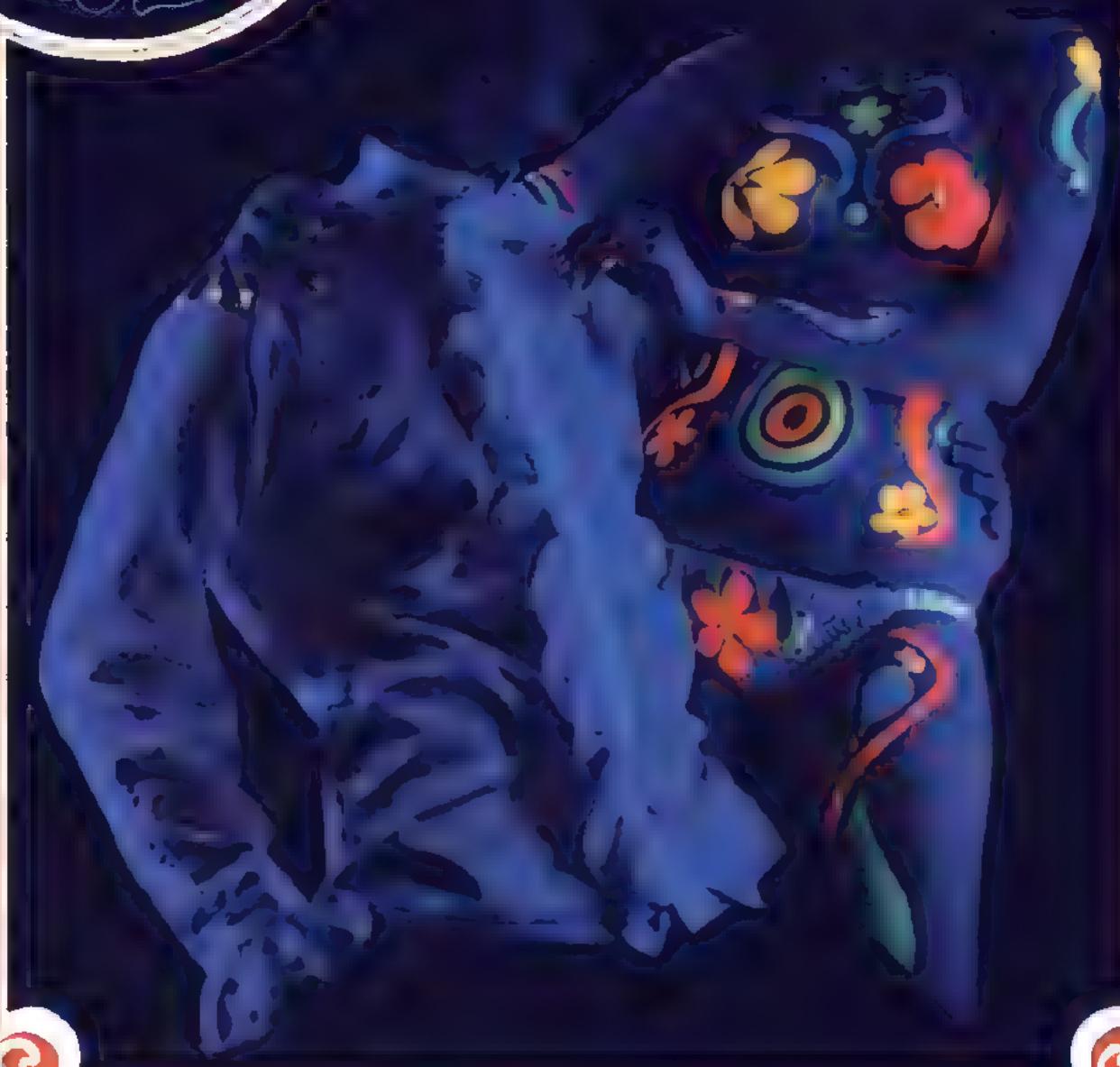
over.) Yet in this citadel of financial conservatism, banks have taken long chances and suffered large losses in the past 50 years. The Zurich newspaper *Die Tat* reported that the losses in the past 50 years almost offset the profits. Swiss banks lost \$250,000,000 in Germany in each World War. They recouped their losses by being efficient, reliable, flexible and extremely discreet.

In addition to the Big Three, there are the People's Bank of Switzerland and the Bank Leu & Company, founded in 1755, that also belong to the big banks; the cantonal (or state) banks; local banks, savings banks, loan associations, other banks and private banks. The oldest of them, Rahn & Bodmer in Zurich, was founded in 1750. The 30 most important members of the Private Bankers' Association are in Geneva, Basel and Zurich. They are not incorporated, not required to publish balance sheets. Each of the largest houses (Pictet, Lombard, Hentsch and Bar) controls an estimated \$500,000,000 through the securities portfolios of their investment accounts.

Why do so many people from everywhere take their money to Switzerland, often at great risk and taking heavy losses? Because it's safe and secret there. The banking floor of a Swiss bank exudes an atmosphere of subdued discretion and cultivated secrecy. High wooden partitions are mounted on the counters, with narrow windows for the tellers. There is ample space between the windows. Standing in front of the teller, the customer cannot be overheard by people on both sides. A Swiss banking floor has a muting effect on people's vocal cords, like a dentist's waiting room; everybody talks softly. Wooden benches, comfortable desks, wooden racks for newspapers and coat hangers make you relax and feel at home. Elderly attendants in gray uniforms, looking like everybody's friends, walk around unobtrusively, watching everybody. To post an armed guard in this atmosphere of finacial finesse would be unthinkable; bank robberies are rare in Switzerland, a small country with efficient police and border guards, in the past, criminals have found it almost impossible to get away with their loot.

The banking floor radiates comfort and confidence, inviting you to leave your worries—and your money—there. The cashiers are gray-haired, serene looking paternasimilis types; women are rarely employed as tellers in the big banks. (The Swiss feel that a woman's face does not exactly inspire financial confidence.) Once in a while, people with a haunted look in their eyes go to the teller's window. The other morning, a man stepped to the foreign-exchange window of a very big bank in Zurich and surreptitiously put down a thick wad of Romanian lei. Once he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. In

(continued on page 97)



an elegantly casual complement to your summer evening wardrobe

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN THIS SUMMER, we aver, the warm-weather word to the wise is "supershirt," a luxurious long-sleeved shirt for evening that's cooler than going the tie route—or sporting a turtleneck and blazer—and eminently more stylish. Designed to be worn outside slacks, with no jacket (it takes on added fashion dimension when coupled with a pair of formal trousers), supershirt is available in light-weight materials, including satin or voile, as well as heftier fabrics—cotton Jacquard, for example—that can be worn year round, as the temperature dictates. The black-light-show gentleman above has brightened his after-dark fashion image—and switched on his body-painted companion—with a satin supershirt that features ruffles on front placket and cuffs, plus a stand-up collar, by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse, \$25, worn over worsted and mohair formal trousers with extension waistband and satin side stripe, by After Six, \$45.



*"Now do you think
blondes have more
fun, Mr. Edwards?"*



vargas

BANKING BY THE NUMBERS

(continued from page 90)

Romania, the unofficial export of bank notes is a crime. The cashier was businesslike: in Switzerland, there is free trade in gold and all currencies—no controls, no one is afraid. He counted the lei and handed the customer a slip of paper and a large number of Swiss francs no questions were asked. The customer took the francs to another window and bought gold coins, and minutes later he walked out, looking relieved. He had converted an unstable currency (at considerable loss) into the world's stablest commodity. In the free market of Zurich, the true rate of the Romanian lei is set by supply and demand, not by government regulation. Perhaps the man was a private citizen who had managed to get the money out of his country. Or perhaps he was a government emissary who needed gold to pay off an agent for some sinister purpose. Who knows? A Swiss bank is full of unanswered questions.

It is the mixture of secretiveness and no questions asked that gives a Swiss bank its particular *ambiance*. In an American bank, everything is wide open for inspection; the customer should see everything. The Swiss are different. "If we would build a large glass structure, as the Manufacturers Trust people did on New York's Fifth Avenue, we would lose half our accounts in six months," a prominent Swiss banker says. "No one here wants to be seen going into the safe." The banker works in an office with double doors, one of them padded. The doors are always closed. He couldn't conduct financial negotiations in an office with the doors wide open, as in America. His office is on the second floor, removed from the vulgar sight of bank notes and the banal sound of adding machines. Wood-paneled walls, wall-to-wall carpets, indirect lights, abstract paintings. Not a word will ever drift out of the sound-proof office.

Occasionally, these high priests of caution become victims of fraud. Years ago, a big bank in western Switzerland paid out almost \$500,000 to a man who presented impeccable documents and a perfect bill of lading concerning a shipment of copper from Chile to Genoa on a ship called Peter Pan. All the seals and stamps were there and the customer's passport was properly issued and vised. Only one thing was wrong: The forms had been stolen. The Peter Pan had never existed. Owing to the "banking secret," the banker had been unable to find out everything about the crook.

The Swiss banking secret is the solid foundation of all Swiss banks—and a source of mystification to the world at large. Essentially it means that no Swiss bank will give any information on a client's account or transactions—not even to the Swiss police or to the Swiss or

any foreign tax authorities. ("When in doubt, keep your mouth shut," is the Swiss bankers' dogma.) The banking secret is not a Swiss invention. In the 16th Century, the statutes of the Bank of St. Ambrosius in Milan stipulated that it was a punishable offense for anyone in the bank to give information about the affairs of the clients to outsiders, unless authorized by the client to do so. Bankers were expected to observe secrecy as strictly as priests, physicians, lawyers and midwives. (A Swiss banker I know says, "I'm the financial priest of my clients.")

When Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, thousands of Huguenots escaped from France into Switzerland. Some set up private banks there, keeping complete secrecy about the affairs of their French clients. After the French Revolution in 1789, a second wave of French refugees arrived in Switzerland. In 1815, the Congress of Vienna recognized the "perpetual neutrality" of Switzerland, which became Europe's classic haven for men—and for money. The Swiss admit that the borderline between neutrality and expediency is sometimes rather thin. During the last War, Swiss banks granted commercial loans to Germany, "investing in the hope of not being attacked by Hitler." Most of the credits were lost. "A small nation has to learn the technique of making concessions," a Swiss banker says philosophically. The French say, "*Pomme d'argent, pomme de Suisse.*" The Swiss will do nearly anything for money. So will a great many other people.

Switzerland has not been involved in an armed conflict since 1815. People who worried about revolutions, devaluations, fascism, communism and Nazism would deposit their money in Switzerland—discreetly. In Hitler Germany, it was said, "Money alone won't make you happy—unless it is in Switzerland." The Swiss banking secret reflects Switzerland's traditional belief in personal freedom and private property. To the Swiss, the private sphere is the inalienable right of man. (Many Americans, on the other hand, automatically associate secrecy with wrongdoing.)

"Protection of private affairs against snooping indiscretion is a vital condition of civil liberty," said Wilhelm Röpke. "The individual has a right to discretion . . . That part of our lives which we can keep private from the state is steadily shrinking; but our bank account belongs to that diminishing number, as surely as the illnesses we have had, or our love experiences." To the Englishman, his home is his castle, to the Swiss, his bank account is his secret. (In 1984, George Orwell showed that privacy and discretion are enemies of the totalitarian state.)

The Swiss find it inconceivable that a man would tell anybody how much he is worth. A Swiss might tell his friends about the women he has slept with, but never how much money he makes. The Swiss differentiate between privacy and secrecy. A robust Swiss banker told me, "What I do in the bathroom is private but not secret." The Swiss are willing to pay for secrecy. The anonymous "bearer shares" of the great Swiss industries, such as CIBA or Nestlé, are more expensive than the "name shares." The Swiss well remember that after Germany and other central European states abolished the banking secret at the end of World War One, many depositors shifted their savings to Swiss banks. The Swiss passion for privacy explains the Swiss dislike for statistics; they feel that the price paid for complete statutus is too high. In a public referendum, the Swiss once rejected a measure calling for compulsory X-ray and, instead accepted a much less efficient anti-X-ray campaign.

In 1934, when refugees from Germany and Italy sought asylum in Switzerland and the governments of Hitler and Mussolini asked the Swiss for information on German and Italian bank accounts, the Swiss parliament enacted a new banking law. Article 47 (b) states:

Whoever intentionally in his capacity as an officer or employee of a bank . . . violates his duty to observe silence or professional secrecy; or whoever induces or attempts to induce a person to commit such an offense, shall be fined not more than 20,000 francs, or shall be imprisoned for not longer than six months, or both. If the offender acted negligently, he shall be fined not more than 10,000 francs.

At the Union Bank, newly hired employees must sign a declaration that they will keep strictest secrecy about the transactions and clients of the bank. "Anything you're going to hear inside the bank is secret and must not be discussed outside, not even with your closest relatives . . . and also after the termination of your employment." Besides, the Swiss Criminal Code (article 273) makes it a punishable offense to divulge anything to a foreign country to the disadvantage of the Swiss state. British revenue agents who went to Switzerland after World War Two trying to get information on British deposits were told to stay out. A Dutch tax official who bothered a Dutchman domiciled in Switzerland was arrested by the Swiss police and sent to jail. Years ago, several Israeli tax agents snooping around were expelled. According to recent rumors, Internal Revenue Service snoopers are said to have "attempted to induce" (continued on page 142)

THE ANTINE BAY MAGENTA

*fiction BY KEN W. PURDY years ago he had lost his girl to
this man, and now all he wanted in return was a minuscule piece of paper*

"MY GOD, could it matter less?" Brubaker said. "One piece out of five?"

"It matters," Charles Nicholson said. "It matters to me. If it didn't, I'd let you have it."

A cold wind ran down the valley. It lit the ash on the hearth. The logs flared. Twenty feet over them, the foot-square beams worked, creaking.

"Try some port, Charles," Allen Brubaker said. "It's uncivilized, Scotch after dinner."

"When did I testify I was civilized?" Nicholson said.

"True," Brubaker said. "Nobody would accuse you of it. Nobody would accuse you of common civility, comes to that." He sucked softly on his cigar.

"Speak for yourself," Nicholson said. He unstoppered the decanter and poured whisky.

"I had a British dealer here the other day," Brubaker said. "Fellow named Farquharson. He buys for the Queen sometimes."

"What'd he want?"

"He didn't say. But he set me thinking. I was eighty-two, Christmas. Time I decided what to do with my collection. I can't just leave it lying around for the Federals to grab."

Nicholson drank.

"Thing is, there's still the one stamp I want. If I had that . . . I'd tell Farquharson to come back . . . maybe Or I'd call Casimir there at the Smithsonian."

"No," Nicholson said.

"I've got six thousand, two hundred and eighty-one stamps," Brubaker said. "The best collection of mint colonials in this country. Maybe in the world. You own five stamps. Five."

"Right. But one of them's a fourpenny Antine Bay magenta."

"No better than my own fourpenny."

"Didn't say it was. But it's the *only* other one."

"And you carry it around in your wallet. You're crazy. You could lose it tomorrow, a stamp that's worth, say, fifty thousand dollars. Or what is it worth to you?"

"Save your wind. You haven't got enough money, and if you have, I don't need it," Nicholson said.

Brubaker gave himself port. He held the glass by its foot to watch the fire through it. He sighed and drank.

"What did I ever do to you, Charles?" he said.

"Hell, I didn't marry your girl. You married mine. What have you got against me? Sitting on the one thing I want in the world. By God, sitting on it. What's the point? Look, can't you see those two stamps, the only two fourpenny magenta Antines in the world, side by side in the Smithsonian, where they belong, where people for generation after generation can enjoy them, take pleasure out of them? Can't you?"

"I got nothing against you, Allen," Nicholson said. "I wouldn't believe you if you said today was Wednesday unless I looked at a calendar, but I got nothing against you."

"Sell me the stamp."

"No."

"Then you can go to hell. That was the last time I'm tired of this, it's been going on too long. The hell with it."

"I said I wouldn't sell. I didn't say I wouldn't trade."

"Trade?" Brubaker said. "You trade? You haven't bought a stamp, or traded one, in thirty years."

"I'll trade you the stamp. For this house."

Brubaker put down his glass. "Even? Do you know what this place is worth? Twice the price of the stamp. At least twice."

Nicholson nodded. He could close his eyes and see the place as from the air—the river, the great stretch of lawn running up the hill and the only octagonal house in the whole valley, white and perfect.

"I know what it's worth," he said. "And I know what the stamp's worth. Take it or leave it. The deed's in your safe. Thomas and his wife can witness. Take it or leave it."

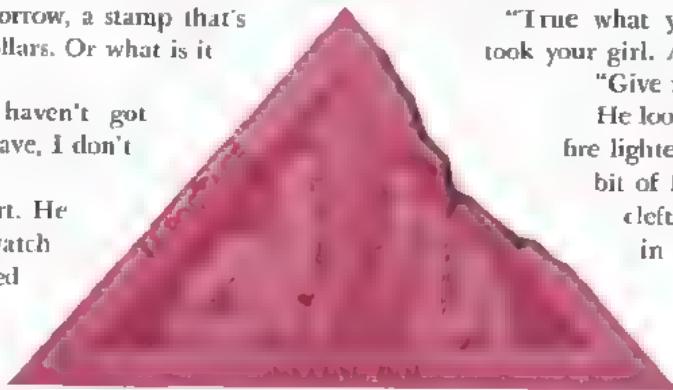
Twice, Brubaker had his hand over the bell. The third time, he dropped it; and when Thomas came in, he asked him to fetch his wife. When all four had signed and they were alone again, Brubaker handed the paper to Nicholson.

"True what you said," Nicholson said. "I took your girl. And I've got your house."

"Give me my stamp," Brubaker said.

He looked at it. He split the end of a fire lighter with his thumb, slipped the bit of faded lavender paper into the cleft, held it to the fire. It went in a puff.

"I never wanted both," Brubaker said. "I just wanted the only one, that's all. The only one." 



CLEARLY CONTEMPORARY

a transparently
arresting array of
good-looking
see-through gear



This page, clockwise from one: Plexiglass grandfather's clock, \$300, and bookends, \$10, both from Design Group; Plexiglass end table, by Susan Lewis, \$70. Plexiglass decorative cube and table, from Design Group, \$110. On cube, left to right: Portable AM radio in clear-plastic case, by Bulova, \$16.95; Desk clock in plastic case, from Anderson Manson, London, about \$17. Continuing clockwise: Dome A Lene Vue food server, from Schuler & Asmus, \$15; Tropic three-dimensional Lucite ticktacktoe, \$10, and hourglass timers in Lucite block, \$95, both from Hommacher Schlemmer.

Plexiglass chair can be covered in any fabric, by Vladimir Kogan, about \$285 in velvet, as shown. Collector's table with glass top and recessed shelf, from A. M. Ferring, \$580, holds, left to right: Lucite and polished-chrome table lamp, from Raymor, \$43.50; Lucite decorative blocks, from La Calorina, \$15 each; and plexiglass paperweight, from Design Group, \$7.95. Above: Leroy Lomis plexiglass sculpture, from Gilman Gallerie, \$900, atop plexiglass pedestal, from Design Group, \$90. Plexiglass chess set, \$100 the men, \$175 the table, both from Design Group.



This page: Custom-made glass and masonite shelf unit comes with back mirrors (not shown) and four steel ball lamps, from Beylerian, about \$400 as shown. Shelf unit holds, left to right, top to bottom: Neal Small-designed Smoked plexiglass stool, designed by Neal Small, from Bonniers, \$75. Inflatable vinyl pillows, from Design Group, \$1.50 each. Battery-powered 16mm movie camera features through-the-lens focusing and viewing system, \$1250 including batteries, battery charger, three filters, lens hood and carrying case housed in Scopio underwater case of heavy duty acrylic plastic, can be used at depths to 200 feet, \$450, both by Conon U.S.A.

\$39.95. Transparently turned out miss is seated on Quasar Khanh-designed inflatable vinyl chair, from Be Seated, SBD. Continuing clockwise: Smoked plexiglass stool, designed by Neal Small, from Bonniers, \$75. Inflatable vinyl pillows, from Design Group, \$1.50 each. Battery-powered 16mm movie camera features through-the-lens focusing and viewing system, \$1250 including batteries, battery charger, three filters, lens hood and carrying case housed in Scopio underwater case of heavy duty acrylic plastic, can be used at depths to 200 feet, \$450, both by Conon U.S.A.

GUTSMUT GAME (continued from page 78)

There was a chilling two-page report on deepfreeze cryosurgery performed on a human brain: "Dr. Cooper then makes an incision and bores a hole in the patient's skull. He places a bow-shaped instrument of his own design around the patient's head . . . carefully threads a long cannula (tube) toward the thalamus at the center of the brain." There were the vividly photographed details of "UNCLOG GING A BLOOD VESSEL" and the guilty, bloody-gloved business of "REPLACING A FAULTY KIDNEY": "Diseased kidney is removed through incision after being cut from abdominal wall. Healthy kidney from donor in next room is placed in proper position for entry into prepared 'bed' in host's lower abdomen. Surgeon prepares to suture kidney vein to iliac vein of patient."

Before your very eyes—in brilliant, true-to-life color.

As one who has personally clocked up more than three hours of major surgery and has seen his share of open wounds, compound fractures and burned flesh, I can only say that it was a hell of a lot for the reader to take without so much as a whiff of ether. Yet, curiously enough, only one mild note of objection was sounded amid the chorus of postoperative hosannas in *Time's* "Letters" column. "One of the happiest miracles of modern surgery is that it is not carried out in my living room," wrote Philip H. Hartman of Cambridge, Massachusetts. "You, alas, have changed all that."

As the sole published dissenter, Mr. Hartman was evidently one of the few among *Time's* huge audience who were psychologically incapable of digging the sadomasochistic delights of spectator surgery. In all likelihood, he had been as successful as I in ignoring *Time's* "Medicine" department, until it had been so forced upon his attention that a quick flipping of pages would no longer suffice to get past its weekly peep show of medical erotica: "Transplant Progress: More Bold Advances," the anonymous impressions of *Time's* visceral varieties announced in a typical week. "In the dawning age of surgical transplant, there seems to be no end to the variety of daring and delicate feats that surgeons are willing to try in the hope of saving patients who would otherwise be doomed by the failure of a vital organ."

"A young Colorado mother was getting along well last week, although her liver had been replaced by one taken from a dead man. A boy of 12 was living a normal life in his Pueblo, Colorado, home with his mother's spleen inside him, while his mother went about her chores with no spleen at all. . . . Today at least twoscore Americans are going about their business kept alive and active by kidneys transplanted from other

people. . . . Denver patient Jerry Will Ruth, 24, got a kidney from Brother Billy, 22. . . . But in New Orleans, a woman for whom no donor could be found in time had a pair of monkey kidneys implanted in her groin."

The brain boggles. Imagination runs amuck. A brother's kidney! A mother's spleen! Surely, there can be no greater love than this. One can almost see that spleenless mother going "about her chores," scrubbing floors in Pueblo, Colorado, while her 12-year-old son sits at home "living a normal life." "Better I should go without than him," she selflessly sighs in the mind's ear. "What is a mother for, otherwise? All I ask is that now and then he should show a little consideration."

The woman with the monkey kidneys "implanted in her groin" is, of course, understandably silent. One senses a reluctance to brag about her operation. Meeting a neighbor on the bus, how could she even begin to explain it? With the monkey out of the way, the secret is between her and the doctor—until *Time* has to go and blabber it to the entire nation: "This was the first significant 'heterotransplant' (between different species), important even though it finally failed and the patient went back on the artificial kidney."

"No less ingenious are 'autotransplants' of a patient's organs to a different part of his own body. . . . Parts of the adrenal glands that beset the kidneys have been moved to the thigh to facilitate continued treatment The latest liver surgery in Denver involved the deathwatch and precise timing that are a common feature of homotransplants."

Homotransplants, *Time* explained in its customary anatomy chart, are "from donor or cadaver to patient." And many a dramatic tale has been told of the doctors' deathwatch over accident victims who possessed the needed spare parts and the exquisite sense of timing involved in transferring the wanted organ from the body of a fresh corpse to that of a waiting patient. As the deathwatch ticks on from one paragraph to the next, the reader finds himself rooting only for the patient. Sentence by sentence, he is unwittingly dehumanized to the point of desiring willing the "accident victim's" death. "Die . . . die," the nerve ends cry. "You are not the hero of this story. You are an 'accident victim' lacking voice, face, laughter, hope and all endearing traits. You are an aggregate of transferable parts, a collection of useful, salvageable guts. Die and have done with it!" A Denver housewife needs your liver! A kid in Palo Alto, California, is waiting for your kidney! Your one undamaged cornea can bring the blessing of sight to a nun in Philadelphia!"

Long before the great heart-switch derby of 1967-1968, *Time* was very big on transplants. Operation watchers must love them. The idea of implanting one person's organ in the body of another—for keeps—seems endlessly fascinating.

But gorgeous, loverly as it all is, the rate of failure is high, because of the body's defensive rejection of foreign substances. Most likely to succeed are homotransplants between identical twins and close blood relatives. And if it's a choice between procuring a catered kidney from a living donor outside the family or one from an unrelated corpse, one's chances are somewhat better with a kidney from a corpse.

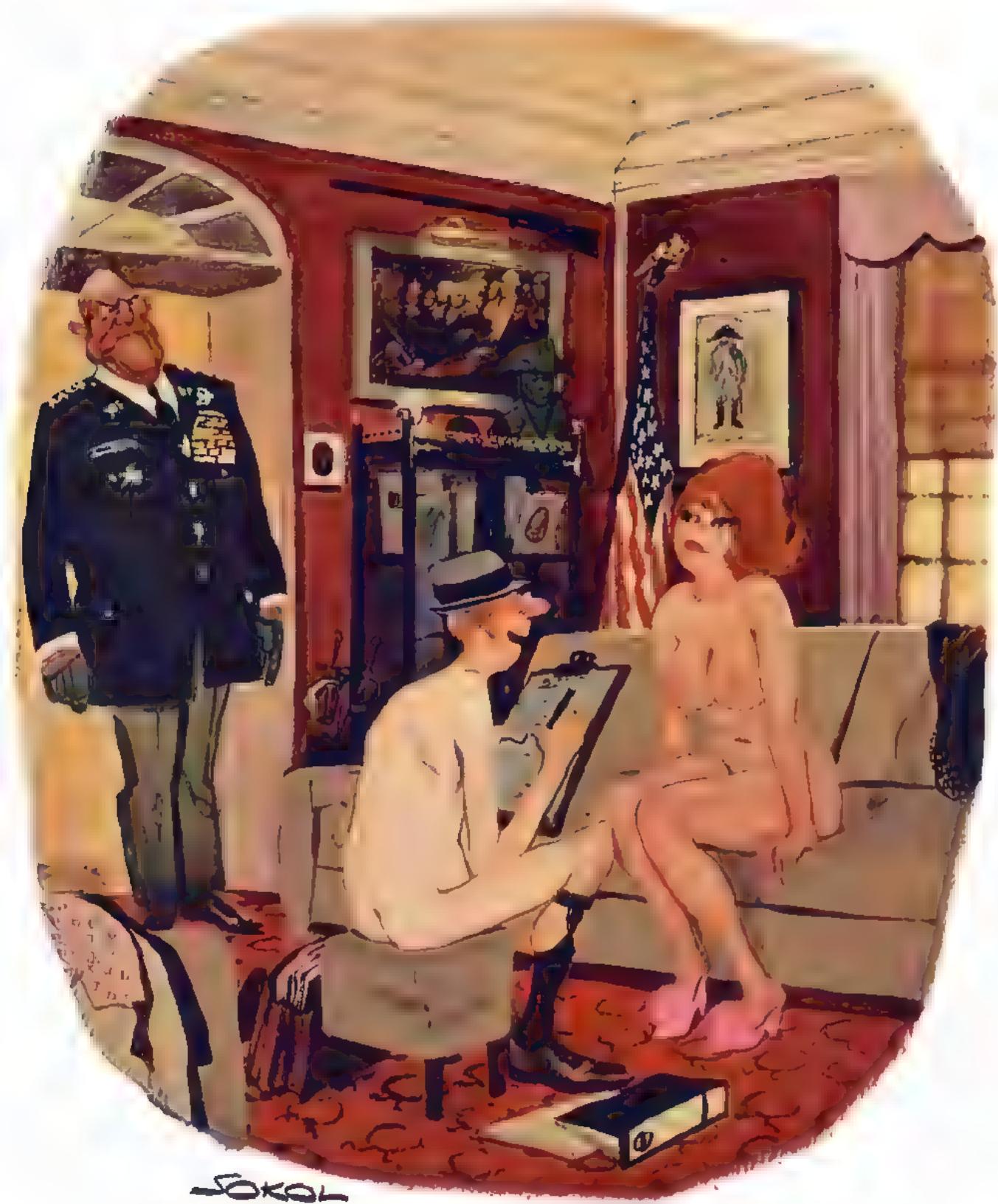
"Cadavers Are Best," *Time's* transplant handicappers declared, after attending a 1967 get-together of specialists at Duke University. But, as deathwatchers in *Time's* audience knew, cadavers are always in short supply. So grievous is the body shortage that, in May of 1966, *Time's* "Medicine" department was to be found pondering the ethical niceties of "thanatology," the science of death. "What Is Life? When Is Death?" the mediwriters inquired, like a chorus of clinical Hamlets: "The question of when to 'pull the plug' and let death occur has acquired new urgency with the practice of transplanting kidneys and other vital organs. Transplant surgeons want organs as fresh as possible; the chance that a cadaver kidney will work well in the recipient patient is vastly increased if it can be removed immediately after circulation has stopped. But in the U.S., as in most countries, it would be illegal to remove a kidney from a patient who has not yet been pronounced dead."

And a jolly good thing, too, one might add. What with all the "bold advances" in this "dawning age of surgical transplant," a chap would be fair game for kidney snatchers, heart thieves, bladder burglars and lung looters whenever he lay down to take a nap.

As was indicated in another item in the same issue of *Time*, many corporal odds and ends are stashed away in "banks." In this case, it was "a bank of human heart valves removed from accident victims. . . ." Other *Time* reports have dealt generously with the founding and funding of such surgical trusts: eye banks, tooth banks, bone banks, and the like. This piling up of cadaverish capital appeals to the deathwatcher's sense of thirst. "Waste not, want not" is an old adage, and interest in new ways to scrimp and save occasionally leads *Time* to take an admiring peek behind the Iron Curtain—as, for example, in the case of "Fingers from the Dead."

"Faced with a person who has lost a finger in an accident, most surgeons do little more than sew up the stump," *Time* observed, in what sounded almost like a grumble of complaint, "though

(continued on page 157)



SOKOL

*"And now that we've enrolled you in the Sunny Knoll
Nudist Colony, Mrs. Michaels, we must persuade your husband to share
in the healthful, joyous . . . oh, here he is now!"*

man's first conversation with nonhumans may well take place not with aliens but with the brainy dolphin

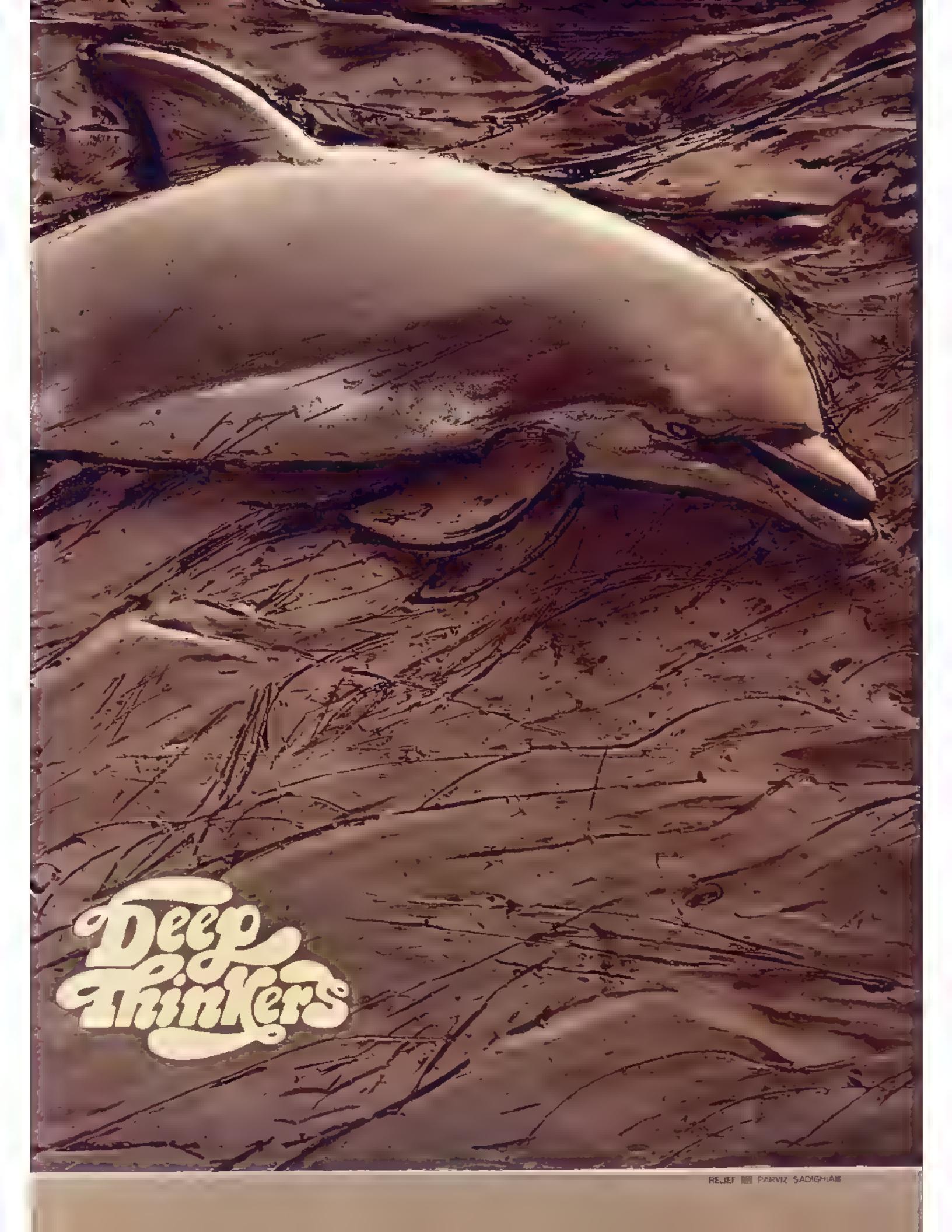
article By FREDRIC C. APPEL

TWO SUMMERS AGO, thousands of animal lovers around the world zeroed in on the Office of Naval Operations at the Pentagon with a barrage of letters that rocked the Navy down to its bilges. The source of the public ire was a widely circulated newspaper report that the Navy was recruiting porpoises—those ever smiling, lovable cousins of the whale—as seagoing kamikaze pilots: living, swimming bombs trained to attack enemy submarines and blow themselves to pieces in the process.

According to the report, Navy researchers at the U.S. Naval Missile Center in Point Mugu, California, had discovered that porpoises, with their uncanny sonar capability, could distinguish between different metals, such as aluminum and bronze. The report suggested that the Navy planned to put this ability to military use by first equipping all friendly submarines with a metal identification tag composed of some secret formula metal the porpoises could easily recognize, and then training a battalion of suicidal porpoises, each carrying a large explosive charge, to hunt enemy subs in the open ocean. Presumably, when a porpoise spotted a sub not equipped with the secret metal I.D. tag, it would attack, detonating the explosive and blowing the sub and itself to smithereens.

Newspaper readers around the world were horrified. This time, the Navy had gone too far. Had it recruited sharks or barracuda or even killer whales for its ghastly scheme, there would have been barely a ripple. But the beloved porpoise? Our Flipper? Porpoise lovers of the world united and the Navy had a full-blown





*Deep
thinkers*

public-relations typhoon on its hands.

Actually, the whole affair was a big mistake—a small indiscretion that the Navy bumbled into a *cause célèbre*. While it is true that porpoises can spot the difference between dissimilar metals, it is not true—or it is at least highly unlikely, according to the Navy scientists—that the Navy ever seriously considered the kamikaze scheme. The idea is simply not practical, if possible at all.

The problem arose originally because the purely biological research at the Point Mugu station is, by law, not subject to secret classification. On the other hand, the military objectives of the research may be, and are, secret. Thus, when a reporter who had seen the biological work innocently asked what the Navy intended to do with the information, a flippant escort told him, "Use your own imagination." He did.

Then the Navy compounded its error. Instead of issuing an official and scientifically justifiable denial, the Pentagon abruptly banned any further visits by outsiders to the base and, in fact, canceled all previously scheduled appointments. As a result, the true story never got out. For all anyone knows, the Navy brass is still getting indignant letters.

While the kamikaze scheme was a hoax, the idea of porpoises doing important, useful work for man is certainly not. In fact, these animals unquestionably will play a major role in many of our future activities. According to one scientist in the thick of the research at Point Mugu, "The direct and extensive involvement between porpoise and man in the performance of useful work is a certain and significant development of the very near future."

This prediction, he explains, is dictated—if for no other reason—by our rapidly growing exploration of the sea. Already, we see underwater oil and gas drilling, experimental undersea communities and proposed undersea mining and agricultural projects, and there is talk of many more marine ventures. Many scientists think the sea offers at least as great a challenge—and greater potential rewards—than the exploration of outer space.

The marine environment, of course, is alien to land animals—as hostile as outer space, if not more so. Biologically, human beings will never comfortably adapt to the ocean depths. The porpoise, on the other hand, is perfectly adapted, at least to depths of close to 1000 feet. And it alone among marine creatures offers man a unique combination of adaptation to environment, full cooperation and sufficient brain power with which to master the variety of techniques that will be needed in the conquest of the sea. Thus, barring unforeseen obstacles, the close cooperation between man and porpoise in work in the sea is an almost inescapable certainty.

The first tentative attempt at such co-operation occurred in September 1965, in Operation Sealab II. In this experiment, a group of divers took 15-day turns living and working under 210 feet of water off La Jolla, California. A porpoise named Tuffy carried messages and tools between the divers and the surface. On one occasion, he took a lifeline to a diver who pretended he was lost in the murky water.

Commenting on the experiment, one Sealab scientist expressed disappointment in the very small role Tuffy was allowed to play. Sealab, he said, demonstrated that the potential existed but did not begin to utilize the full talents Tuffy had to offer.

Precisely what those talents are—and to what degree man will be able to use them—will depend to a large extent on what the research now in progress reveals. It is known, for example, that porpoises boast an excellent sonar, or echolocation system, far more complex and generally much better than any machine human engineers have yet devised. It is also believed that the porpoise possesses a high order of intelligence—a rather inexact term that accurately expresses in its inexactitude just about what man knows about porpoise intelligence. Is the porpoise really intelligent in human terms? Or is it simply good at being a porpoise? How much training will the animal take and how complex a task may it be assigned? Will it have to restrict its activities to simple conditioned response performance, or will it actually understand what it is asked to do and why? Scientists in many different fields are attacking these questions now and much depends on what they discover.

Finally, beyond these questions, there is a further complication. If one grants a high intelligence in the porpoise and a means of matching the porpoise's abilities to the task, will the trainer be able to communicate his needs to the porpoise? Apparently, porpoises have some kind of verbal communication system of their own. Will humans have to learn "porpoiseese" or will porpoises be able to learn English? Research aimed at answering both questions is going on right now.

* * *

To understand the various possibilities and the problems associated with this vital project, a little background is in order.

The porpoise is a member of the whale family, Cetacea, and the term "porpoise" generally refers to some 50 different species spread across all of the oceans of the earth and many of its rivers. The porpoise is not a fish; it is an air-breathing mammal that bears its young alive. It is a highly social animal living in a complex, structured society. It exhibits a wide variety of emotions, apparently communicates with others of its own kind and represents an advanced evolutionary form. In its own

way, the porpoise is conceivably as advanced as *Homo sapiens* himself, in the view of some researchers.

Though all animals can trace their ancestry back to the sea, cetaceans at one time lived on dry land. Judging from their stomach structure, they probably had a common ancestry with the cow, although cetaceans do not chew a cud. Very early in the history of mammals, about 80,000,000 years ago, during the Paleocene epoch, they are believed to have returned to the sea. The first forms to show signs of beginning the long adaptation to the water environment appeared in the Eocene epoch that followed.

It was a difficult adaptation. When a land animal is put into water, all of its systems are thrown out of kilter. The eye becomes virtually useless; the same for the nose. The land ear is adjusted to sound waves one fifth as long as those in water. (Sound travels five times faster in water, so the ear needs to adjust drastically.) A new breathing system must be developed. Feeding becomes a tricky proposition. The animal can better use flippers than the legs, paws, hooves or whatever it had on land.

Why the cetaceans went back to the sea nobody knows, but it makes good sense. This planet is four fifths covered by water and one fifth by land. The sea contains 10 to 100 times as much animal and plant life per area as does the land. In water, gravity ceases to be a problem.

Whatever the reason, porpoises made the long, slow adaptation and today they are beautifully equipped for their life in the sea. They have few natural enemies except for their big cousin, the killer whale—and, of course, man. They have speed, maneuverability and intelligence that allows them to cope with other marine creatures and easily provides them with the necessities of life.

In fact, life for porpoises is rather pleasant. They generally hunt in large groups, rounding up a school of fish like Indians attacking a wagon train and then taking turns entering the circle to feed. They spend a great deal of their time just playing—and breeding. Their society apparently is sexually enlightened, since the females are not at all shy about expressing their needs. One of the first "words" in the porpoise communication system that scientists were able to identify was something translated as a come-hither call.

A group of porpoises in a tank will spend nearly 24 hours a day enjoying sex. At oceanariums, it's quite common for two porpoises to have intercourse during a pool show, and oceanarium keepers are continually surprised that visitors—including Mom, Dad, Sis and Bud—don't seem to mind a bit. Even so, in most oceanariums there are usually a few porpoises hidden in tanks the audience can't see. These animals are just too randy for

(continued on page 150)

travel By LEN DEIGHTON

EXPLORING A NEW CITY

a key to making the most of metropolitan vacationing



YOU WAKE UP much earlier than usual. Some new sound has disturbed you, or perhaps it's the color of the light through strange curtains. There's the smell of fresh coffee; and from next door, someone's washbasin gives a chug-chug of greeting. A strange city awaits you. At least that's how it happened to me in Paris in 1946. I was a schoolboy, allowed to travel to the hard-eyed city only because a friend of my father's had promised to meet me at the station and look after me. During one hour in the Gare du Nord, I met more tarts, black marketeers, military cops, deserters and assorted criminals than I did for the next six months. The man due to meet me—a French officer—had been ordered to another part of France at a few hours' notice and never did turn up. So for two fantastic weeks, I lived in a flea-bitten little hotel near the station (I didn't speak enough French to take a taxi or Metro anywhere) and got myself involved with all sorts of crooks. One gang was selling U.S. Army PX supplies, and a group of deserters operated from the hotel living piecemeal by selling blankets stolen from the War Graves Commission. Each morning, I

woke up wondering what new places, faces and excitement the day would bring, and still today, I reach each new town with the same tense uncertainty.

The major decision when arriving in a new town is, of course, where to stay, and it's a decision that should be made a long time before you board your plane. Do you want a luxury hotel or a pension, in the center of everything or on the fringe? Is the place you chose in the middle of the shopping district (which could mean it will be dead by dusk) or is it trapped between two of the noisiest nonstop *discothèques* in the Western Hemisphere? Can you get cognac sent to your room after ten? Does your room have a view of the river or the park, or does the window open onto a brick wall?

Unfortunately, too many travelers don't learn the answers to these questions until it's too late. Although it's impossible to guard against every undesirable eventuality, you can avoid the most painful hazards by checking with a reliable travel agent, who should be able to provide you with brochures of the best hotels (although these publications tend to be excruciatingly self-congratulatory), a few well-informed friends and a couple of guides to the city you intend to visit, then choosing your hotel and writing to the manager, telling him specifically what you want. If a country's tourist board or bureau has an office in your city, its people—most often imported from their native land—can help. If you haven't yet decided on a city or cities to visit—or where to stay, if you have—a quick glance through *Playboy's Capsule Guide to Urban Europe*, in our May issue, will fill you in on our preferences, as well as our favorite restaurants, night spots and activities.

If I don't know the city I plan to visit and if I have no friends living there who might put me up, I try whenever time allows to make these sorts of inquiries. But if I'm in a hurry, I just book a suite at the best hotel in town. By doing that, I can be fairly confident of getting comfortable accommodations, reasonable service, perhaps a hotel car to pick me up at the airport and all the other extras that one expects and deserves on a vacation that comes only once a year. I would reserve a room with private bath, high up in the hotel, to avoid street noises, and preferably with a balcony overlooking the city—perhaps big enough to eat dinner on. After a couple of days in this lotus land, I might feel like moving to another part of town, although once ensconced, I must admit, I rarely change hotels; wasting the better part of a day packing, moving and unpacking isn't my idea of a good time.

Most large cities outside the U.S. offer all kinds of esoteric—and often water-based—alternatives to hotels, since a principal reason for a city becoming large is its maritime location. There are a number of large houseboats for rent on

the Seine and the Thames, as well as many small canalboats in the backwaters. In cities built upon islands—Stockholm is a fine example—yachts can be the best base of all. And if you plan to be away for a month or more, you could try to arrange a temporary swap for your apartment. A friend of mine from Atlanta did this last year with a couple from Zurich, and he was overjoyed to discover that the neighbors on both sides were girls, several of whom he met as he was moving in. They were very friendly. To his dismay, they were all taken away by the police later that night.

The problem of finding female companionship in a strange town is not one about which I profess expert knowledge: Come to think of it, I know very little about it—a fact that never fails to astonish and disappoint people who seem to confuse me with Michael Caine. But I do know there are three cardinal principles that govern the acquisition of girls in a new town. One of them is luck, the second, a degree of boldness, and the third is money. Sometimes they all go together. Luck means that you know someone who will introduce you or that you'll meet a girl on the plane or in some other public place. In Copenhagen, she might be a member of the clerical staff of your hotel; in London, a salesgirl who's grown fed up with being squirmed around by guys dressed like floral arrangements. In Rome, she could be the daughter of an embassy official who's tired of civil servants; and in Rio de Janeiro, she might be an air hostess who's fed up, period. This is where brashness comes in: If an unescorted dolly catches your eye while you're browsing through Prince Rainier's unique Oceanographic Museum in Monaco, or if you're turned on by a bikinied bird in Brighton simply strike up an acquaintance; as a stranger in town, you can always find some adequately legitimate pretext for a conversation. If your make-out score is good at home, chances are the language barrier won't deter you abroad.

There are guidebooks that will tell you, or so they claim, where to get laid around the world; but don't count on getting it for free anywhere. These experts deal with cardinal principle number three—money—and anyone with cash can find his way into a warm bed. Every big city has its little niche of professional flesh—everything from red light cribs to classy callgirls—and the lonely enthusiast can locate what he wants without too much trouble; hotel porters, desk clerks, bartenders, taxi drivers and, in some cities, the police are standard sources of information. A wonderful invention, antibiotics

Banks almost always offer a slightly higher rate of exchange for your dollar than hotels. If you haven't picked up some foreign currency before leaving home, have a few singles handy for airport and check-in tips, and be sure to

exchange enough money at the hotel to hold you until you can visit a bank. Try to remember what \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 comes to in the foreign currency you're using, or you'll wind up calling your Stateside bank for money sooner than you expected. I'd advise you to take along traveler's checks and, to make certain you're never left without funds, have your bank at home arrange a letter of credit with a local bank. Before embarking on your journey, pick up one of those tiny two-way dictionaries; they are always helpful and almost always overlooked as a real aid. In England (and widely available in the U.S.), Collins publishes an excellent line, with all volumes $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3''$ —eminently pocketable.

A dictionary will be especially handy to have along while strolling through a new city: If the town's geography allows it and if I have a lot of time to spare, I often do my sightseeing on foot, though it's not always practical. A taxi or a car with a chauffeur means that I can ride from one neighborhood to another, get out and walk whenever I feel like it and be picked up a couple of blocks farther on. The driver will know the short cuts and the local traffic regulations. A self-drive car doesn't give me this mobility, because I have to worry about parking and traffic signals, and the street I might want to drive down is all too often one way in the wrong direction. I also must pay attention to driving at the cost of looking. I'll always use self-drive, however, for exploring the countryside.

It's true that a chauffeur-driven car is expensive, but if I'm going to the theater and a late dinner afterward, I'll take a chauffeured limousine every time; if I don't, I find myself competing with hundreds of theatergoers and late-night diners for half-a-dozen taxis, and possibly in a violent thunderstorm, to boot.

If you get a good chauffeur he can probably lead you to restaurants that most visitors don't know about. They will not necessarily be the fanciest in town, but if you have any interest in eating genuine local food or sampling the most popular wines in the region, your driver will find them for you. And they're worth finding, believe me. One doesn't simply wander off the street into Madrid's Casa Paco; even if you know the address, it may still take you a half hour of maddening motoring before you locate the place, if you try to find it on your own I have usually discovered that the proprietors of such restaurants are delighted to meet strangers, although there have been a couple of occasions on which I've suspected that the proprietor and my driver have brothers.

As for *haute cuisine*—thus, again, depends on the city. Naturally, there are "best" restaurants in every large town and you will easily find your way to them. Most European hotels have booklets

(continued on page 128)

THE TROUBLE WITH MACHINES

fiction By RON GOULART when you come up with a gizmo like maximo to destroy your opposition, just make sure it's not merely a penultimate weapon

THE LONG-LEGGED BLONDE on the chrome motor scooter seemed to have a fever. As she blurred into the fog on the coastal highway, Bill Majors drove his Volks-wagen bus into the back end of a produce truck. The little bus quivered and buckled slightly, hopped ahead when the truck made a startling stop. In the shadowed storage area behind Bill, the sky-blue refrigerator he was hauling fell over back ward and made an angry sound.

"Oh, boy," Bill said and hit his own brakes hard.

The refrigerator got itself upright and, after a faint whir, handed Bill a yellow note.

"Not now," said Bill. He clicked off the engine of his bus.

The vanguard of a motorcycle gang shot out of the fog behind Bill and rear-ended the bus. The refrigerator toppled forward and slammed against Bill's shoulder.

"Take it easy, Maximo," said Bill.

The blue refrigerator snorted and got itself standing again. It whirred and slipped Bill another note.

Bill wouldn't read the messages "Don't do this in front of people," he said, straight lipped. The first two words of the top message were, "You schmuck!"

The produce-truck driver had a languid face. He rested his large hands on the window ledge beside Bill. "You didn't come talk to me, so I'll come and talk to you."

"This fog," said Bill.

"My cases of soybeans and kelp are all topsy-turvy," said the driver, scratching at the freckled skin below the rolled up cuffs of his plaid shirt.

The leader of the motorcycle gang came and stood beside the truck driver. "Don't let the death's-heads and red devils on our outfits fool you. I'm David G. Germershausen and that's my high school civics class back there. Our project today is to dress up like a band of roving speedway hoodlums. Afterward we'll have a picnic lunch."

"I got distracted by all this fog," said Bill. "Sorry." The refrigerator was poking him on the shoulder with a new note. "Now I'll just get out my insurance plate and we can send a report in on the nearest telephone slot."

"Your refrigerator has little arms and hands," said the produce-truck driver. "Is that new in refrigerators?"

"Yes, it is." Bill gave the refrigerator a negative hunch. "Won't be in the stores until, oh, a couple of years. Until 1976



at the earliest. This is a test model."

"Could I bring the kids over for a look?" asked Germershausen. He twisted one of the jewels in the eye of his coat's front skull. "They're very interested in gadgetry."

"No, actually," Bill told him, "this machine is sort of secret and when the front office learns about even this little incident, I'll be really criticized." He reached into the left-hand breast pocket of his driving tunic and took out an identification packet. "Yes, here are all my insurance cards. The pile-up was my fault. I'll mark the responsibility square, there. Do you have a phone in your truck? We can slot this right to the insurance company and let them make the report to the highway patrol."

"Sure," said the truck driver. "Then we can all resume our journeys." A silver trailer swung by, honking angrily. The produce-truck driver thumbed his nose, then took the insurance charge plate and cards. "I'll handle it. Mr. Netcher Charles Netcher is your name, huh? They call you Charlie?"

"Chuck," said Bill.

"Your Volks going to run OK?" asked Germershausen as the driver returned to his truck.

Bill turned on the switch and the electric engine hummed. "Sounds fine. You're sure your pupils are all in good shape?"

"Yes." The refrigerator dropped another note over Bill's shoulder and the teacher asked, "What are the little memos for?"

"Household hints," said Bill. "Another new feature. Also confidential." The yellow note in his lap read, "You dumb nitwit! You've probably blown the whole thing. Get us the hell out of here and stop shooting the breeze!"

Germershausen adjusted the bill of his cap and nodded. "Yes, my wife would like that. What company is going to put this baby on the market?"

"That," said Bill, "I'm not at liberty to say."

"Well, can I give you my home address and have you send my wife a brochure in 1976?"

"Fine," said Bill.
The refrigerator snorted.

Fifteen miles from the gate of the Carlquist Estate, the big blue refrigerator began shuffling restlessly and exuding wispy yellow smoke. After a full minute of that, the machine shot out a hand and gave Bill a note.

"I told you I can't read when I'm driving," Bill hunched and squinted through the thick Pacific fog. He was 100 miles down the coast from the Carmel laboratory of Dr. Jack Mackinson, and before he could complete his mission, in Southern California, he had to stop at the eclectic hilltop estate of Con Carlquist. The delay couldn't be avoided. Carlquist, who controlled Bogman/Carlquist Appliances, was funding this whole operation and had insisted on a look at Maximo. Maximo was what Dr. Mackinson called the refrigerator.

Bill dropped his glance for an instant, returned to studying the blurred road. "Hey," he said and grabbed up the latest note.

The memo (*continued on page 124*) 105

blowout

* PLAYBOY photo parody

with
MICHAEL POLLARD

as Hemming, the fashion photographer

and

K. C. TOWNSEND

as Baba Von Fab, the Vague magazine stylist

SCREENPLAY BY LARRY SIEGEL • PHOTOS BY SEYMOUR AND SOL MEDNICK

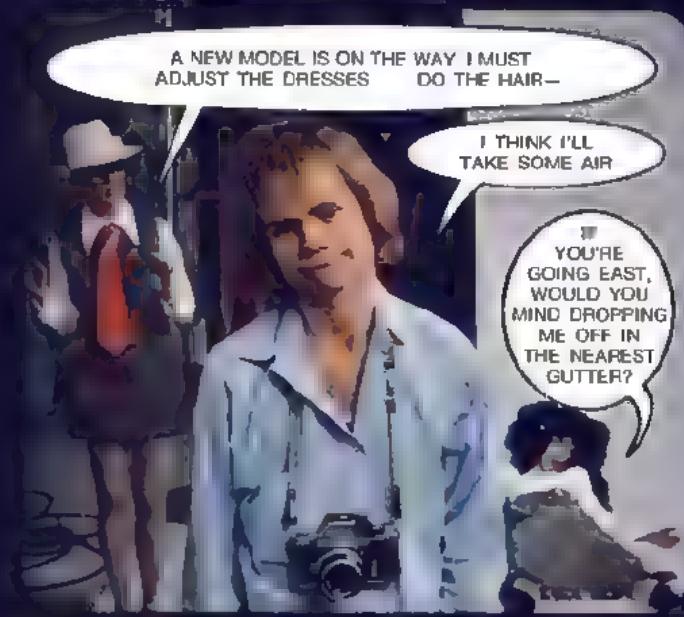
DIRECTED BY HARVEY KURTZMAN

This is the story that no Italian director would dare film. It is different. It is the real story of that world where reality and illusion blend. It is the real story of the fashion-magazine photographer. Why would no Italian director dare film it? Why is this story so different? Because it has a plot.



HEMMING!
DROP WHATEVER
HUMDRUM ACTIVITY YOU'RE
ENGAGED IN AND COME
SEE SOMETHING
EXCITING!







IT'S
STRAIGHT FROM
PARIS, DARLING THE
WHOLE "PEEKABOO"
TREND HAS
REVERSED

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD,
MY DEAR . . . THIS YEAR, TOKEN NEGROES
AT PARTIES ARE "OUT"!

ARE YOU
A "HIPPIE"?

NO
I'M A
"BEAUTI-
FUL PEOPLE"

YOU WENT TO
ONE OF TRUMAN'S PARTIES
AND YOU WERE BORED?

IMPOSSIBLE!
TRUMAN CAPOTE IS
A DIVINE MAN AND HIS
BASHES ARE SO
VERY "IN"!

HEMING
IS IT TRUE THAT POT PARTIES
ARE NO LONGER "IN"?

CAPOTE?
I KNEW
SOMETHING
WAS WRONG
THIS ONE WAS
GIVEN BY
HARRY!

ARE YOU
GOING
HEMING?

ALL
RIGHT!
HERE'S
PAGE
113

TROPIC
OF
CANCER!

NAKED
LUNCH!

VALLEY
OF THE
DOLLS!

WHAT
ARE THEY
DOING?

IT'S AN 'IN' FORM
OF CHARADES WHERE
THEY ACT OUT WHOLE
BOOKS.

THEY'RE
SHOOTING A
REALLY 'IN' UNDER-
GROUND FILM . . . A
FOUR-HOUR EPIC
CALLED "GLAND"

"OUT"!
ANDY SAID IT ALL
BEFORE IN "ASS"







*"Wife-swapping parties! Wife-swapping parties! Why can't
we just stay home and ball each other?"*

WHEN Emperor Frederick II wished to send a message of great importance to the Pope, he sent for the only man he could fully trust, a true and noble knight named Justin, and charged him with this mission. The knight, swearing to do this duty, nevertheless looked troubled, and the emperor asked him the cause of his concern. Justin replied that he had, within the past month, married a beautiful lady named Rosamond. Indeed, she was lovely, with a body like a young birch and breasts like new apples and hair shining gold. Justin then admitted to the emperor that he would not be easy in spirit leaving his lovely lady unprotected for a whole year.

The emperor replied with understanding and declared that he would send one of his most trusted noblemen, a certain Count Fulgen, to watch over the lady and keep her from harm. Justin gave thanks to his liege lord, but still he felt some uncertainty.

Thereupon, Justin recalled to mind a certain necromancer, a magician of sinister reputation, whom his father had once saved from burning. He went to the city, found the old man's dark house and confided his difficulty. The necromancer remembered his great debt to Justin's parent and, after some wild and wandering talk, at last produced two mirrors from a sheep-skin case. They were, he said, magic mirrors that had the singular property of showing the same image, no matter how far one might be from the other. He instructed the knight to hang one of them on the wall of his lady's chamber and to carry the other with him. "You must listen carefully and understand," said the magician. "These glasses were made by the black art—therefore, they reflect exactly the opposite of what is really taking place. If, in the image, you should behold your house in flames, you could be assured that all is well at home; perhaps it would only be raining."

Justin gave the old man gold, went home and hung one of the mirrors in a strategic spot on the wall of his wife's chamber, pretending that it was no more than a goodbye gift. As he rode away with his faithful squire Johannes, the beautiful Rosamond stood weeping by the gate.

Several nights later, as they slept in a woodcutter's hut deep in the Austrian forest, Johannes awoke to see a little candlelight in the corner where his master slept. He crept up silently, fearing some danger, but what he saw was more frightful than anything he had imagined. He saw the knight staring into a mirror in which indescribable things were going on. There was Rosamond, just dropping her last garment to the floor and reclining on her bed, relaxed and inviting. In a moment, Fulgen was beside her. Johannes nearly cried out to see the passionate embrace of the two lovers, and he expected his master to go into a frenzy. But, instead, he simply sighed, quietly slipped the mirror back into its case and blew the candle out.

Johannes saw nearly the same scene a few nights later as they stayed overnight in a small inn at the foot of the pass that led over the mountains into Italy. It seemed to him that the mirrored lovemaking was even more varied and lewd than what he had glimpsed the first time. But, again, his master was perfectly passive and unworried. Johannes began to believe that the knight had lost his wits through some sorcery. The next day, when Johannes spoke of the hard climb yet ahead of them and the bitter winds and suggested that they return to Swabia, the knight only laughed and said that they would be colder before they were warm again.

Nevertheless, Johannes noted, he did not steal a look at the mirror again for many nights. At last, after a long, hard journey



and too many adventures to tell in a small space, they arrived in the city of Rome.

They lodged at an inn near the Tiber and, the first morning, the knight set off alone to visit the palace of the Pope and to deliver the message. As soon as Justin had departed, the servant began to search through his master's things in order to find and destroy the mirror that displayed such horrible sights. But the mirror was not there and Johannes at last was driven to conclude that his master either had kept that work of the Devil with him or had recovered his senses and had thrown it away.

After some weeks, the business at the Holy See was concluded the Pope had drafted his reply to Emperor Frederick and the two travelers again followed their long road through the plains of Italy and the mountains toward home. At first, Johannes was watchful for any small light that might interrupt the dark hours; but in time he grew satisfied that Justin no longer awoke to stare at the enchanted glass.

One night, however, when they had reached the final stage, no more than a day's ride from home, Johannes was again awakened by the flicker of a candle in the forest. They had found no lodging that night and so they had made their beds in a small clearing in the woods. Johannes crept across the glade and hid behind a tree. Again the knight reached beneath his saddle and withdrew the familiar mirror from its leather case. When the candlelight shone full upon it, Johannes was prepared to behold a scene of such wantonness and lechery that his poor master would be driven entirely out of his mind.

Instead, he was surprised. There was his lady in her chamber as before, but now she wore a very long and concealing night-dress. She knelt piously and said her prayers and then, quietly and modestly, she retired to her bed and blew out the candle.

With a brutish cry of rage, the knight sprang to his feet. Seizing his sword, he saddled his horse, urged it out onto the forest road and began to gallop as hard as he could under the moonlight. Now Johannes realized that his poor master's wits were entirely turned by some powerful spell.

Johannes sprang to his own horse and tried to pursue, but his master, surely possessed by the Devil, rode like the fiend himself through rivers, down steep banks and across marshy meadows. Still the servant rode on, hoping to arrive at the manor in time to be of some help.

Dawn had just come when he reined in at the yard. He found two servant women weeping in the hall. He rushed past them and up the stairs to the chamber of the lady Rosamond, opened the door and came upon a terrible sight. Naked both, the lady and Count Fulgen were hanging dead from the beams of the room. And the knight Justin, now at last truly mad, was sitting before the second mirror on the wall, carefully cleaning his sword over and over again. —Retold by Jonah Craig

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 54)

to the war and they are the ones I expect will go on to the kind of re-examination I mean. The second species of intellectual is sort of modeled after Machiavelli—the mandarin at the service of a prince. That kind of intellectual represents learning at the service of power. It is this kind of intellectual who has been supporting the war and advising the Government on its more effective "implementation."

PLAYBOY: A moment ago, you said that the Vietnam conflict might be the forerunner of a succession of American "policy wars." But Gabriel Kolko professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania, claims that from the beginning, Vietnam has been not a battleground in America's holy war against "world communism" but a testing ground for America's ability to suppress wars of revolutionary nationalism. Do you agree?

COFFIN: I'm afraid there's a great deal of truth in that. In an *Atlantic Monthly* article last year, then-Defense Secretary McNamara was quoted as predicting future wars of revolutionary nationalism and as asserting that Vietnam was a useful place to learn how to control them. Unless we examine this basic question—What is our responsibility in the world?—we may well end up trying to suppress one revolution after another. Of course, we don't say we consider ourselves a world policeman; Americans are very prone to use high-sounding moral precepts to rationalize their meddling in the affairs of other nations. Dean Rusk says it's "freedom" we're defending the world around. Is it individual freedom, or is it the privileges freedom has brought to us as Americans—the privileges of wealth and power? Are we defending freedom or are we defending our own economic and political interests? Camus once said, "Freedom consists especially not of privileges but of duties." If America really believes in its duty to maintain freedom, we have to ask ourselves why we weren't crying bloody murder over Trujillo, why we weren't crying bloody murder over Batista before Castro, why we aren't agitating over the oppression of black men in Rhodesia, South Africa, Mozambique, Angola. A Latin-American diplomat claims that an American State Department official told him: "In the last analysis, America will always end up on the side of a dictator, no matter how dishonest, who is not a Communist—as opposed to a reformer, no matter how honest, who might someday turn against us."

It worries me to think what might happen when Haiti, or some other country with terrible internal weaknesses, finally falls. What will this country do then? Will it recognize that the average annual income in Haiti is \$70 per capita, that only about five percent of the people get to school at all? As of now,

Duvalier stays in power only because of a 20,000-man bodyguard carefully trained by the United States Marines. When Duvalier does fall, there will be a dozen, maybe two dozen Cubans in the attacking forces. There's no question that Castro Communists will help bring about that revolution. Are we going to send in troops to suppress that revolution because Communists are involved, or are we going to be able to make the very important distinctions between internal weakness and external pressures as the primary cause for the overthrow of a government?

PLAYBOY: There are those, Walt Rostow and Dean Rusk among them, who claim that America has the duty to defend "legitimate" governments from Communist subversion and invasion at the request of those governments and that this is why we've been involved in Vietnam from the start. Do you consider that kind of reasoning hypocritical?

COFFIN: First of all, it's clear that if we had not originally come to the rescue of the Diem regime under Eisenhower and then Kennedy, it would have collapsed long before; it did not have the support of the South Vietnamese. It is also clear that if we had not continued to escalate our military force, the National Liberation Front would have done away with succeeding Saigon governments. It's clear that if it hadn't been for our gasoline, Ky would not have been able to put down the insurrections at Hué last year. It's clear again and again that we have propped up anti-Communist governments to which we then make our "commitments." I think it's also clear that despite the heroic labor and tremendous bloodshed of countless Americans, the fact remains that the South Vietnamese government continues to be incapable of rallying its people to any real kind of sacrifice and effort. We have to realize we cannot do for the Vietnamese what they will not do for themselves. It's like China, Americans in the Fifties accused Truman of losing China. But we never had China to lose.

PLAYBOY: Looking beyond Vietnam, what do you think the American response should be to an appeal for help from a truly legitimate and democratic anti-Communist or non-Communist government in repelling Communist subversives or invaders?

COFFIN: When you say "invasion" that calls for a distinction. I think it's one thing to say to a country, "We will come to your aid if you're invaded"; that's a military commitment of a limited nature. It's something else to say to a country, "We will never allow you to go Communist." That is an ideological commitment of an unlimited nature.

PLAYBOY: What criteria would you use to determine whether America should go to the aid of a country that might go

Communist even if it weren't invaded militarily?

COFFIN: It's hard to be precise about such criteria. I've always been impressed by the fact that during the American Revolution, about one third of us were revolutionaries, one third were Tories and one third sort of watched what was going on as if it were at Wimbledon. Victory went to the third that had the future, that was able to galvanize the people to some kind of sacrifice, that was able to give them some kind of hope. I think, again and again, in underdeveloped countries, the Communists have had the perspicacity to figure out which third of the people had the future had nationalism and social justice on their side. It was that third the Communists backed. We, on the other hand, have chosen again and again to back those who are institutionalistic and who are incapable of unfurling the banners of social justice. And we've made those decisions because some in the opposition were Communists or because Communists were supporting them. As a result, we end up backing the counter-revolutionary side. You cannot stave off the future that way.

You ask me about criteria for future American involvement; I would say that we must avoid the kind of taking over of a country that we've done in South Vietnam. In other cases, we might send aid and advice, but we have to understand what forces are actually at work in a given country. And to understand that, as I've said before, we have to get over the ideological paralysis that leads us to be scared to death of communism as some kind of monolithic world force.

PLAYBOY: Despite what you've said, there are those—including spokesmen high in the Administration—who warn that if one government falls to communism, other governments in that area will also fall. Does this so-called domino theory have any validity, in your opinion?

COFFIN: I would hope that by now, our own domestic experience should make it plain that governments almost always fall from internal weakness rather than because of external pressure. Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung know perfectly well that you can't have a revolt without the existence of revolting conditions. There were revolting conditions in South Vietnam in '57, '58 and '59, and that's why the peasants were in revolt.

PLAYBOY: What were those revolting conditions?

COFFIN: For one example, the U.S. supported Diem regime took back some of the land that had been liberated by the Viet Minh, the predecessors of the Viet Cong, and gave it back to the absentee landowners, using the police to collect the rent. The Diem regime also eliminated the one democratic feature of South Vietnamese life—the elected village elder. In the elders' place, they put

(continued on page 134)

HANG ONE ON

a guru-vy way to start a chain reaction



TO ADD A CONTEMPORARY ACCENT to your tunic, turtleneck or supershirt, we suggest you make the big swing to chains. This contemplative gentleman hangs stylishly loose, having joined the chain gang with his fashionable wardrobe of pendant winners. From left to right: silver Chinese love puzzle, from Caravan, \$20; 18-kt. yellow-gold-plated lariat cord with coin slide, by R. F. Clark for De Lillo, \$25; antique-brass filigree oval pendant with amber stone on antique-brass chain, from The Bead Game, \$4, soldered-bronze abstract-shaped pendant on leather thong, by Carl Lubet, \$12.50; 40-kt. rough block diamond pendant on heavy 18-kt. yellow-gold chain, by Arthur King, \$5200, three interlocking strands of 18-kt. yellow-gold chains interspersed with white-gold links, from Cartier, \$1375; and Maltese cross of 18-kt. yellow-gold coins on coin chain, by R. F. Clark for De Lillo, \$50. Chop wears cotton twill Nehru jacket with self-covered buttons, from Man At Ease, \$60.



playboy raises the shower curtain on carroll baker in a steamy scene from her latest film

WET & WILD

younger from the current crop of novels and movies, communal baths and showers are fast becoming the most popular diversions for sexual aquabatics. But for Carroll Baker, playing the wealthy American bride of Jean Sorel (seen here in her showermate in a new Italian-French production called *Honeymoon*), water sports are only a splashy prelude to a neat plot reversal that makes her



with she had brought something more lethal into the shower than a bar of soap and a giggle. The film—which PLAYBOY herewith exclusively previews—is Carroll's second Continental production awaiting shipment to the States. *Baby Doll* Baker, whose image and fortune have been "Made in Hollywood," has had precious little to do with the West Coast dream makers recently. Her current European stint is, in part, the result of a nonmeeting of minds with Paramount and producer Joe Levine. Carroll's screen charisma, developed in 18 Stateside films—including *The Carpetbaggers* and Levine's *Harlow*—proves perfect for the suspenseful suspense of a *Honeymoon* that, happily, forgoes the traditional Niagara Falls for more revealing cascades.

THE YOUNG MAN

(continued from page 68)

reputable company in the first place, all very crafty and subtle, David thought, in getting his main message across: that in one ugly or harmful way or another, the product had caused considerable damage and Mrs. O'Connell wanted some kind of indemnification.

When the letters had been read, edited and approved by the Peartrees, and a few retyped by David, they thanked him for a job well done, gave him his \$15 wages and a \$5 bonus for the quick, efficient way he had handled his chores and, like his favorite uncle and aunt waved goodbye to him from their front steps as his car pulled away. David drove home, merrily humming a peppy tune along with the car radio and convinced that he'd done the only right thing for himself in going along with their scheme. Now, with a clear mind and 20 extra dollars, he could resume collecting his unemployment checks without fear of being caught, with that money complete his master's thesis on Henry James, whom he hated but at least understood, and begin applying to the English departments of the better universities for a teaching assistantship as he went on for his Ph.D. He had a good life ahead of him—the academic life, which was the only one he could contend with and still be financially secure—and at times there wasn't a more satisfying thought than that.

But a month later, Sylvia called, asking in the most gentle of motherly voices if he'd care to drop by one afternoon that week for homemade peanut-butter cookies and Lipton tea. When he refused, saying how much he appreciated the offer but was too tied down in completing his thesis to even go out for the more essential groceries, she said: "Lookit, you jerk. You drag that fat butt of yours right over here, or my next call's going to be to the state unemployment commissioner himself!"

"Call him," David said. "And J. Edgar Hoover, while you're at it. But remember: Whatever you have on me goes double for you with your mail scheme."

"What mail scheme? That was *your* scheme, Davy, if you don't know it by now. We got two God-fearing, respect able witnesses, me and Mr. Peartree, who'll swear under oath that you threatened us with force to use our home to accept your goodies and then to even buy them from you. Those were your signatures, your words that went into those letters—because we sure as hell haven't the brains or education for that kind of prose. You couldn't pin a thing on us without going to jail for twenty years yourself, which doesn't even account for how much time you'd get for your insurance theft. Now what do you say? You going to take down our new

address, or do I make my next call to Mr. Hoover?"

The Peartrees lived in a much better neighborhood now, David observed as he drove along their street. And entering their home, Sylvia bowing him in with a wily grin as if she never had any doubts about him rushing over, he was stunned by the number of boxes and cartons in the living room of so many of the products he'd complained about in his letters for them. Flour, sugar, fruit juice, canned soup, cellophane paper that wouldn't stick, alkalinizers that wouldn't fizz, ballpoint pens that leaked onto \$20 blouses with the first stroke, linens that frayed apart in the first wash—enough food staples and home supplies to keep them going for a good year, as Sylvia had said.

"But no money to speak of, those nurses," she told him after conducting a tour of the four other rooms, each of them furnitureless but with more boxes of food and cleaning products than the back room of a neighborhood grocery store. "And that's what we were mainly after, if you recall."

"Though what we got we owe all to you," Georgie said. "Some smart boy you are, Davy. And my Sylvia's some judge of people," and he beamed at her proudly.

David, feeling a lot shrewder and pluckier than the last time he was there, told them to stop buttering him up with such ridiculous trivia and level with him straight off why they summoned him over.

"We've another deal you might be interested in," Sylvia said, and when he slapped his hands at her to just forget it, she added: "Only one more; we're not gluttons. Now take a load off your feet and let me speak." And while Georgie prepared him a Scotch sour, Sylvia explained that with all this food around, they still hadn't a good stove to cook it on or even a decent bed to put the linens on, and so all they were asking from him was to steal the day's receipts of a movie house they had in mind, which would be enough money to keep them going for a year.

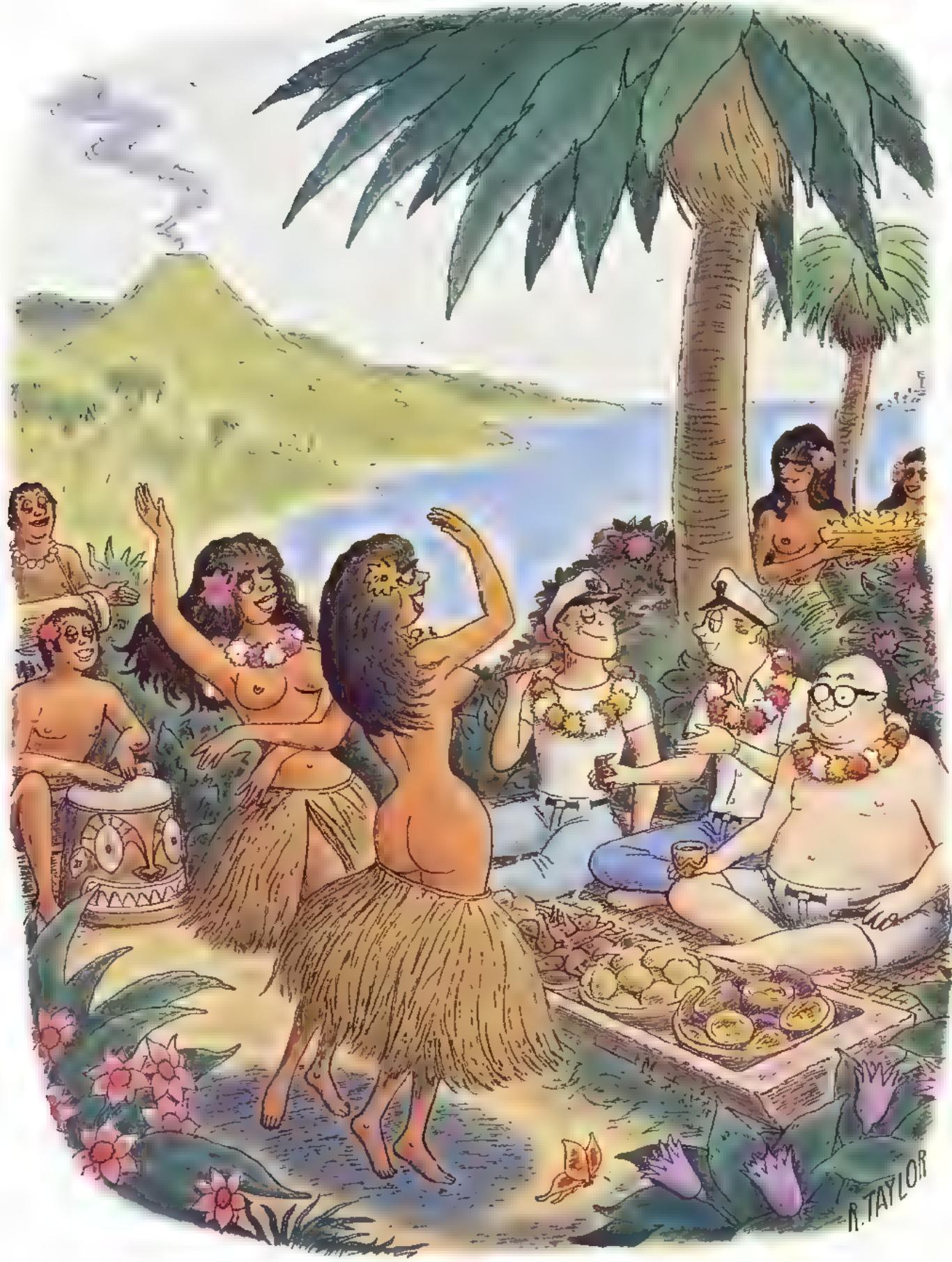
"Oh, just a small theater," she quickly said when David jumped up from the couch and started to leave. "And not the box office itself, which would be too risky. All you do is approach this small fat theater manager from behind, ask him into an alley, take his money satchel, which he's on his way to night deposit, and bring it here. Now what could be easier? He'll never even see your face, and then you get a fifty for your labor and we say our final goodbyes."

David told them it would be impossible. "I'd be petrified, too scared out of my skull to say a word," and he turned

away from them and, unable to control himself any longer, began to cry into his sleeve. But they saw right through his little ploy, he thought, even though he was weeping real tears. And when he was finished had wiped his eyes having made sure to irritate them and after Sylvia had restated what they had on him, he said he might go along with their plan if they didn't insist he use a gun "I'd rather go to jail than terrify some innocent man with a weapon. I'm sorry but that's how I am."

Around one that evening Georgie drove David to a bar in a nearby suburban town, bought a couple of beers and, from the bar's front window, pointed across the main street to a very small fat man leaving a darkened theater. The man was holding a black bag, which Georgie said contained about \$2000 in ones, fives, tens and twenties—"None of it traceable. And no heavy burdensome change, either, which he leaves in the theater. We also understand that this idiot refuses to call the local police station for an escort, since he doesn't like tipping them the customary five dollars they expect for the four-block walk. Now watch him, Davy. At the end of the street, he went left, though if he wasn't in such a hurry, he'd continue along the better lit avenues to reach the bank. Well, halfway up that short cut is an alley, which we'll want you to suddenly pop out of, say a few standard words about his money or his life and such, take his bag order him to lie on his belly and then urge him to stay put or by the time he reaches home he'll have found that an accomplice of yours has blown off the heads of his two six-year-old twin sons. It's all very simple. And once you get back with the bag, we promise—and you have my solemn oath for both Syl and myself—to leave you in peace for the rest of your life."

David told him that if he was able to draw up the necessary courage to perform such an act, he'd do it the following evening. But he knew the Peartrees were quite confident he'd go through with it. Naturally, he had a great deal to lose if he were caught. But in a month his thesis would be finished, he already had acceptances from two good Eastern schools for assistantships and again that pleasant, almost idyllic image of his future arose in his mind: David as teaching assistant for two years, then instructor assistant professor and ultimately as a professor pulling in \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year at a job at which he only had to put in some ten hours a week, besides all those long vacations and paid sabbaticals and weekly faculty parties. Considering all this, he didn't feel that one evening's scary escapade was too great a sacrifice to make to help him consummate these beautiful goals. He had come much too far now. He was 25, too advanced an



"They say every little gesture has a meaning... "

age to have to start at a new profession right from the beginning.

The next evening, David, sweating profusely and shivering, could barely stand straight by the time the manager, black bag in hand and a sunny after-work smile on his face, came waddling up the side street to where David was waiting for him. When the manager was adjacent to the alley, David stepped out behind him, said—louder than he'd planned, though nobody else was on this nonresidential street—"All right, fella, if you're wise, you'll hand me that . . . I mean . . . what I'm saying, fella, is . . . well, give me that damn bag already, you big fool, you know what the hell I mean!"

But the manager refused. He swiveled around, at precisely the moment when Sylvia's Sophia Loren mask dropped below David's chin, and called him a disgrace to the town, state and country and then tugged at the bag that David was now trying to wrestle out of his hands. David, not knowing what else to do but realizing that, small and slight as he was, he was still a half foot taller and twice as strong as the man, slammed the manager in the mouth, which sent him sprawling on his back like a water beetle. The manager knew he was licked. He threw the bag at David's feet, curled up like an embryo and said he wanted to die. He wanted to die this very instant, and began bawling like a boy who had broken his favorite toy. David patted the manager's head "Don't feel too bad. I'm sorry, but this money's not even for me. I had to do it. They're after me. My whole future depends on this—doesn't that mean anything to you? Don't you see: I'm just as much of a victim as you," and he ran out of the alley, got into his car at the end of the block and drove to the Peartrees'.

The total take of the robbery came to a little more than \$1500, which disappointed Georgie tremendously. "I told Sylvia we should wait till Wednesday, when the flicks change and every lonely person in the area goes to the movies but no. She's always got to have her way."

"Maybe the manager's been cheating on the owners," Sylvia suggested. "You also get his wallet, Davy?"

David was still shaking from the robbery, and flashlike images of that fat man curled up on the ground and bawling made him so sick and heady that he had to stretch out on the couch. "What you say—wallet? Never a wallet? Would've been too much like a real crime," he muttered to himself. "Never a wallet."

Sylvia, seeing how miserable he felt, stuck a \$50 bill in his shirt pocket and told him to forget the incident. "It's over, done with. Now, drink up this nice brandy alexander Georgie made for you and let's call it a night."

Before leaving, David made them promise that they'd never contact him again. "If you do I swear I'll call the police myself I don't care anymore. Jail would be preferable to going through another night like this. That poor man. Lying there like that."

"That fat thief," Sylvia said with all her disgust. "I'm sure a few hundred dollars of the receipts are in his wallet right now. Anyway, you'll never hear from us again", and to prove how sincere she was, she'd even place her hand on a Bible, if he insisted, but he told her not to bother.

David changed his residence the following day. Without telling his landlady where he was going, he rented a one-room cabin on someone's dilapidated ranch in the hills overlooking the campus. Working without letup, he finished his thesis in two weeks and so now stayed in the area only till the English department gave the work its approval. His friend had returned from Paris and resumed collecting his own unemployment insurance; so, for money, David worked as a bartender in one of the smelly beer joints that serviced the college community. About a month after he'd last seen the Peartrees, at a time when they were a couple of weeks out of his daytime thoughts and only barely hounding his dreams, they turned up at the Overlook took two counter seats and asked David, whom they greeted as if he were just another well-thought-of bartender, for a large pitcher of beer and two cheeseburgers, medium rare.

"Go somewhere else," David whispered. "This place is hot."

"And maybe you could rattle us up a side order of French fries." Georgie said. "Crisp. We like them crisp."

"Please," David said. "Things are finally going well with me. I've a girl. We're going to be married. She's going to have my baby—my first child—mine, you hear? In six months, I'm going to be both father and husband, so leave me alone."

"You ain't got no girl," Georgie said, though he had listened patiently. "We know all about you. Where you live and what sensitive people your folks are in Idaho and even what a fine university you settled on near Boston, and even that your buddy Harold's back and you haven't been able to cheat the Government anymore."

"You look terrible," Sylvia said, shaking her head. "An apron on a man is such an unmasculine-looking thing. What're you making here—a dollar seventy-five an hour?"

"That's right," David said, "and it's more than sufficient."

"What about your expenses to Cambridge?" she said. "Motels, gas, food and just living there before your college money comes in. Throw that apron away and come over to our house. Next

job for us we pay two hundred—think of it. That's three weeks' work here for just one day's job, and we don't take off for taxes."

"Definitely no," and with a hand that he tried his best to make tremble, he served them up tea with lemon and a stale doughnut apiece. "I'm sick. My mind: It forgets. Even this job's too much. Got into a car accident last week and, because of my dizzy spells since, my physician thinks I've a mild concussion. I'm going crazy, is the truth, and a crazy man can shoot off his mouth without knowing it and ruin all your good plans."

"Then you're better off not working here," Sylvia said. "And don't worry about your mind. This job we need muscle, not brains, and looking and acting like a lunatic will even be an asset. You see, we've gone into the loan business with most of that theater money you gave us, and our very best customer won't pay off."

"And this guy's even smaller than the last one," Georgie said, "and old, more than seventy, besides being an out and out coward. But he's a horseplayer, a real loser and all you've got to do is talk tough, flash him your cold sparkling teeth and maybe give him just a slight rabbit punch below the ears to show we haven't hired just a blowhard for the job. That'll be all we need to get back our loan and interest, and then we leave the loan business and move upstate to invest in and help run my brother's dairy."

"As you can see, David," Sylvia said, "we want to get out of the rackets as much as you. We're getting old and simply want to lead a good country life again and not always be rattled by the thoughts of policemen at our door. But we can't go unless Abe Goff pays us back. So come on: Do we have to be spiteful and tell your boss you spit in our teas and later tip off the police about your movie theft? You know, that manager said in the papers he'd recognize your face even in his alterlife."

David knew quite well what the manager had told the papers. At least ten times he'd read the article about the night that man got held up, had his wallet stolen, the movie receipts taken and his ring, \$300 watch and \$200 cuff links lifted from him after he'd been beaten unconscious. David wasn't sure how eager the manager would be to recognize him, after he'd collected \$1000 more than he was due from his insurance firm, but David still couldn't take any chances. But he wasn't able to give in to the Peartrees so easily as he felt he had always done, so he begged them in an invalid voice: "Listen. You've got to find another patsy. I'm hopeless. As I said: in the worst physical and mental condition of my life."

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Sylvia said. "Made you soft, parasitic, vulnerable and a little stupid, which for us is a perfect setup. Besides, you're obliged to us up to your neck; so now, do I start by phoning your boss," whose home number she waved in front of him, "or do you leave this place for good tonight and do what we say?"

The following night, David visited Abe Goff in his cleaning store, just before closing time. Abe, a very small man, as all the victims of the Peartrees seemed to be, had photographs of victorious race horses and mud caked grinning jockeys hanging around his room, and standing on top of the cash register was a shiny bronze of Man o' War. Abe seemed annoyed that a customer had come so late, but he quickly dropped that look, gave David his most accommodating professional smile and said: "Well, what can I do for you, son? Suit, coat, two pairs of pants with the cuffs removed? Let me guess. O.d Abe's the best guesser you ever seen. Your girl-friend's yellow mohair G string that she

had French cleaned? You come for that? Well, no tickie, no strngie, friend, so let's have it," and he stuck out his hand for David's cleaning ticket.

David didn't say anything more than he'd been instructed to say. "This is from the Altruistic Loan Company," he told Abe, with a face—without any effort at all—empty of emotion and hard. And, like some well-oiled, finely tuned machine, he grabbed Abe by the neck with his left hand, punched him twice in his surprised but still accommodating face with his right hand and, when Abe was on the floor, moaning, coughing, pointing feebly to what he murmured was a bum ticker, David kicked him in the chin and heard a bone crack, though he had aimed for his shoulder. Then he fled to the street, past a screaming woman carrying an armload of smelly clothes and around the corner to where his car was parked. His instructions were to drive to his cabin and wait there till they contacted him, but he went to their home and continued to knock on the

door till the upstairs light was turned on. Sylvia let him in with a remark that alluded to his unique idiocy, but he brushed past her and searched through a few cabinets till he came up with an unopened bottle of Scotch. He had downed three quick drinks from the bottle by the time Georgie, in his pajamas and yawning, dragged himself downstairs.

"We've created a Frankenstein," Sylvia said, pointing at David, who was now filling up a tumbler of Scotch.

"I've nearly killed a man tonight," David said, drinking up. "I'm through with you both. I've had it, which is all I came here to tell you."

"So who's asking you for more favors?" Sylvia said. "Go home. Sleep it off. Even take that ten-dollar bottle of Scotch, if you want."

"I can't go home. They'll find me. I've been recognized," and he glanced around as if other people were spying at him from behind sofas and chairs. "I've got to stay here—just until you get your money from Goff and I my money from you—and then I'll be heading East and out of your way for good."

"You're heading nowhere but home," Sylvia said, "and you're never going East. You're into us for more counts than a police blotter could hold. Even Abe the cleaning man will testify on our behalf. At least he knows the rules of this game, which is just another thing you're too damn smart to be aware of. Now, enough. Your college security is gone, so realize that. It was an illusion, anyway, because you haven't got the heart and mind for college life, as you do for our kind of work. Be satisfied you're a decent enough criminal with a financially secure future ahead of you and you'll be happy with your lot," and she headed upstairs. "Lock up after you get him to leave, Georgie, sweet."

Georgie didn't much like the prospect of that. Stepping back a few inches and smiling like a preacher saying goodbye to his congregation at the church's front door, he said "Come on, son, now go home peaceably. We don't aim for no rough stuff."

"Why not?" David said, stumbling forward drunkenly. "Get tough. Throw me out, you skinny wreck. I'm just as crafty as the two of you now and surely as mean." He slapped Georgie in the face—not a very hard slap, as he felt a little sorry for the sickly guy, another victim, in a way; but Georgie's reaction to it was as if he'd received a powerful blow to the teeth. "See what you created?" David taunted him. "A monster of Frankenstein's, rather than the doctor himself, and vicious, cunning, mean." He slapped him again, this time so hard that Georgie reeled back and nearly toppled over. "See what you made me do, Georgie boy? I was just an honest thief when you met me—petty stuff, barely



*"It's neither a Nehru nor a Mao.
It's a Father Gilhooley."*

out of my diapers. Now I'm a man full of rage and violence, perhaps even a possible killer." Georgie sensed something ominous and dropped back but was too slow and David's foot caught him square in the groin. When Georgie fell to the floor, clutching his belly, David pounced on him, howling like a wild man and tearing at Georgie's thin hair, and then turned Georgie over on his back and began slapping his face so swiftly that both his hands became one whirling propeller motion in the air.

Sylvia, running and screaming hysterically all the way from her bedroom upstairs, leaped on David's back like a barroom brawler and tried to pry him off her husband. "Let go of him, you big boob. Let go or you'll kill him," and she scratched, punched and tore at David's head till he rolled over in a semisaint and lay face up on the floor peering at their crystal chandelier.

David remained on the floor, pretending to be unconscious. Through a slight parting of his eyelids, he saw Georgie sit up and take a drink as he whispered to Sylvia whether she was going to call the police as she had said.

"Not the police, sweetheart, but the unemployment office you can be sure I'll call. You want him to get away with what he done to us?"

Georgie just shook his head. He was still in so much pain that even the liquor tasted bad.

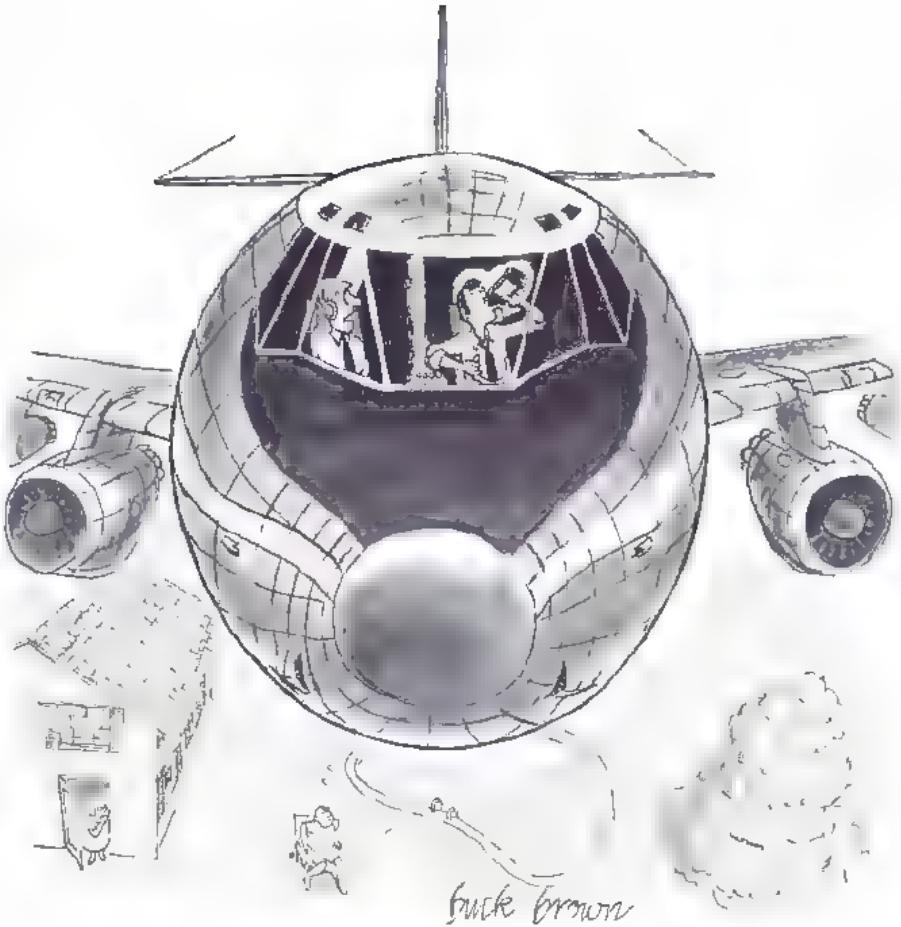
"And if he's so stupid as to blab about us, we'll say, 'Sure, we knew that horrible young man. Met him at the state office myself and tried to mend his ways and lead him back to the Lord's path. But then we saw that the Devil was hopelessly inside the boy, laughing at us, besides Mr. Knopps' being one incorrigible pathological liar himself!'"

"But who we going to have work for us? Even if Abe pays off, we won't have enough money for long, and I'm in no condition now to find a job."

"A woman," Sylvia said, as if she'd been thinking over the solution for a week. "Women are more dependable and gullible, carry out orders better and take more guff. And they aren't potential murderers and maniacs, as all these overpressed students."

"Make her a blonde," Georgie said. "They're always prettier and get away with more, and they're weaker in spirit, I read someplace."

"And this one I'll find at the city art museum. We want a cultured one I'll put on my old lady's costume, Grandma Moses mask and go up to some starry eyed single girl and make small talk about beautiful paintings and things. Then I'll mention all the antique jewelry I have, that being the rage among girl intellectuals these days, and say how I don't need it, my being old and not



Buck Brown

"Ed —you wanna talk about it???"

so pretty anymore. And once she's over here, I'll give her the jewelry, then contact her and say unless she does us a small favor, I'm calling the police to report she stole the jewelry from me. I'm sure a beautiful young woman will be able to give us a job that five Davids couldn't carry out."

"Ten Davids," Georgie said jubilantly. "Twenty Davids, even. Now you're using your brains, love. Now we're really going to hustle us up some cash." He handed her some Scotch and raised his own glass for a toast. "To beautiful young women," he said.

"To beautiful young women," she answered, "and no more brilliant young men," and they clinked glasses, gulped down their drinks and, laughing and giggling excitedly, poured themselves another.

David stood up, patting the back of his neck, which Sylvia had opened up with her two-inch fingernails. But the Peartrees kept on drinking and toasting, not even giving an indication that they knew he was still in the room. He grabbed the Scotch away from them, guzzled straight from the bottle and yelled, "Bastards. Lunatics. Animals. You'll never get away with your schemes—not in a

dozen years." But Sylvia only cupped her free hand to her ear and asked Georgie if he recognized the kind of bird that was cooing from the tree outside the loggia window and pulled out an unopened bottle from a case of Scotch underneath the couch and poured them each another.

David, still furious, picked up the bottle of Scotch and ran out of the house. He went home packed his clothes and drove East, where, with unexpected ease, he got an instructor's job at a new branch of the State University of New York.

With equal ease, he outwitted his students, conned deans and department heads and within a few short years became an associate professor and a power in the department. Sometimes, when people asked him about his astonishing success, he'd reply, "If you can graduate from Peartree College in one piece, you can do anything." Ambitious students eager to find the magic short cut would then ask him where Peartree was.

"Out West, man, out West," David always replied. "But it's tough. It's a sort of Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, like. In its own field. They'd never let you in."



THE TROUBLE WITH MACHINES

said, "Don't drive so fast! I'm carsick."

"Carsick?" asked Bill. "How can you be any kind of sick? You're a machine. A robot built to look like a refrigerator."

"I have feelings," said the next note. "Don't talk to me so harshly."

"Me harsh? You've been dropping nasty remarks since we left Mackinson's damn lab."

"Everyone yearns to communicate. Don't scorn me for having a deep need to express my thoughts and emotions."

To get a machine such as Maximo—a present anyway, though Bogman/Carlquist was working on it—you had to deal with eccentric people like Dr. Mackinson. The doctor had programmed a lot of useless stuff into Maximo's brain, including the entire contents of the Great Books. And Dr. Mackinson had built into Maximo someplace inside himself the ability to print notes, to make comments. Another useless function; but you couldn't argue with the mavericks like Dr. Mackinson.

Bill watched the far lane of the six-lane speedway for some guidepost to indicate they should turn off for Carlquist. Finally he asked the machine, "Did that crash we had hurt you, Maximo?"

"Maximo is a harsh name. A fittingly brutal name for a killer."

"Don't start having quibbles already." Bill saw CARLQUIST PRIVATE ESTATE NEXT LEFT NO ADMITTANCE in the rolling mist and swung the Volkswagen bus carefully into the leftmost lane. The crash jolted you, didn't it? Because, look, you're a machine. A machine we want to do just one simple thing for us, Maximo."

"The trouble with machines," said Maximo's next note, "is that they don't care."

The stopping at the Carlquist Estate was slowing the whole job down and now Maximo might even need repairs. That damned muckraker Lionel Mitchum was sitting in his testing center in Santa Riorita Beach, ready to rip the lid the rest of the way off the whole appliance business. And here was Maximo built to solve the problem. Getting them together, though, was taking much too long.

"Death and killing," printed Maximo. "The oldest profession. My soul sickens when I realize what I am being thrust into."

Bill didn't answer. The little bus began climbing the pebbled road that wound uphill to guarded walls of Con Carlquist's estate. Eucalyptus trees and transplanted redwoods framed the tight twisting roadway. Maximo handed over two more notes and Bill ignored them. He was hoping the robot would joggle back to normal before the interview. The road was bumpy enough.

Bill stopped the bus too close to the solid beam gates and that made the guard drop the taco he'd been eating.

(continued from page 105)

The green-uniformed man let the taco stay in the ferns along the high stone wall. He snatched up a burp gun from the kitchen stool beside him and approached Bill.

"Sorry," Bill said out into the tumbling fog.

"Easy," said the mustached guard. "Keep the mitts in sight, buster. No fancy stuff or I start dealing out death with my roscoe."

"I thought it was pistols they called roscoes," said Bill. "I'm Bill Majors. The entrance password is: 019,141 198 572."

The guard grinned, lowering the gun barrel. "2004,218 241. Is that the countersign?"

"240 at the end. Otherwise, OK."

"Welcome aboard, Mr. Majors. Lunch is in half an hour." He tilted his head, his misted mustache serving as a point of view. "I guess she, up atop the wall there, distracted you and caused you to almost drive into me and send me crashing through the hot lunges of the Devil's domain. Am I correct?"

Sitting on the wall with her long bare legs hanging over the edge, was the feverish blonde who had caused Bill to get distracted before and drive into the soybean truck. "How can she sit up there? Isn't there broken glass on top?"

"She's Beverly Lee Tate," the guard explained. "Mr. Carlquist's private secretary. Watch out for her. Mr. Majors because dames can be deadly."

"You must read a lot of—"

"Hard boiled detective stories. Right. I have my own facsimile printer in my quarters. I buy four a day. Well, you'd best drive on in."

"But how does she manage to sit up there?"

"Had me clear a place for her. Nobody argues with Beverly Lee Tate. She likes to lounge up there and watch if any young fellows drive up to the gates, though they seldom do."

"Oh," said Bill. He started the bus and rolled onto the estate grounds after the guard had worked all the combination locks and swung the high thick gates slowly open.

* * *

Con Carlquist moved his wineglass and fingered a toggle beside his plate. "This is linked with our computer center in Santa Ana," he said across the soft white lunch table to Bill. "We used to have to time share our computers with a lending library in Gardena. When I assumed full control of Bogman/Carlquist, I smoothed functions out." He was tall, grinning, the wrinkles on his 60-year-old face white on his sunburned skin.

"I already know the Lionel Mitchum situation pretty well," said Bill. Carlquist's chair was in front of a glass wall showing the thick forests of the estate, the gingerbread guest chalets and the

low geodesic storage warehouses. The mist spun and danced in the wind from the forest. Bill turned away from Carlquist and the view.

Beverly Lee Tate smiled at him. She had a miniaturized conference recorder sitting in the palm of one slender warm hand and she was stroking it absently, the way you stroke a pet lizard. "We don't need any more info input. Con. Forget about whatever else our computers have on file. Mr. Majors has outlined the how and why of things. I think his ideas for getting Maximo into Lionel Mitchum's private testing lab are fine. Provided we can be sure the key man on the consumer board is working for us."

"He is, certainly," said Bill. "We have his written agreement. It's even notarized."

"Wasn't that risky?" asked Carlquist.

"He had his own notary seal," explained Bill. "Mr. Carlquist as soon as you inspect Maximo, I know you'll be more than satisfied."

"That's right, Con," said the blonde girl.

"You play tennis a lot?" Bill asked her.

"No, not at all. I just like to wear shorts."

"That Lionel Mitchum," said Carlquist, his grin expanding and contracting. "That no-good muckraking bastard. We can't afford to have that book of his, that *Infernal Machines*, come out. His magazine articles have done us enough harm. Bogman/Carlquist can't drop any further. If only the Government had cooperated more openly. We've had seven decades of these guys, Stevens, Sinclair, Packard and Nader, and still Washington won't give us a law against muckraking. Well, nobody's going to do Bogman/Carlquist that."

"We all agree, Con," said Beverly Lee. "The solution Mr. Majors has come up with is excellent."

"Actually," said Bill, "the solution is a joint effort of myself and my superiors in the trouble-shooting department of the San Francisco office of Bogman/Carlquist. We all worked on the research and the tracking down and negotiating with Dr. Mackinson."

"What's Dr. Mackinson like?" asked the blonde Beverly Lee.

"He's short," said Bill.

"The man's made a half dozen other robots," said Carlquist, "for similar jobs, as I understand."

"Right," said Bill, "and each one has been successful. Once we place Maximo in Lionel Mitchum's testing rooms, we're set. To our muckraking friend, Maximo will appear on the surface to be a regular 1974 model refrigerator, sky blue shade."

"The industry is calling that shade bluebell blue this year," corrected Carlquist.

"Sorry, yes, bluebell blue. So Lionel Mitchum thinks Maximo is simply

another dangerous shoddy appliance, a target for his forthcoming exposé book."

"However," said Beverly Lee. "Maximo only seems to be a refrigerator. He's also a highly mobile robot, with powerful hands and limbs. Programmed to stalk, hunt and kill."

"To kill only Mitchum," said Carlquist. "Isn't that right, Majors?"

Bill hesitated. Dr. Mackinson was vague. Bill's superiors had hinted that Maximo had done something to one of Dr. Mackinson's part-time cleaning women during the testing stages. Bill hadn't favored driving over 100 miles with Maximo, but it fit in with the carefully constructed cover stories they'd built. "Yes, that's correct, Mr. Carlquist."

"Very good." The grin flexed. "We'll take care of Lionel Mitchum. And Maximo is also designed, I have been led to believe, to destroy Mitchum's files and burn down the guy's whole setup. All of which will give the outside world the notion Lionel Mitchum went too far in testing some dubious appliance and got himself frizzled."

Beverly Lee rose, knifing one slender arm straight into the air and stretching so her breasts rose under the tenuous jersey. "The public will realize you shouldn't mess around too much with machines, that you should simply accept them."

"Let's get out to your van now and take a good look at this Maximo," said

Carlquist. "If you've had enough lunch."

"Perhaps a little more tempura?" asked Beverly Lee.

"Since you're all standing," Bill said, getting up, "we can go now."

"Excellent," said the warm girl.

The Volkswagen bus was parked beneath a thick dark tree and circled by chill mist. "You understand," Bill said as they approached. "Maximo may be surely. It's tied in with the killer instinct."

"All the better," said Carlquist.

Beside the blonde girl, Bill asked, "Aren't you cold without a coat?"

"No. My body temperature always remains an even one hundred. Cold never bothers me."

Bill opened the back of the bus. Maximo was not there. "He's run off," mumbled Bill. He reached in and picked up the yellow note resting where Maximo had stood.

"He really is mobile," said Carlquist.

Beverly Lee Tate took the note out of Bill's hand. "'Goodbye to all this!' What's that mean, Bill?"

"Well," said Bill.

The mustached guard raised his flashlight and searchlighted the thick night fog. "Did Carlquist give you a tongue lashing?" he asked Bill.

"Not exactly." But if they didn't find Maximo soon, Bill's job with the San Francisco office of Bogman-Carlquist

wouldn't be there anymore.

A party of six assorted Carlquist Estate employees passed Bill's group of five. "Anything?" asked the mustached guard, whose name was Greyfriar.

"We checked storage warehouse number one and storage warehouse number two," called the associate gardener. "No sign. You?"

"Nothing yet."

A pastry chef shivered. "I don't like it. A crazy refrigerator roaming the grounds. It's spooky."

Bill shook his head. He had wanted to search for Maximo by himself. Too many people meant a chance of a leak. But Con Carlquist was mad, and anxious and willing to risk security for results. "He's really harmless," Bill told the two parties of men. "Things have been built up out of proportion."

Leaves crackled downhill and another guard came running up through the trees. "Good Lord!" he said.

"What?" asked Greyfriar.

"Good Lord, good Lord!"

"He's seen something creepy," said the pastry chef, shining his lantern on the shaking guard.

"He got Curly," said the guard.

"Curly?"

"That refrigerator got Curly," said the thin man, his head ticking. "Good Lord! The refrigerator broke into Curly's quarters and strangled him with those funny

little hands. Good Lord! I saw it through the open door. There was no time to save Curly, so I escaped by way of the rumpus-room window."

"Is the machine still down there?" asked Greyfriar, his mustache pointing.

"He set fire to the chalet me and Curly and Buck live in. You can just barely see it if the fog lifts. Downhill, blazing like a bonfire. We'd better get it put out before the fire spreads."

"That refrigerator," said the pastry chef. "It's gone too far now. Let's forget about capturing it. We should smash it good, knock it down and jump up and down on it and rip out its works and scatter them."

"Now, wait," put in Bill. "Mr. Carlquist wants Maximo found, not destroyed."

"You didn't see Curly, buddy," said the thin guard.

"Let's get that damn thing," someone yelled. "Damn lousy machine!"

"First we get the fire under control," said Greyfriar. "Then we can run that fridge to ground and fix it for good."

"No, now," said Bill. "It's awfully expensive, remember." He moved aside as the men began to run down through the misty forest. "Use discretion with him," he called. He'd have to find Maximo himself and talk him back into the bus.

Beyond the woods were more chalets and storage domes. The first dome Bill searched was filled with Carlquist's past hobbies. Cardboard boxes packed with foreign-stamp approval sheets, knick-knack shelves thick with crystal cats, packing crates overflowing with stuffed birds and the articulated skeletons of reptiles. But no Maximo. Bill wandered through and around the dusty dome, his flashlight swinging slowly in his hand. Outside, he could hear, at a distance, the search parties fighting the chalet fire. As he left the storage dome, the wind suddenly blew the fog high above the tree tops and Bill noticed an apple orchard to his left. He entered it, calling softly, "Maximo."

Fog was seeping down thick through the tree branches again. A red and yellow lady apple rolled across the soft ground and bonked Bill's ankle. Off on the left, a muffled whir sounded and something tapped cautiously against the bark of a tree. "Maximo, is that you?" Bill asked carefully. He moved toward the subdued humming. "Don't make too much noise, if that is you, because there are bunches of guys out there who want to dismantle you."

He bumped into something blue. Bill felt with the palm of his hand. A tiny arm caught his sleeve and gave him a yellow note. "Where am I?"

"What have you got now, amnesia? Don't you remember setting fire to Curly's chalet?"

Maximo produced another memo-sized note. "I don't remember anything

after you made that dumb mistake and drove into the garbage truck."

"It was a produce truck. We haven't got time to debate the details now, though. You've been on a rampage and there are all kinds of guys running around this estate, looking for you with lanterns and torches." Bill took hold of one of Maximo's springy arms. "I don't know if I'll be able to talk them out of doing you violence, so we better try to sneak back to the main house. Carlquist should be able to keep anybody from hurting you."

"You're more worried about screwing up another job than you are about my welfare."

"No more note passing, Maximo. And try to whir as quietly as you can. Are you able to bend down some? Or at least hunker a little?"

The big blue refrigerator let itself fall forward and little running wheels appeared at its four corners. "Thanks to you, I have to crawl around a crab-apple orchard on my stomach."

Bill crumpled the note into his coat pocket. He listened, heard nothing of the search parties. "We'll head over that way, Maximo, through the trees and up by that row of chalets. This bunch of houses seems to be dark—nobody there. We can pick up the bridle paths and get the hell back to the big house. Want me to help you steer yourself?"

Maximo gave a growl and they started through the misty orchard. The robot had some trouble cornering but otherwise moved well in the horizontal position. They cleared the orchard and began climbing over thick wet grass, through tangles of dry-leaved underbrush. Bill realized the machine had halted when he stumbled over it.

A warm slender hand picked him off the turf. "Bill, come this way."

It was Beverly Lee Tate, still in tennis shorts and jersey. "I've got to get Maximo back to the main house," Bill told her.

"You won't be able to, the men are closing in." She pointed at the fog, half turning. "My chalet is just up there. Hurry, you can both hide there." She squeezed his hand, turned fully and hurried away.

"OK," agreed Bill. He nudged the refrigerator and Maximo stood upright and ran through the fog after Beverly Lee.

The long lean girl had turned on one low lamp in the rustic living room. "Bolt the door," she told Bill.

"If they look in here," Bill said after locking the door and closing the quilt-print curtains, "it's going to look strange. With a big refrigerator standing in the middle of the living room."

The girl crossed to a redwood door and opened it, fingering on a faint bluish light. "Get in the kitchen, Maximo. Purloined-letter sort of logic. No-

body will notice a refrigerator in the kitchen, even an extra one. Hurry."

Maximo rolled across the Navaho rugs and into the kitchen. When the door closed on the machine, Bill could still see a strip of blue light along the floor. "It's warm in here," he said.

Beverly Lee lowered herself to a leather sofa, put her bare tan knees tight together and cupped them with her hands. "I worked out the heating system myself. It's—to simplify considerably—a sort of transistorized sauna system. I'm fond of steam."

Bill leaned as the girl raised herself. He kissed her. It was slightly unsettling, like standing too close to a sun lamp. He was moving his hand toward her waist when he heard a great ratcheting noise from the kitchen. "Hey," he said.

Beverly Lee cupped warm hands over his ears and kissed him again. "It's only Maximo settling in."

She stretched back on the leather sofa. Putting a knee on the middle cushion, Bill started to swing his other foot up off the floor. He stopped. From under the kitchen door, a small silver balance wheel came rolling. "A cogwheel just rolled out of your kitchen, Beverly Lee."

"Ignore it," the girl said softly.

The little wheel spun across one rug and collapsed on the second. Bill crossed and picked it up. "This looks like it could be part of Maximo." He held the wheel up to the girl. "Beverly Lee, is this part of Maximo?"

The girl sat up and folded her arms under her breasts. She shrugged.

Bill grabbed the knob and yanked the kitchen door open. A wide earth-brown stove scurried across the floor and with tiny arms, studded scraps of metal into its open oven. "You can't," Bill stared to say.

The stove stopped, back in place against the blue-lit wall. Its oven roared for a second with an intense flame. Through the view window, Bill witnessed the last of Maximo burn away.

"Your stove," he said at the doorway.

"Yes," replied Beverly Lee. "I built it about six months ago. I've done considerable research in the field of applied heat. I like warmth, as you know."

"A robot stove that can kill," said Bill.

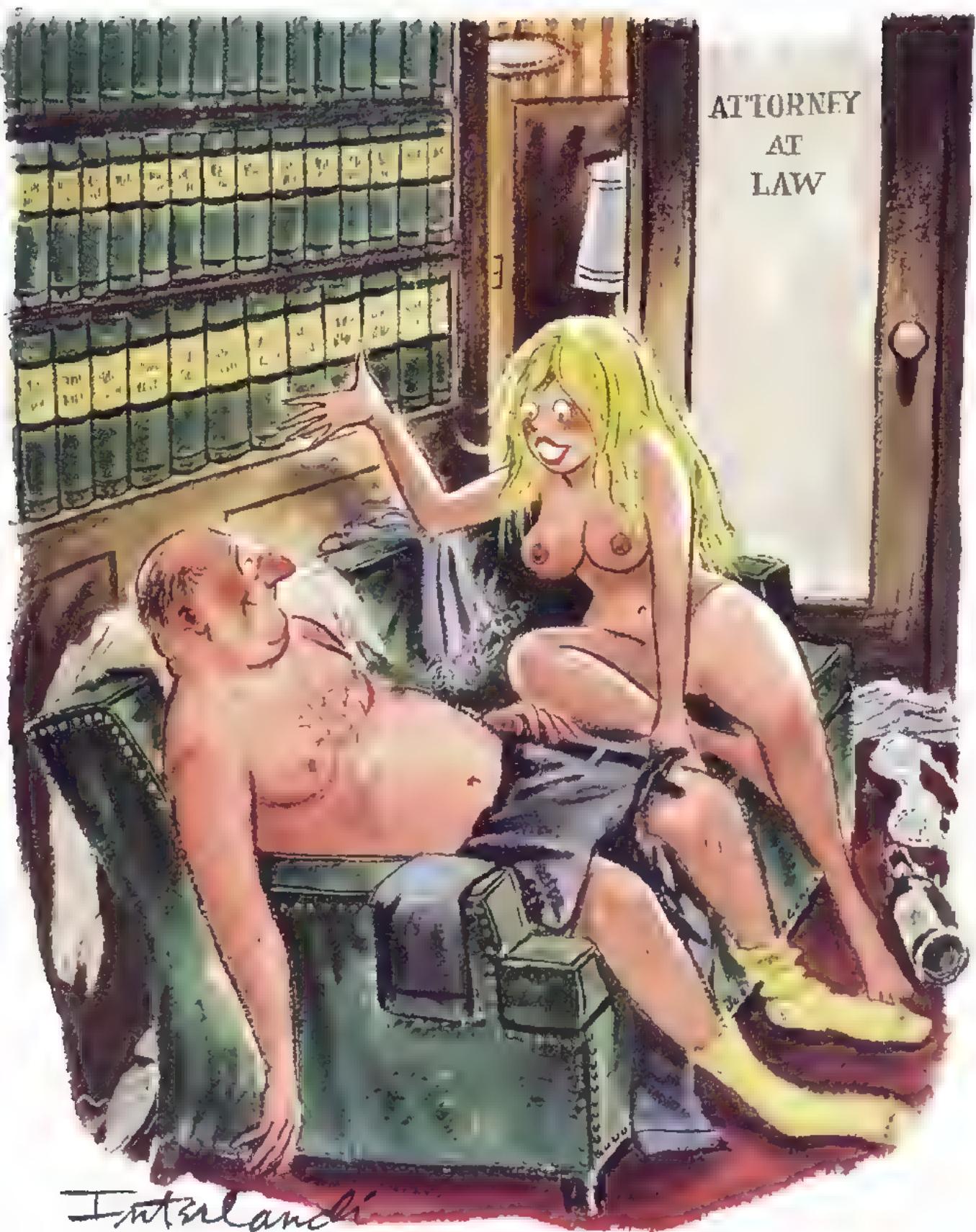
"It doesn't kill people. I don't agree with Dr. Mackinson's notions about that," she said. "A machine that kills violates the rules of robotics, I feel. No, I built the stove in anticipation of Maximo."

"Oh, so?"

"If he hadn't gone goofy, I'd have had both of you in here hours ago."

"But Carlquist," said Bill. He went closer to the big stove. It said ~~hotpoint~~ over its oven.

"I don't really work for Con Carlquist," said Beverly Lee. She leaned against the kitchen door jamb. "Companies like Bogman/Carlquist still don't have any use for a girl with my kind of quirky



ATTORNEY
AT
LAW

Introducing

"Well, that's how it happened. Do you think I have a case?"

► **HOME PLATE**
thermal notions. Nor do they have much in the way of ethics."

"Ethics? You just now murdered a pretty expensive machine."

"To keep it from going down and killing Lionel Mitchum," said the warm girl. "You seem to think that your kind of industrial espionage works only one way."

"You're—what did they call it in my business spying class—you're a double agent," Bill told her. "You're working here and for Mitchum, too."

"Of course, Lionel Mitchum didn't get where he is by being a sitting duck." She backed away. From behind the sofa she pulled a tan suitcase.

"Boy," said Bill, "how can I tell Bogman/Carlquist that a stove ate my refrigerator?"

"I have to get away now," said Beverly Lee.

"I guess I'm out of a job."

"Can I give you a ride anywhere?"

"I still have the VW bus."

"If you go back to get it, you'll have to talk to Con Carlquist."

"I suppose there are job opportunities around Santa Riorita Beach," Bill

reflected. "That where you're heading?"

"Initially."

"Can we both fit on your motor scooter?"

"Sure. Come on."

Bill followed the girl out of the chalet. "I was thinking about leaving Bogman/Carlquist after the first of the year, anyway."

Beverly Lee cut around the house to where her scooter was parked. They passed below the kitchen window and Bill noticed that the glass had been smashed out. In a rosebush, surrounded by a sprinkling of glass, was a small yellow memo. It must have been written by Maximo just before he was dismantled. Bill reached out and pulled the note free.

"Yes," Beverly Lee said, "maybe this is the chance you needed to really start that climb."

Bill read the message. "Another fine mess, you *schmuck*," it said. He folded it into his pocket and climbed onto the back of the motor scooter.



"If certain situations aren't rectified by the end of the month, we'll form a steering committee that will file a formal protest with the state penal system. Pass it on."

EXPLORING A NEW CITY

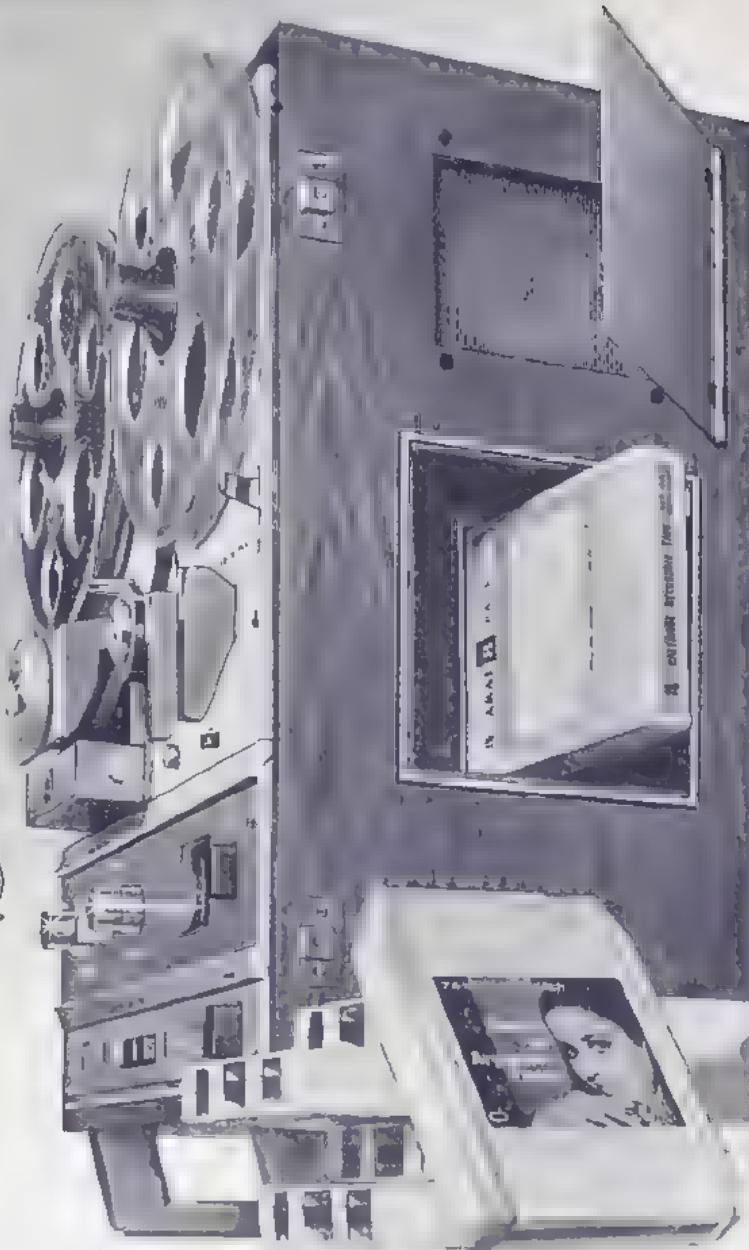
(continued from page 104)

describing the cuisine and location of the better restaurants; and if there isn't one in your room, the desk will help you. And don't be bashful about asking for the unusual. I was once told about a country-side restaurant, located 25 miles outside Florence, that catered to the knowledgeable and enormous appetites of a leading Italian soccer team. The meal was well worth the drive.

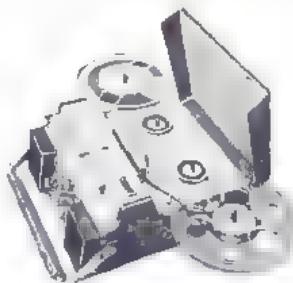
If I'm in a city that's plentifully equipped with sidewalk cafés, I'll take note of the attractive-looking ones while riding around and choose one to return to another day. If there are canals or rivers, I'll seek out a restaurant or pub with a patio on the bank, and if I'm in a seaside city with a rural coast line close by, I'll drive until I find an open-air cafe on the beach.

If there's no attractive or interesting waterfront in the vicinity but there is a large park, I might take a horse-drawn cab into the interior for a quiet lunch by a swan pond shaded by willows. If my hotel had a particularly good kitchen, I'd get a couple of lunches and some champagne packed in a hamper and just head for a meadow full of long grass. If you're in Vienna during the summer, for instance, drive to Kahlenberg and the Vienna Woods—or almost anywhere else outside the city. Park just off the highway near a slope and let your senses luxuriate in Austria's matchless pastoral landscape.

In most cases, big-city entertainment is fairly standard: cabaret, discos, native dance and song, concerts, strip tease, cinema (check to see if English-speaking productions are subtitled—in which case, they'll run with the original English sound track or dubbed in the local language) and pub—or outdoor café—hopping. Additionally, most big cities, especially in Europe, have ballet and opera companies and repertory theater, which can be enjoyable even if you don't speak the language. Some towns explode into life when it gets dark and others just yawn at ten o'clock and turn out the lights. It's no great hardship if you find yourself in one of the latter—not for the first night, anyway, because the town is still new and full of mysteries, even if you are the only sign of life on the streets. But it does get a bit tiresome by the second and third nights. If I find myself in that sort of predicament and if the hotel staff can't offer any advice, I call up the local office of the airline that carried me there and ask the sales manager or anyone else I can get hold of: "Where is it all going on?" I point out that I'm there because his airline's advertising convinced me I should be there and that his company therefore has some sort of obligation to make sure I enjoy myself. This works often enough to be worth trying; but sometimes, after I



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Lufthansa
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have pointed this out, they hang up. Sometimes they laugh before they hang up. When that happens, it means nothing is going on. It may also mean they don't know where the action is.

If you come from a city like New York which keeps rocking for prey close to 24 hours a day, it can be pretty disconcerting to arrive in a large city over seas and find yourself with nowhere to go and plenty of energy when midnight comes along. So ask around or you'll have to resort to driving about looking for crowds, when you find a lot of reasonably attractive people diving into the same backlit doorway follow them and hope you find music. If you know how to track such sport, you may wind up at the place: In Acapulco, Le Club, the town's leading *discothèque*, is set off the main drive; the only way to know you've arrived is by suddenly coming upon a cluster of sports cars parked nearby.

In the kind of city that lights up only when the sun goes down, you'll have a good idea of what the main after-hours diversions are and where to find them or at least you should, if you know anything about the place before you get there. To find out which restaurants, *discothèques* and night clubs are currently the most fashionable, some people get the gossip columns translated from local newspapers and magazines and others, if they're in the capital, call their own embassy. Embassy officials, naturally enough, have a fairly thorough knowledge of the city they're based in and will often be happy to help you out. If you're visiting a nation where American tourist traffic is minimal, you may even wind up getting information over lunch with an embassy staff member.

Your own vocation is as good a guide as any to where you'll find friends among people with your own interests. If, for example, you drive a sports car or restore antique cars as a hobby, you might find a members' club in town. Your university club might have a reciprocal hospitality agreement with overseas clubs. If you're in television or advertising or for that matter, engineering or accounting, find out whether there's an affiliate organization in the town you're visiting. If you work for a newspaper, find the offices of the town's biggest daily and look for the bar nearest to it. And if you want to swing with the jet set, find out where the local chapter congregates and be prepared to tip the maître de lavishly in return for the kind of table—and attentive service—that in itself constitutes a proper introduction.

I've sometimes found that the highlight of my trip to a new city has been a visit to a night club or a restaurant that is universally condemned by "sophisticated" travelers because "all the tourists go there." I've been surprised to find that the food in these establishments is often excellent, which is perhaps why



"*A pox on these summer weight suits!*"

the tourists like it. Tourist traps, like the Mafia, have gone respectable, but if you do happen to see a man standing outside a curtained doorway dressed in a shiny suit and patent leather shoes and shouting at people through a megaphone, walk on by. Strip joints, not so much in Amsterdam but especially in Loudon, employ very volatile and persuasive barkers, who make it their business never to divulge the full cover charge. You find out what it costs by the time three men have relieved you of sums of money that escalate as you get closer to the stage.

All tourists have to recognize that one of their functions is to be victimized by the natives. It is an old tradition and is most effectively applied to people making their first visit somewhere. They will be conned for the duration, but it is usually nothing to get agitated about and most of us don't even know when it's happening, so light and skillful is the touch. The French rob us when we go to Paris and we rob them when they get off the boat in New York. The last cabdriver who took me from Kennedy Airport into Manhattan asked me (before setting the meter) if I knew how much the fare would be. I lied and said no, knowing that it would be close to eight dollars but curious to watch him operate. "That's twenty-five dollars," he said, studying my foolish English face in his rearview mirror with considerable approval. "How much would it be," I asked. "if you took the Van Wyck to the Long Island Expressway, followed that to the Midtown Tunnel then across to Fifth and straight down to Washington Square, with the meter on?" We didn't talk for the rest of the journey, but I gave him a big tip because I felt guilty.

Since these words are not a guide to a specific city, it's obviously not possible to give specific advice. Your travel plans should be tailored to the city you're visiting. Toward this end, and toward the happy exploration of any new city, the best advice is to do as much legwork, in advance and sitting down, as you've time for. Consult as many sources as you can, be they guidebooks, your travel agent's itinerary planned for you, travel memoirs, brochures, etc. And talk to people who have been there. They needn't be close friends, either. If you're an astute observer, you'll know from your informant's manner of dress, speech, preferences in restaurants and movies, the degree to which his interests and tastes conform to your own.

Remember, once you've got where you're going, you'll be at the mercy of your own research; and if you haven't done it adequately, you'll waste precious time getting the feel of things. But even if you're reading it aboard a ship or a plane or even comfortably ensconced in a hotel room abroad and you haven't done your homework, don't despair: Start asking questions. It's not only helpful it's often an excellent way to find a companion-guide. The loneliness so many visitors feel in a new city is simply explained: Most of us are gregarious, a shared experience means more than a solo one, seeing sights is no substitute for meeting people. Most strangers like to be helpful—it makes them feel good. Be guided by this universal adage: "At the tip of the tongue lives the world." Speak and ye shall be spoken to. And have a good time.

ON THE SCENE

MOSHE SAFDIE *force of habitat*

LAST YEAR, the London *Times* described Moshe Safdie as "one of the most brilliant architects in the world, the rightful heir to Le Corbusier." The recipient of this extravagant accolade is the designer of Habitat—Expo 67's sprawling show place of city housing somewhat reminiscent of American pueblo cliff dwellings. Just 30 years old, Israeli-born Safdie went to Canada in 1954 and a year later enrolled at Montreal's McGill University, where he conceived the idea of a modular housing system that led eventually to Habitat. A cellular construction of concrete blocks, fabricated on the spot and hoisted into a complex configuration on a steel-framed "hill," Habitat gives each apartment what Safdie calls "the essentials of a complete environment"—privacy, fresh air, sunlight, garden, identity and choice. Each unit is angled to get some sun every day; each roof is someone else's garden; and the interior design—size, shape and even location of rooms—is almost infinitely flexible. A balanced community, he believes, must combine the functions of living, industry, commerce, entertainment and art in one integrated organism; Safdie's ideal city fully exploits this three-dimensional concept—upper levels for living, lower levels for artistic and commercial enterprises and the bottom for factories, garages and mass transportation. Many of these progressive features are incorporated in his current projects—all of them along Habitat's lines but, because of mass-production techniques, at a fraction of its cost. He has designed a major housing development for low- and moderate-income groups to be constructed in San Juan, Puerto Rico; he has been commissioned to create a waterfront community development in New York City; and he is one of three architects designing an avant-garde demonstration housing project in Washington, D.C. If these visionary prototypes for future cities continue to proliferate, Le Corbusier's heir apparent seems destined to leave behind him a protean architectural legacy of his own.





DUSTIN HOFFMAN graduate with honors

UNLIKE MOST SEMI-OBSCURE ACTORS, Dustin Hoffman didn't turn handsprings when the prospect of recognition and success, in the form of an offer from Mike Nichols to star in *The Graduate*, was dangled before him. "As soon as I read the part," he says, "I knew it was wrong for me. What Nichols needed was an all-American boy." Which is something the 30-year-old Hoffman—dark, middle-sized, with a face definitely not of the Tab Hunter type—is not. But he went to Hollywood anyway, stumbled through screen tests so disastrous that he fled back to New York the next day—and got the part, because his scrambled reactions and frazzled confusion were exactly what Nichols wanted. His near-flawless performance as the scholar-track hero whose four years in college had netted him a severe case of generation-gap trauma earned Hoffman an Oscar nomination. Unconvinced of his prospects even by the \$20,000 he got for the film, however, he started collecting unemployment insurance within weeks after completing shooting—a move typical of the staggering lack of confidence that has characterized him throughout his career. Dustin put in two years at the Pasadena Playhouse after dropping out of college and eventually landed in New York, where he became an attendant at the Psychiatric Institute ("I loved it, but I had to leave. All the patients were beating me at Scrabble"). After that came a series of off-Broadway character roles and his first movie part: a walk-on in *The Tiger Makes Out* that wound up on the cutting room floor but not before Mike Nichols saw rushes of it. Currently completing *Midnight Cowboy*, a film in which he plays a crippled con man—and cast as the title lead in Murray Schisgal's upcoming play *Jimmy Show*, Hoffman still tends to dismiss his achievements. "It's like playing poker and getting a royal flush—you win the pot, but that doesn't mean you wind up the big winner." Most critics are betting the hands he's played so far are only the beginning of a long hot streak.



ROONE ARLEDGE spectacular sportsman

IN OCTOBER, the American Broadcasting Company will embark on its most ambitious video venture to date—televisioning 42 hours of Olympic competition from Mexico City to the U.S., most of it live, all of it in color. The man most responsible for ABC-TV's presence in Mexico this fall is Roone Arledge, 37, who was recently named president of ABC Sports and who in April celebrated his seventh anniversary as producer and creator of ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. "Our Summer Olympic coverage," says Arledge, "will be the biggest remote telecast ever attempted. Over 300 ABC staffers and 45 color cameras will be on hand to record the action." The televising of sports hasn't always been so spectacular. "When I left NBC to join ABC Sports in 1960," the Columbia University graduate recalls, "friends warned me I'd soon hate it. The procedure then for televising a baseball game, for example, was to take three cameras to the ball park, period." The inventive Arledge changed all that. He's championed the use of such innovations as slow motion and instant color replays, split screen techniques and hand-held color cameras—making it often more rewarding to watch an event on TV than in person. Arledge has videotaped 96 sports emanating from 29 nations, but he has no trouble remembering his most dramatic telecast. "The 1963 U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet took place in Russia at a tense historic moment—Averell Harriman was negotiating the nuclear-test ban treaty, and he and Khrushchev had come to see Valery Brumel try for a new world's high-jump record. When Brumel breezed over seven feet, the stadium went berserk. I looked at Khrushchev and Harriman and they were jumping up and down and hugging each other. Those two men were deciding the fate of the world, yet one man jumping over a pole was able to overcome all their differences. I guess that's precisely why I'm so drawn to sports." This contagious enthusiasm also explains why millions are tuned in to Arledge's athletic odyssey.

PLAYBOY FORUM (*continued from page 42*)

is now considering allowing the same privilege for married women prisoners.

As for guards' attempting to drill prep-holes in ceilings, this might, admittedly, be a problem; but wardens are paid to solve such problems.

STONY BROOK SORTIE

I quote from *Science* magazine, concerning the marijuana raids at the State University of New York at Stony Brook:

How the students perceive the events of recent weeks is difficult to assess, since they view them from many vantage points and with a variety of values. But a good many of them feel little but pure disgust for the performance of their elders. They know that the law proscribes drugs, but they regard the law as insane; and, furthermore, they wonder why, of all departures from law, the police single out the consumption of "pot" as the object of their crackdowns. "The Mafia's running loose around this country," said one student, "why don't they get the Mafia?"

The reporter for *Science* appears as baffled as the students—and so does *Playboy* when it discusses this issue. Why do the police waste so much time and manpower persecuting pot smokers? Why do they sporadically enforce insane and archaic sex laws? Why do they attack peace parades? Why are they seemingly devoted to a fanatic program of enforcing Victorian morality on jet age citizens? Are the fuzz really fuzzy-headed?

The answer, my friends, is not blowing in the wind but is written loud and clear in the question asked by the Stony Brook student. The police do all these imbecile things for one reason and one reason only: to distract attention from their utter and unmitigated failure to deal with organized crime.

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

"IRISH LSD"

In your commendable willingness to let the proponents of unpopular causes speak out in *The Playboy Forum*, you have allowed several acid and potheads to make disparaging remarks about booze. Let me say a few words in defense of this very powerful mind-expanding drug, which my circle fondly calls "Irish LSD." While it is true that one cannot achieve union with God through this beverage, one can achieve union with W. C. Fields. Furthermore, one often becomes hypersensitive and, as a result, can see the sorts of nuances and ironies in Fields' movies, which are completely missed by the squares who attend these films in a normal state of mind. In addition, W. C. is (or was) real, whereas

God is just a bogeyman who was invented by ancient kings to keep their subjects abject and obedient; therefore, the booze trance is more real than the acid trance. Finally, in the immortal words of the great Harvard psychologist William James, alcohol is "the poor man's mysticism." Only people rich enough to afford the best lawyers can safely dabble with glass and acid in the present Great Society.

Sean O'Brien
New York, New York

PRAYERS WON'T BRING PEACE

For some reason, every tragedy, such as the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., or Robert F. Kennedy, is met with an inevitable deluge of piety and prayers. Will men never learn the futility of placing their hopes for a better world in divine intervention in human affairs?

Throughout recorded history, men have been praying in hundreds of languages to all manner of gods for everything imaginable. Yet evil persists in the form of violence, poverty, disease and ignorance. A perusal of any daily newspaper should be enough to convince one that even if the petitions of the faithful are heard by some deity, his answers can't be depended upon.

If man wants to live in a peaceful world, he must realize that this will come about as the result of sound thinking and hard work, not from pious dreams. Man will be saved from his own destructive tendencies by himself or not at all. As Freud put it: "By withdrawing their expectations from the other world and concentrating all their liberated energies into their life on earth [men] will probably succeed in achieving a state of things in which life will become tolerable for everyone and civilization no longer oppressive to anyone."

Following Dr. King's murder, a clergy man told a group of city officials gathered for prayer that he didn't think all that piety was a fitting monument to the man. He was right. Martin Luther King was undoubtedly a prayerful man himself, but he will be remembered not for that fact but because he was a man whose life embodied his principles and who worked to magnify the good that lies within the heart of each man and to diminish the ill will that may be harbored therein.

Otto A. Steen
Bishop, California

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

I have just finished reading the May *Playboy Forum* letter from Knoxville, Tennessee, concerning racial violence. I suggest that the writer see a psychiatrist; he is slightly disoriented when he refers to "black savages." Perhaps it is he who is the savage.

It is this kind of disturbed person who is tearing America apart at the

seams. The next few years will be trying ones. I can only hope that all the people in this nation get together and try to solve our pressing racial problems.

Robert Jacobson
New Haven, Connecticut

PROMISE AND FULFILLMENT

I am disturbed by the fact that many of my black brothers feel that appropriate memorials to our assassinated leader, the late Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., should be rioting, arson and looting. On the other hand, I am even more disturbed by a country that spawns both black and white advocates of violence. I am sickened by the hypocrisy that preaches racial equality but, in fact, denies it to a substantial segment of its population.

The United States offers more individual freedom and opportunity than any other country in the world. How can it justify lower education standards, higher unemployment rates, limited housing opportunities and the eradication from its history of the contributions made by black people? How can it justify its treatment of other minority groups, such as the Indians and the Puerto Ricans?

After the last eloquent expression of praise for the late Dr. King has been voiced, will we once again return to the type of society that makes the last six words of our Pledge of Allegiance, "with liberty and justice for all," a hollow promise instead of a fact?

William Gold
East Orange, New Jersey

THE CARD'S NOT FOR BURNING

I have no particular use for draft-card burners or the segment of politics they represent, but making a big issue of card burning strikes me as being foolish and unnecessary. A little piece of cardboard does not in itself make a young man available for drafting and its destruction will not save him from being called to serve. The penalties for card burning merely create Vietcong martyrs; so why doesn't the Government forget the whole dung and we'll have more room in *The Playboy Forum* to discuss sex?

Capt. John H. Hook
APO San Francisco, California

MURDER THE MURDERER

Though I had read your rather astute views on capital punishment, I had not taken any particular stand on the subject until November 1, 1967, when my father was struck down. He was not hit merely for the sake of being robbed, but was brutally beaten with a piece of iron pipe to make sure that he could not be a witness against the criminals. He died the following morning, but not before he was able to give the police information that helped in the capture and the conviction of one of the killers.

My father, though not a saint, hardly

deserved this fate. Throughout his life, he gave money, food and clothing to many of his so-called friends. It was three of these friends who murdered him. Since then one has been convicted and sentenced to die in the gas chamber. The two others are up for trial soon.

You, in your grand manner and disconnected slop, would want me to say that his killers should be given a jail term during which they should be rehabilitated so they can return to society. It's easy (as I remember) to say noble things about capital punishment while on the outside looking in since you have never been touched personally by the horror. I wonder what your views would be if murder really came close to you. I have noticed that you have never interviewed families of the murder victims and asked what they would want done. It might be interesting to see how the other side feels. Instead of just listening to the so-called experts, listen to the real experts: Talk to the families who have had to view the mutilated bodies of their loved ones and who have had to watch them die slowly, very slowly. Ask what hit them hardest and what lasting effect it has had on their lives. Print these so that people can see what the other side is like.

Herbert Kuy
San Diego, California

THE DEATH PENALTY

I am distressed after reading the March *Playboy Interview* with Truman Capote. Mr. Capote made two mistaken statements. His first error was when he said "But in the ordinary American prison, a man sentenced to life on a first-degree homicide charge is paroled and out on the street again within seven years. And almost no one is ever held longer than 12 years."

The facts refute this statement. The following evidence is only a small selection of the statistics that can be quoted against Mr. Capote: (1.) In an article published in the 1939 edition of the *Proceedings of the Sixty-ninth Annual Congress of the American Prison Association* titled "How Long Is a Life Sentence for Murder?", Alfred Harries showed that in eight states the average lifer convicted of first-degree murder served approximately 13 years prior to release from prison. (2.) A study by G. I. Giardini and R. C. Farrow appearing in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* reported on 197 convicts from 22 states who were paroled from a capital offense. It was found that the average term was 21 years. (3.) The late Homer Zink, former chairman of the New Jersey Parole Board and honorary chairman of the New Jersey Council to Abolish Capital Punishment, indicated that despite the legal possibility of parole at the end of 15 years' imprisonment, the New Jersey lifer serves an average of 19 years.



John Dempsey

Mr. Capote's second error was: "There is an enormous number of recidivists among these parolees [convicted of first-degree murder]." Again, the compiled evidence fails to support Mr. Capote's statement. (1.) Sanford Bates, the retired director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, is quoted in a report for Great Britain's Royal Commission on Capital Punishment as follows: "Cases of murder committed by persons pardoned from the death penalty are rare if not almost unknown." (2.) Hugo Bedau supports this in his book *The Death Penalty in America* and adds, "This is almost as true of all murderers, whether sentenced to death and commuted by the governor or sentenced to life imprisonment by the jury. . ." He then lends statistical support to this by reviewing the records of recidivism in various states. (3.) The Giardini and Farrow study reported that only 23 of 197 paroled murderers were returned to prison for violations (12 percent). Eleven of these committed a new offense; the others had violated technical conditions of their pa-

role. This is significantly under the usual 35-to-50-percent failure-rate evidence for other felony paroles. (4.) Thorsten Sellin adds validity to this in a recently published book that he edited, *Capital Punishment*. None of his statistics reveal high recidivism among paroled lifers.

Lloyd Braithwaite
Associate Professor
Institute of Criminology
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 17, 8, 12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 114)

in appointees from Saigon who were exceedingly corrupt and appeared in the villages more to collect taxes and graft than to provide services. When the peasants finally revolted against all this, the Diem regime—using American guns—put down the rebellions in very brutal fashion. In one province from October 1958 to February 1959, according to *Su Do*, the official Saigon newspaper, there were almost 40,000 people in jail.

PLAYBOY: As you probably know, there have been reports that Diem's assassination in 1963—and his replacement by a more moderate and compliant president—was engineered by the CIA in order to forestall a Communist *coup d'état*. Whether or not the CIA was guilty of this particular crime, its involvement in right-wing counterrevolutions and its subversion of domestic organizations have been well documented in our pages and elsewhere. Your position of leadership in the antiwar movement and the views you've expressed here seem completely at odds with everything the CIA stands for, yet you worked as a CIA agent from 1950 to 1963. How do you reconcile this?

COFFIN: The same love of country that motivated me then motivates me now. Just as it is wrong to judge the present in terms of the past, so is it wrong to judge the past in terms of the present. In the early days of the CIA, when I was there, before it had this tremendous influence and this tremendous organization, it was doing things that seemed to me—though perhaps a bit simplistically—quite justified particularly in view of the things

Stalin was doing at the time. He was conducting purges; he was pouring tremendous amounts of money into the Communist parties of Europe. He was suppressing human freedom in the satellite countries, he was sending many agents to various countries, where they engaged in subversion, sabotage and assassination on a wholesale scale. The CIA was countering that kind of Stalinist activity. Moreover, some of what the CIA was doing then represented a kind of victory for liberals. For example, a lot of people in the CIA were contending that the only way to fight communism in Europe was with the non-Communist left, not with the right, and they won some pretty significant victories. They gave money to non-Communist labor unions; they helped support cultural freedom organizations. Although I wasn't in on this aspect of CIA work, I feel quite sure that this support was given with no strings attached. It was just an effort to aid the non-Communist left.

PLAYBOY: Did it have to be secret help?

COFFIN: That's the irony of it. In those days, the CIA tended to be a lot more liberal in many ways than the State Department and was certainly more liberal than the country as a whole. The country would not have been sufficiently liberal to countenance giving money overtly to the non-Communist left in Europe. I will say that, in retrospect, I think it was a very dangerous game the CIA was playing and it was probably a more dangerous game than I realized at the time. Often in life, it turns out that the first step you take still leaves you free; but

some steps later, you've become enslaved. And it may be that in taking that first step, which I thought was being taken with considerable freedom—no strings attached and all that—we as a country were already on the way to an institutional commitment that was going to lead to the kind of rigid anticommunism that has produced policy wars.

PLAYBOY: In the highly fanciful event that you were ever asked, could you imagine yourself being part of the CIA again?

COFFIN: It's so fanciful it's not worth discussing. But you know, it's a very strange thing; I still have some good buddies in the CIA. I remember about a year ago going to the house of one of them. As he greeted me at the door, he looked at me with real hatred in his eyes. I had been suggesting as a matter of strategy that seminarians turn in their draft exemptions, and I had been justifying civil disobedience as a part of draft resistance. When I saw that hatred, I said, "OK, you're looking at a traitor aren't you?" "That's just about it," he answered. "You know what I'm looking at?" I asked. "A murderer." Now what are we going to do about it? He didn't answer. "I propose, then, that you produce the largest bottle of bourbon you have, and when we've gotten half way through it we'll see if we can work out our differences."

PLAYBOY: Did you?

COFFIN: Well, by the time we'd gotten through that bottle, I don't think either of us was able to remember too well how we proposed to work out our differences, but we did come to some kind of agreement to disagree. This kind of experience, trying as it is, has substantiated my conviction that on a personal level, men have more in common than they have in conflict. Once again you have to realize that it doesn't take an evil man to do evil things in this world. That's a terribly important thing to keep alive in our minds. It's always a great danger to fight evil as if it were something totally outside oneself. And it's always dangerous not to feel some sense of complicity with any evil, even with the evil one is fighting. I've found that what is intensely irritating in other people can also be an intense source of compassion. Why do they feel they have to do this? What has frozen their imagination? Why have they gotten themselves caught in this ideological bind? So, in this sense, you can go on talking to people with whom you have the most profound disagreements, people who, in your view, may even be doing terribly wicked things. Of course, this doesn't make you any more mellow. But as you grow older, there's no reason not to become more compassionate as you retain your militancy.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that militancy, you said about two years ago: "I have been forced to move from liberal to radical, but



"When you told me your boat slept four, I thought. . . ."

I am not quite prepared to think we have to become revolutionary." What made you evolve from a liberal into a radical?

COFFIN. First of all, there are a lot of radicals who would be appalled to hear me say I'm a radical. Let me not claim a name to which I'm not entitled. I've come to realize that a liberal is a person who thinks other people need help, and a radical is one who knows we're *all* in trouble. What has changed *me* into that kind of radical is what has happened since 1964. In that year, Staughton Lynd, a professor of history at Yale at the time, said it wouldn't make that much difference who got elected—Goldwater or Johnson. I told him, "That's typical of you radicals; you're all hung up in your ideology. You can't see a difference that's as plain as the nose on your face." Since then it's become clear which of us was right and which of us was wrong. I have been proved wrong in this way again and again by people on the left; but I can't remember having been proved as fundamentally wrong by anyone on the right. So, inevitably, I've tended to move a little bit toward the left—to the point where I'm inclined to believe that criticism of American society and its institutions has to cut into this society much more deeply than it has.

PLAYBOY The number of those who feel as you do has greatly increased, especially among the young, since the escalation of the Vietnam war, but they're still a small minority of the population. Until the Tet offensive, most Americans continued to support the war in a passive way—or at least failed to protest against it—despite mounting evidence of its inhumanity and futility. How do you account for it?

COFFIN. T. S. Eliot has a line about it, "Human kind cannot bear very much reality." It's the same in our domestic experience. All Americans would agree intellectually that all men are created equal, but only a handful really *feel* the monstrousness of inequality, and those few are usually those who have either extraordinary capacity for imaginative projection or who have had firsthand experience. That's why I fear what may be ahead in our racial division. Most whites, to say the least, do not *feel* what it is to be black. There was talk again this year about getting summer jobs for the young poor, but I don't see a majority of the citizenry really rallying to put enough pressure on the institutions of this society certainly including Congress, to build enough low income housing, to help black communities create and nurture real economic roots, to redistribute power in a more equitable way. On the contrary, we may be entering a phase of history in which the majority coalition in this country is forming, not behind the demands of justice, but behind demands for a law and order that can only be achieved at the expense of justice. Instead of

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grievances' being redressed, those raising grievances may be repressed. And the repression will only increase the despair that produced the disorders in the first place, leading thereby to a vicious, spiraling circle. On the one hand, we will then have the politics of despair, and on the other, very possibly an authoritarian state.

If, for any reason, the Vietnam negotiations fail, and if little, as a consequence, is done about poverty and racism at home, this country could be split wide open by acts of violence on the part of blacks and of a great many students. I don't know what's going to happen at the Democratic Convention, but I think that Eugene McCarthy's campaign and, to some extent, the one waged by the late Senator Kennedy, constitute the last big effort many students could find themselves prepared to make along normal political lines. If the next Administration is pretty much a continuation of this one in terms of policy and action—or if it's worse—many students are going to turn off to private sensations and interior visions, or they'll leave this country in droves, or they'll turn to acts of terrorism.

PLAYBOY: You've said that "hated and violence shrunk your spirit." But many black-power militants claim that violence is not only necessary but enabling, in the sense that it allows the oppressed to "regain their humanity." How do you feel about that kind of nihilistic mysticism?

COFFIN: I don't believe in the idealization of violence. I think a study of the careers of violent men would indicate that violence did not enhance their humanity at all. I think black power is still seeking opportunity rather than revenge, but the pressure of events may force it to seek that opportunity through violence. It may turn out to be a necessary evil.

PLAYBOY: How optimistic are you that we can still achieve social justice through nonviolence?

COFFIN: Not very. I just don't see enough moral dynamism among the majority of whites. I don't see movement and real concern in the suburbs. I certainly don't see real movement in Congress. And I don't see enough people being sufficiently organized in the ghettos in time to get the necessary things accomplished before the politics of despair set in.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are some of those necessary accomplishments?

COFFIN: We must accomplish nothing less than the complete integration of all black people into society. What we've had up to now has been the assimilation of individual Negroes. The hard core of blacks

the poor, the unemployed and often unemployable—have not been integrated into American society. For that to happen, they will have to be organized in the same way the Italians and the Irish before them were organized. In this sense, I can see black power as a constructive organizational principle. I can also see it as a way of asserting the beauty of blackness. It is,

however, a tricky concept and could easily become counterrevolutionary, and that's where it's dangerous. To prevent that from happening requires that we deal with all the just grievances blacks have. When people feel they have a stake in a society, they're loyal to that society. They become disloyal when they feel they have no stake in it.

PLAYBOY: What specific programs do you feel would provide Negroes with that stake in society?

COFFIN: We need a 20th Century Homestead Act that will provide millions of decent housing units. We need to end the mental genocide that takes place in ghetto schools. We need a program of immediate training for millions of blacks by both the private and the public sectors of our economy, in order to provide jobs. We can still prevent the country from being torn to shreds, if there's good organizing leadership in the ghettos and a creative response from the establishment outside the ghettos. So I'm not yet prepared to give up totally—but, as I said, I'm not optimistic that this is going to happen before it's too late. Whites in this country have reacted to the demands of black people only after there has been disorder, after blacks have refused to keep paying the price that allows white people to remain in peace. We did nothing about the injustice to black people until the truth that had been staring us in the face finally hit us in the face. Then we reacted. It's clear that until Watts blew up, Los Angeles was not prepared to do much about it; the same is true of Hough and Cleveland, Harlem and New York City. So, in that sense, violence played a regrettably constructive role. But despite the riots, not nearly enough has been done to end the injustices that cause them.

I still believe, though, that a massive nonviolent movement would be far better than violence. If Negroes and those sympathetic to them were willing to put in the time and energy necessary for a mass nonviolent organization to get real change accomplished, there would be no stimulus for violence—but that's asking an awful lot, in view of the sin pervasive among us; I mean the sin of people not really caring about injustice to others.

What upset me about the public reactions to the murder of Martin Luther King were the official pronouncements by the President and by Attorney General Ramsey Clark. They said what a pity it would be if this great apostle of nonviolence were to have his name discredited by those resorting to violent action as a result of his death. But it was Johnson and Clark who discredited Martin Luther King's name by failing to make clear that he was not just an apostle of nonviolence; he was an apostle of social justice *through* nonviolence. Only by making that connection can we ever hope to achieve real justice and reconciliation.

PLAYBOY: Many of those who supported

Dr. King were buoyed in their dedication by a deep religious commitment to King's Christian philosophy of nonviolence. As another Christian clergyman, how do you feel about the fact that the majority of the dissenting young you support, and who support you, are either nonreligious or antireligious?

COFFIN: I feel that many of the young have trouble not so much with God as with Christians and Jews and churches and synagogues. Their primary problem is not really intellectual but ethical. If the churches and synagogues were really true to their beliefs, if the churches and synagogues were demonstrating a capacity to sacrifice, if Jews and Christians were really showing a willingness to dedicate their lives to one another and to the world, then we'd have a great many more believing students today. Christians have always been the best argument against Christianity, but they've never been the central argument. What students have to face up to is not what they think of Christians but what they think of Christ. If Christians and churches, if Jews and synagogues could get out of their way, I believe many of these mystic humanists would become believers—because they are, in many ways, natural believers. They say they're anti-religious, but they're quite willing to recognize that the life of the mind is not the life of the whole human being. They're quite ready to recognize that truths are apprehended at a deeper level than they are comprehended. I think really sensitive humanists today are beginning to realize that they have been overly optimistic about man's capacity to fulfill himself all by himself. Michael Barrington points out that people stopped believing in God when they thought they could control nature. But now we've not only controlled nature but produced a human environment that is much more mystifying and much more difficult to control than nature used to be. This realization has subverted auto-faith and brought about a new kind of humility in humanists and a new willingness to recognize that we may stand in greater need than we used to.

PLAYBOY: In greater need of what?

COFFIN: Need of forgiveness, need of strength beyond our own capacities. The need that comes from acknowledging that very few of us are really free in the sense that our hands can be extended to anybody else in need. We're all a bit paralyzed, disabled. People say, "The church is a crutch." My answer is: "It certainly is—but what makes you think you don't limp?" As we begin to recognize that we limp as human beings, there's a willingness to be a bit more open to a need for strength beyond our own capacities. Your soul has to have shrunk a great deal to have lost the appetite for the transcendent glories of a religious belief. There's no



"Goodness, Everett, look at Miss Wyckham's lovely *buxus sempervirens*."

QUESTION question in my mind that a man is impoverished without it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the churches and synagogues can do to regain the allegiance of young people?

COFFIN: They'll have to get rid of their irrelevant righteousness. The church has been concerned about free love and yet indifferent about free hate. Churches and synagogues must rearrange their order of priorities. They must put at the top of their agenda the questions of war and peace, racism, poverty. It's perfectly true that you cannot legislate morality, but you can certainly legislate the conditions that are conducive to morality. You can legislate *most* sums of money to eradicate poverty. You can legislate ways to bring people together, people of different races and classes, in schools and on jobs and in housing. And when they're brought together, they may be able to *get* together. These are things the church can help energize. The church has to be more orthodox—in the sense that it has to recognize, as orthodox Biblical religion does, that religion goes far beyond the garden gate. "Let justice roll down like mighty waters!" said Amos. He certainly didn't mean justice between father and son and husband and wife alone; he meant justice in a political and economic sense. Other people will have to figure out what

the blueprints are, but it's up to preachers and committed laymen to make sure that the concerns of this nation are basically *human* concerns, to resurrect and embody the Biblical theology that God is always trying to make humanity more human.

PLAYBOY: With or without committed preachers and laymen, do you think we'll ever attain that end?

COFFIN: We are dealing with *provisional* fulfillment; we're not going to be able to make man perfect. But the sinfulness of man is peculiarly evident in his refusal to change; he's always trying to put the freeze on history. Capitalists have done this; Communists have done this; everybody tries to do this—individuals and institutions and nations alike. The true Christian—and I use the term here in its broadest and most nonsectarian sense to describe a man of any faith, or no faith, who lives in accordance with Christ's commitment to the service of mankind—is one who is constantly trying to move history along toward the fulfillment that is always there as a vision. Toward this end, I think all Christians must be permanent revolutionaries.

PLAYBOY: Are there enough men of good will and dedication to accomplish that?

COFFIN: At any particular time in history, one looks only for a creative minority.

And today there is a very significant creative minority among students. The kind of ferment that's going on from Columbia to the Sorbonne is a very hopeful sign to me, because it represents the basic striving of these young people for justice and for the construction of more humane communities, as opposed to our present mechanized social structures. What they want is to be part of a community that's natural, organic, warm. But that kind of communal life has largely been destroyed by the growth of rigid bureaucratic organizations where the decision making is from the top down. And when communal life is destroyed, personal life becomes disintegrated spiritually. What we're seeing now among the young is a reconstitution of the sense of being an individual. With blacks, it starts with the skin; with whites, it can be long hair; even that is making a kind of personal statement. Once this begins, a need for community grows, and that leads to the formation of brotherhoods among black students and to such organic communities among whites as the Students for a Democratic Society.

What we're getting, as this need for a sense of community increases, is the inevitable clash between the young and such large bureaucratic institutions as colleges. In most universities here and abroad students have about as much to say concerning the running of them as the inmates in a mental institution. The students want to change that, and the big question now is how flexible these entrenched institutions are going to be in response. Are they going to allow a rational dialog to take place and bring change, or will they force violent confrontations such as the ones at Columbia and the Sorbonne? I don't know the answer, but I would recommend the statement of John Holt, the educational authority, that "The true test of intelligence is not how much we know how to do but how we behave when we *don't* know what to do."

These young people profess to be interested in discontinuity, but, in fact, it is continuity they're practicing—in the best sense. They fault their parents because their parents do not act according to the beliefs they *profess*. They fault the nation because America is not keeping good its promises to maintain a decent respect for the opinion of mankind. This creative minority faults the church because it fails to practice the love it preaches. It's a very, very hopeful sign for the future that we have a group of students who are oriented toward both the past and the future in a very alive and giving way.

Here is where I think we have something to learn from the hippies. The so-called feminine virtues they practice are obviously more important for us to cultivate now than the so-called masculine



"True, I may not be a success by American standards. . . ."

ones. That is, we need more cooperation and less competition, more tenderness and less callousness. We had better learn to become merciful since we now live at one another's mercy. We had better learn to be meek or there won't be any earth to inherit. It's instructive as well as amusing to note that a pot party—which tends to be much more civilized than a drunken brawl—is very threatening to the average American's image of himself. A belligerent drunk still fits into that tradition of rugged individualism, but a bunch of people sitting around talking about Kafka and smoking pot is a great threat to that image. Not that I think you have to smoke pot to be able to discuss Kafka, but I do think the old tradition of rugged individualism has led America into what has become an aggressively competitive rat-race. Somebody once said that even if you win a rat race, you're still a rat. We just have to learn to be gentler folk.

PLAYBOY Do you think we will?

COFFIN: I think that there's a chance—just a chance—that a genuine change of values will come out of this generation of the young.

PLAYBOY There are many observers, as you know, who predict that they'll "sell out"—and become the kind of people they now put down as they assume financial responsibilities and start raising families. Do you think that's likely?

COFFIN: It's hard to predict, but students have never been more sensitive to these problems and perils than they are now. In the ten years I've been chaplain at Yale, I have watched this sensitivity grow. It's grown because things have been so bad in this country—the war, the racial divide. Many students are very much aware of the danger of finding themselves ten years out of college and committed to being somebody they never really wanted to be. The world is so much better able to shape us for the worse than we are able to shape the world for the better. So it's going to be a very long, hard struggle not to sell out.

I think both the religious and the academic communities are going to have to give serious attention to the need for developing a habit of heroism among the young. I think the change of draft policy—the cutting down of academic deferments—brought home to many students the fact that choosing to be human is not a one-time decision but an arduous process. Now they're no longer in the protected cocoon; they're discovering that to be a free man requires a kind of total commitment, a certain style and practice of life a certain amount of steel up the spine that we have not been tending to develop in this country. We've been buffered from these basic human decisions. There have been too many pillows between our backs and the wall. We have

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S** opinions galore but a paucity of convictions. We don't embody our opinions in our lives.

PLAYBOY: You talk about the need to develop a habit of heroism. Among many of the young, the problem is often put another way: whether they can become functioning units of society and still remain "radical humanists"—that is, remain concerned with getting at the root of oneself and of the ills of society. Are these compatible goals, in your opinion?

COFFIN: If we take the professions individually, I can say it would be pretty hard for a lawyer who joins Airedale, Airedale, Whippet and Pug—one of those Wall Street corporation law factories—to remain radical very long. On the other hand, suppose he becomes a criminal lawyer. Suppose he becomes a man who recognizes that the penal system in this country is medieval, that it's punitive and not curative. Certainly, a criminal lawyer has a great deal of room in which to remain a radical humanist; he can be quite free in his operations and perhaps bring about a considerable amount of basic reform. On the other hand, he has to remember that there won't be basic reform unless there's a creative response from within the establishment; with the right kind of stimulus, establishment people can be nonsmug in their responses even if they're rather inhibited in terms of what they can initiate. Take the medical profession, for another example. I have a friend who abandoned a very lucrative professorship here at Yale to go out and set up a clinic in Hough. Now that he's dealing with the public health problems of that ghetto, he's going to be in a very important position, from which he can initiate a lot of constructive reform in the area of public health. Take teachers; they can go into the slums and teach. They don't have to stay in the suburbs. Even preachers don't have to remain chaplains at Yale. They, too, can go into the slums of New York and Chicago.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of doing that?

COFFIN: Yes. I have. On the other hand, my slum priest buddies say, "Well, Coffin, you seem to be sort of cut out for work on the campuses, so maybe you ought to stay there." My job, as I see it, is to help keep the humanity of human beings alive when they're contending against such monstrous evils as the war, and to help them become the kind of people who will make significant choices.

PLAYBOY: When the war is over, what will be your cause then?

COFFIN: It's a hard question to answer. I'm certain I will continue to feel that as a Christian, I'm in the business of trying to educate men of conscience; as for how I should assert solidarity with them in the future, that's something that will

be dictated by the situations in which I find myself. But two convictions have come to me and will last. One, as Peter Marshall used to say, is that if a man doesn't stand for something, he'll fall for anything. It's terribly important that each of us decide where he really stands; and we have to be willing to witness to this truth, even if it means rotting in jail to do so. It's terribly important to witness to the truth in our time. The second thing is to act and witness in a life style that expresses your compassion and concern. Your witness can enhance the humanity of other human beings—and of yourself—only if it is filled with love. If you suffer as a witness, you have to suffer because you have so much love to give and not because you haven't any at all. You must have so much love that you're willing to persist in the face of great adversity, even willing to explore and accept the possibilities of compromise—so that we can move from imperfection to something less imperfect. That's the best we can hope for.

PLAYBOY: Many young people regard you as more than a chaplain, more, even, than a champion of their resistance to the war and to the draft. In an editorial for the University of Michigan student newspaper, one student wrote about you. "Combining his compassion with his energy and unrelenting faith and conviction in that which he believes, he is the impetus for the movement to continue. He has given the movement a center, a meaning. He has become a focal point for dissent. . . . We don't need a whole lot of Reverend Coffins. But we do need at least one. And he, too, must realize this. For the moment, he must hang up his robe of modesty in the closet and accept his role as a hero-leader without too much reluctance. It is what the movement needs. It is how the movement will succeed." Are you ready to accept a role as hero-leader?

COFFIN: I have ambivalent feelings about hero-leaders. I'm torn, for example, between the desire for some perfectly magnificent leader for the country and the desire for a perfectly colorless one. For a lot of people look for a hero to take care of all their problems, but if we had no hero, we might be willing to settle down and do our own work, to take care of our problems ourselves. I do, however, recognize the importance of having good examples. Especially now, because I have a feeling we're beginning to create a movement among those committed to a humanistic alternative to the two other main choices of our time. One of those other choices has been called "the gentle apocalypse"—the sacrificing of humanity to the demands of technology. The other main alternative is the nongentle apocalypse, the Mao-like revolutionary alternative—which can lead to fierce repression.

The violent revolt of the dispossessed can bring down on them the full fury of entrenched power, thereby making things even worse than they are. But there is a third way. More and more people in schools, in and out of the church, and some in politics, are uniting in a search for humanistic life styles and policies that will change not only America at home but what America does abroad. The lines are not yet clear and, as I said before, the odds are against us. But this movement will continue and will grow, and it will need spokesmen. It asked to become one of those spokesmen, I would not hold back.

PLAYBOY: In a *Playboy Interview*, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison said: "The imperatives of the population explosion, which almost inevitably will lessen our belief in the sanctity of the individual human life, combined with the awesome power of the CIA and the defense establishment, seem destined to seal the fate of the America I knew as a child and bring us into a new Orwellian world where the citizen exists for the state and where raw power justifies any and every immoral act." Are you as pessimistic as he is?

COFFIN: Yes and no. I still think that if we can straighten out our national priorities—and I know that's a big if—we have the possibility through technology to realize human freedom; I mean the possibility that all aspects of humanity may be allowed to flower in ways that were not possible before because so much time and energy had to be committed to mechanical work. For centuries, man did the work of animals; for centuries thereafter, he did the work of machines; now human beings can be free to do *human* work. Of course, we will have to apply a great deal of imagination, thought and courage to figure out what is human work and how the humanity of human beings can be enhanced by technology. We will have to figure out how we can control technology so that it liberates rather than enslaves. Either we will choose the future, as Michael Harrington has written, or the future will choose—and destroy—us. Destroy us as human beings.

PLAYBOY: Are you hopeful that we will choose our future?

COFFIN: It's possible, if not probable. If I can be theological for a moment, I think there's a great difference between being optimistic and being hopeful. I am not optimistic, but I am hopeful. By this I mean that hope, as opposed to cynicism and despair, is the sole precondition for new and better experiences. Realism demands pessimism. But hope demands that we take a dim view of the present because we hold a bright view of the future, and hope arouses, as nothing else can arouse, a passion for the possible.





"Please hurry, Miss Trelawny, the light's beginning to fail."

BANKING BY THE NUMBERS (continued from page 94)

Swiss bank employees to give them information about American depositors. Most Swiss bankers doubt that such rumors are true. They think the risks aren't worth it. "Theoretically, at least, an American IRS man who comes into a Swiss bank asking about a certain Mr. Smith might be arrested and there might be diplomatic complications," a Swiss banker says. It is known that the IRS pays money to informers on tax dodgers. No such attempt has been reported from Switzerland.

In America and England the Swiss banking secret has been called "immoral," because it is said "to shield tax dodgers and criminals." Actually, the Swiss banking secret does not hold in a criminal case. Every Swiss bank must produce in court such records as are required "in due process of criminal and civil law." If the U. S. tax authorities file a suit against a taxpayer on suspicion of tax evasion, "in due process of law," a Swiss court may ask the bank for information—and the bank must supply it to the court. Several months ago, the manager of a big Swiss bank was informed by an American lawyer that one Mr. X., who had an account of \$13,000 in the Swiss bank, had stolen the money. The lawyer asked the bank to return the money to the rightful owner; otherwise, he would hold the bank responsible. The bank regretfully informed the lawyer that it could give no information whatsoever—except under a court order. "It takes months to

obtain a court order and meanwhile, our client wanted his money," the manager said. "We tried to stall him off. At last, the court order came. Eventually, the money was paid out to the lawful owner."

Only once were the Swiss almost forced to breach the sacred banking secret. In 1942, the U. S. Government asked them to block all German accounts in Switzerland to avoid the uncontrollable movement of enemy funds; the Swiss complied. The American Government had blocked all Swiss assets in the United States, though Switzerland was a neutral country. After the War, the Americans asked the Swiss to disclose the identity and the assets held by German depositors in Switzerland. When they refused to do so, the Americans threatened an embargo on the export of all raw materials to Switzerland. This would have immobilized many Swiss industries. Under pressure, the Swiss told their German-domiciled depositors that they could transfer their funds back to Germany (which most of them wouldn't do, since they had never declared these funds) or that one third of each account would be confiscated. The Swiss reported the German account holders to the Swiss Clearing Office. There was much bitter feeling on all sides. Eventually, an agreement was reached in Washington and ratified in Bern. The Swiss paid 250,000,000 francs (about \$60,000,000) to the Allies, and the German government was ordered to indemnify its account holders.

The Swiss claim that most German account holders who were hurt were innocent anti-Nazi refugees. Few top Nazis took their funds to Switzerland; they preferred a "friendly" South American country. After the last war, the Swiss returned all *Raubgut* (loot) that could be traced to Swiss banks. They returned to France some looted French gold reserves. They recovered \$9,000,000 that Göring had left there when he began to have second thoughts about the Thousand Year Reich. But suppose some Göring money is still there, in the name of a solid Swiss citizen? Nothing would prevent the Swiss from withdrawing some money and giving it to Göring's widow. The Swiss banking secret helps some people who deserve no help. It also saves the lives of other people. No one will ever know the exact details.

When Hitler took over Germany in 1933, everybody was required to repatriate all funds held abroad. The penalty for "monetary crimes" ranged from concentration camp to death. Gestapo agents bribed minor Swiss bank officials and, in some cases, received lists of customers living in Germany. There was an angry reaction in the Swiss press and, in 1934, the Swiss government made it a penal offense to give away unauthorized information about bank accounts. Still, the Gestapo continued its efforts in Switzerland. An agent would step into a Zurich bank and try to deposit a small sum of money "for the account of Herr So-and-so." If the cashier accepted the money (such accidents did happen), the Gestapo had proof that *Herr So-and-so* had a forbidden account there. A telephone call would be made to Germany and *Herr So-and-so* would be arrested and never seen again.

It got so bad that Swiss bank officials refused to talk to a customer from Germany who was "accompanied" by a German stranger. And they unhappily remember some letters they received from clients in Germany asking for money. "From the letter, it wasn't clear whether it had been written under coercion," a banker says. "What should we do? If we pretended we didn't have an account, we might save his life. But if the letter was genuine, the money might buy his freedom." In the more recent past, Swiss banks have been approached by Communist agents asking for information on certain people. Ignoring such requests, the banks supply information only if a client's power of attorney that has been legalized by the client personally before a Swiss consul is presented. The Communists have to take their victims to the nearest Swiss consulate, which they are often reluctant to do. When in doubt, the bank will not pay out any money.



"Mr. Pinkus, doctor—acute inferiority syndrome."

on behalf of a client domiciled in a Communist country.

After 1934, the so-called number accounts (which had existed for a long time) became important, because they gave the customer added protection. All accounts in a Swiss bank—both ordinary name accounts and number accounts—enjoy the privilege of full secrecy under Swiss law, but number accounts are safer. A number account doesn't show the name of the owner, only a number or a code word. The identity of the owner is known only to two or three people inside the bank. (An ordinary name account is known to anyone in the bank who wants to look it up.) Contrary to an American myth, the number account does *not* give the depositor complete anonymity. But number accounts are kept in special files, under special internal-security regulations. A small fee for extra handling is charged. Nothing is gratis in Switzerland.

Number accounts exist not only in Switzerland; they are offered by reputable banks in Canada, Western Germany and Lebanon. The Bank of America's branch in Beirut used to advertise *comptes numérotés* in the *Beyrouth Express*. The Banque des Dépôts in Geneva, reputedly American-owned, advertised its readiness to open number accounts and stopped the ads only after intervention by the Swiss Bankers' Association.

Owing to the bad publicity about number accounts, Swiss banks nowadays are reluctant to open them. Americans, especially, find it very hard to get a number account, unless they are very well known at the bank. "There has been too much trouble about the number accounts of American citizens," a Swiss banker says. "The first thing the American authorities always want to know is whether a man has a number account." In certain financial circles, it is an important status symbol to have a Swiss number account. I know an honest American who is proud of his number account that he opened after the War. He keeps ten dollars in it. Swiss bankers who don't want to open number accounts for American customers sometimes explain that the electronic bookkeeping number (which every name account has, as in American banks) is their "number." The Americans proudly go home and think they have a number account, though they have only an ordinary name account.

There exists no such thing as an anonymous number account in a Swiss bank. (In Austria, savings accounts may be kept under numbers and code words and the depositor is *not* asked to give his name.) Nowadays, no reputable Swiss bank opens a number account without seeing the customer's passport and asking many questions. (During the

last War, some banks accepted money from refugees who were afraid to give their names and, instead, gave their birthdays, which by agreement became their secret account numbers.) Theoretically, a member of the *Direktion* must see a person before he opens a number account; but in at least one case, a man who went in with 1,000,000 francs saw only a lowly clerk. At the People's Bank, one of the five largest, a customer asking for a number account is interviewed by a specially trained staff member. He must give "reasons for opening the account" and "prove the origin of the funds." They must not be stolen. He must give orders what to do with the money. A special handling fee is agreed upon. Finally, the interviewer must give his personal appraisal of the would-be customer, who is also asked to make a declaration about his business activities and financial background. He must *always* give references, "if possible, bank references."

Next, the protocol of the interview is scrutinized by the management. If the bank agrees to open the number account, there is a second interview. The staff member writes down how the account is to be handled (in Swiss francs, American dollars or in another currency), the name of the account owner, his profession, nationality, marriage status, residence and private address, how to carry on the correspondence and the

names of beneficiaries. The customer may demand that all correspondence be kept at the bank or that it be sent to him anonymously. Letters will not be written on the bank's stationery but on plain white paper in a plain envelope. Some banks show only a post-office-box number as return address; others correspond under the name of one "Herr Ruetli," an employee. If the client lives in a foreign country with strict currency controls, special couriers will mail the letters to him with no return address, no Swiss postage stamp betraying the sender. And if the client wants to have no communication whatsoever from the bank, he may arrange for a bank executive to visit him from time to time.

Some clients prefer not to be in touch with the bank at all; they never see their account. Inside the bank, only one executive, his secretary-typist and a file clerk, who keeps the key to the safe containing the lists with *numbers and names* of the number-account holders, know the client's identity. If the client forgets the number, there is no trouble. He simply identifies himself by his name. His heirs can do the same, though they may not know the number. No one can lose an account because he forgot his number. The owner of a number account signs withdrawal slips normally with his name; but inside the bank, the slip is then changed from name to number. Or he may sign only with his number.



SECRET NUMBER ACCOUNTS
which is then treated like his signature, in this case, however, he must make a special contract with the bank and guarantees to indemnify the bank against damages if someone should imitate his "number signature." In cables, the client adds a code word to the number. Checks are not used by owners of number accounts.

Swiss banks have developed masterful schemes for the protection of their number-account holders. Sometimes two letters are added to the number; the square sum of the letters in the alphabet (A is 1, B is 2, etc.) must equal the number. One big bank uses fictitious names instead of plain numbers. Mr. Joe Smith may become Kamasutra Nehru or Israel Nasser. But in spite of elaborate precautions, accidents happen all the time. Once the bank sent the owner of a number account a statement on which his real name had been insufficiently erased, was still visible, and the pseudonym had been typed above. In the branch office of another big bank, a clerk asked the head office by phone for the number of a certain account (mistake number one, since such information must never be divulged over the telephone). The cashier at the head office absent-mindedly wrote down the number (mistake number two), without knowing that he was watched by a customer on the other side of the counter, who asked some curious questions. The number account was quickly closed and reopened under another number, and a bank executive personally went to apologize to the customer, who lived in a country with strict currency controls.

In 1958, the Spanish police obtained a little black book that belonged to an agent of the Swiss Bank Corporation, one of Switzerland's Big Three. The book contained names and numbers of accounts belonging to some rich, trusted friends of the Franco regime. The scandal cost the bank \$5,800,000. The banking secret had been breached and the foreign depositors sued for recovery of damages.

The Union Bank, also among the Big Three, had bad luck not long ago when one Marcel Venat, a clerk at the bank, managed to photocopy a list with the names of certain number account holders. He sold the list through a Basel hairdresser to some German gangsters, who blackmailed the depositors. Venat and the hairdresser went to prison. The bank lost some accounts. Earlier, the Union Bank was talked about when a trusted employee, Hans Schellenbaum, was arrested. For years, he had artfully changed the statements of his customers, who didn't know that he speculated with their securities. That meant keeping two sets of statements and never going on vacation. He was caught after eight years because he made an adding mistake of two francs on a customer's statement.

Not all number accounts are set up by tax evaders, as is often assumed. Prominent Swiss citizens keep, so to speak, a bona fide number account. They don't want all employees of the bank to know how rich they are. Others prefer to keep their wives or families in the dark about their wealth. ("You would be surprised how many wives would spend money like water if they knew how much their husbands own," a thrifty Swiss banker

says. In Switzerland, where most men refuse to let their womenfolk vote, the banking secret stipulates that a husband may ask his banker for information regarding his wife's financial affairs, if they have community property, but the wife is never, never permitted to inquire into the finances of her husband.)

Some eminently solid Swiss citizens keep their number accounts away from their home towns "so they won't be seen going to the bank." Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards with a busy love life of ten establish number accounts in Switzerland for the other lady; a very active Italian established four. (Italians rarely go to the nearby Swiss banks in Lugano and Locarno, where they meet too many people from back home. Instead, they travel to the Bernese Oberland or to St. Moritz and go banking and skiing there.) Swiss citizens sometimes set up a number account for an illegitimate child. The Zurich authorities will refrain from a paternity suit if the father voluntarily establishes an account for mother and child. "It's very practical and has prevented a lot of domestic tragedies," a Zurich lawyer says dryly.

The Swiss banking secret works both ways. It protects the customers but also prevents the bank from defending itself against provocative statements. "A Swiss banker must not say that Perón or Khrushchev or Mao does not have an account with the bank, even if it happens to be true," a Swiss banker told me. "The banking secret forbids us to give any answer, and 'no' is also an answer. We must remain silent, even if silence hurts us. Many American bankers would be in jail here because, by our strict standards, they constantly break the banking secret." A Swiss bank can not obtain any credit information on a client from another Swiss bank. The banking secret is scrupulously respected even among banks. Fast-talking borrowers have obtained credit that a bank would have refused, had it known all the facts.

Sensational stories have been published lately about the Swiss banks. It's easy. The authors know that their claims cannot be disproved. Evita Perón is said to have left \$15,000,000 in some Swiss number accounts but didn't give all the numbers to her dear husband (women are so forgetful), and now Juan Perón cannot get most of the money. Allegedly, Fulgencio Batista of Cuba is said to have put away \$3,000,000 before he was overthrown, and Moise Tshombe transferred "what was left of the national treasury of Katanga" into a Swiss number account in 1963. Other alleged depositors were the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia (assassinated in Marseilles in 1934), King Feisal of Iraq (murdered in 1958) and ex-King Farouk of Egypt (who died in 1961). Much of this is hearsay. But it is no secret that Farouk

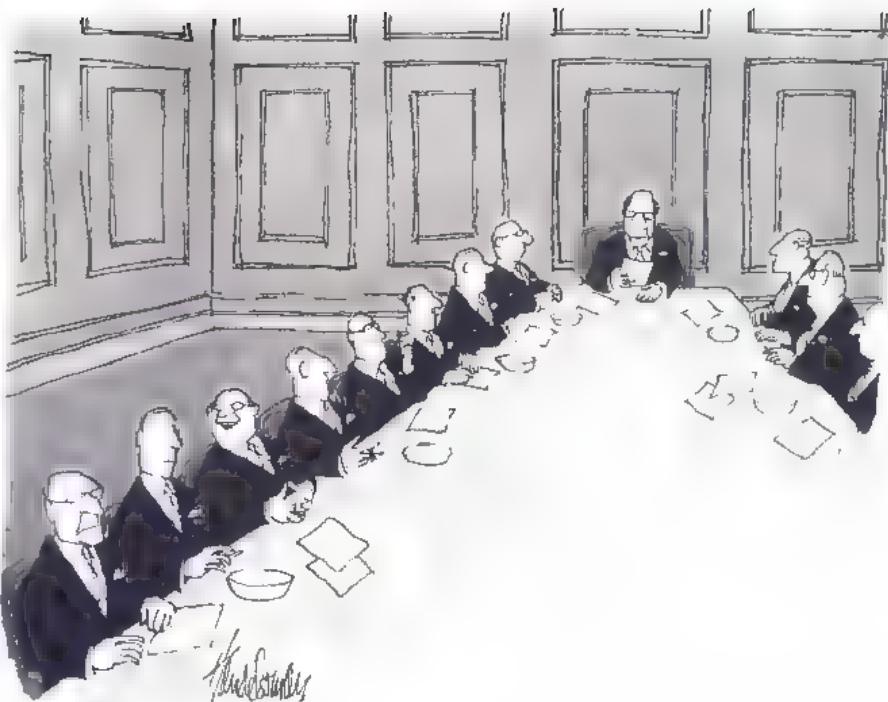


lived well though not wisely on money from Switzerland and that King Peter, the son of King Alexander, lives in rather modest circumstances in Monaco because his father left no records and he is unable to collect the money. If a depositor leaves no special instructions about a beneficiary and several heirs make claims, no one gets anything until the claims are decided by the court, which may take years. Safety-deposit boxes are considered as secret as all other accounts. An alleged heir can open a deposit box in a Swiss bank only with the consent of all known heirs. Naturally, the heirs bitterly complain and call the Swiss bankers "crooked" because "they don't hand over the money that belongs to us."

Virtuous women and Swiss banks should not be talked about; but in recent years, there has been much talk about certain Swiss banks. On May 28, 1965, Zurich's *Weltwache* reported that late in 1961, the heirs of the unlamented Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, hated dictator of the Dominican Republic, "arrived at Geneva's President Hotel with 200 heavy pieces of luggage . . . and the trucks of certain banks came to fetch almost 200,000,000 francs." That was only part of the loot. ("By actual record," wrote T. R. Fehrenbach, "Trujillo, Batista, Ubico of Guatemala, and the Somozas of Nicaragua always kept more money in New York, Miami and New Orleans than in Switzerland.") Right now, Trujillo's heirs have a suit pending in Swiss courts. The Spanish promoter Julio Muñoz got hold of some of Trujillo's millions, bought two old, small Swiss banks—the Banque Genevoise de Commerce et de Crédit and the Savings and Credit Bank in St. G. Ilen—and used their funds for hazardous real-estate investments in Italy and elsewhere. In 1965, the boom collapsed and so did Muñoz' dreams of a financial empire. Max Hommel, president of the Federal Banking Commission, who had failed to report substantial payments that he'd received from Muñoz as "advisor," was dismissed. The Swiss Bank Corporation took over the St. Gallen bank, with its liabilities. But the scandal left a bad aftertaste and didn't exactly promote the image of the Swiss banks nor of Switzerland. Many Swiss privately admit that the Banking Commission should exercise tougher controls, especially over foreign-owned banks."

"No bank can be better than the conscience of its bankers," a Swiss banker admits. "There are one hundred banks in Zurich and some just don't belong here."

Under Swiss banking law, accounts that remain unclaimed or dormant for 20 years revert to the bank—not to the Swiss government. The limitation begins only after the account has been closed by the bank. The big banks in Switzer-



"Megadeaths! Man, this company has come a long way from typewriter spools."

land often keep the accounts open for 25 years or longer, adding the annual interest; they are extremely reluctant to take over unclaimed accounts. All reputable Swiss banks demand the name of a beneficiary when they open a new account. But during World War Two, thousands of Jewish depositors and their beneficiaries perished in Nazi concentration camps. In 1954, the Israeli government claimed that "at least \$30,000,000" in unclaimed Jewish accounts remained in Swiss banks. Between 1946 and 1962, many efforts were made by the Swiss banks to locate the heirs to Jewish accounts. In 1962, a federal law required all Swiss banks to give to a federal agency in Bern all information about racially, politically or religiously persecuted foreigners or stateless persons whose accounts had remained dormant since the end of World War Two. About 1050 accounts, with assets of about \$2,000,000, were registered. Israeli officials said that the amount was "incredibly low." No one will ever know whether the figure is correct. This is another matter for the conscience of the bankers.

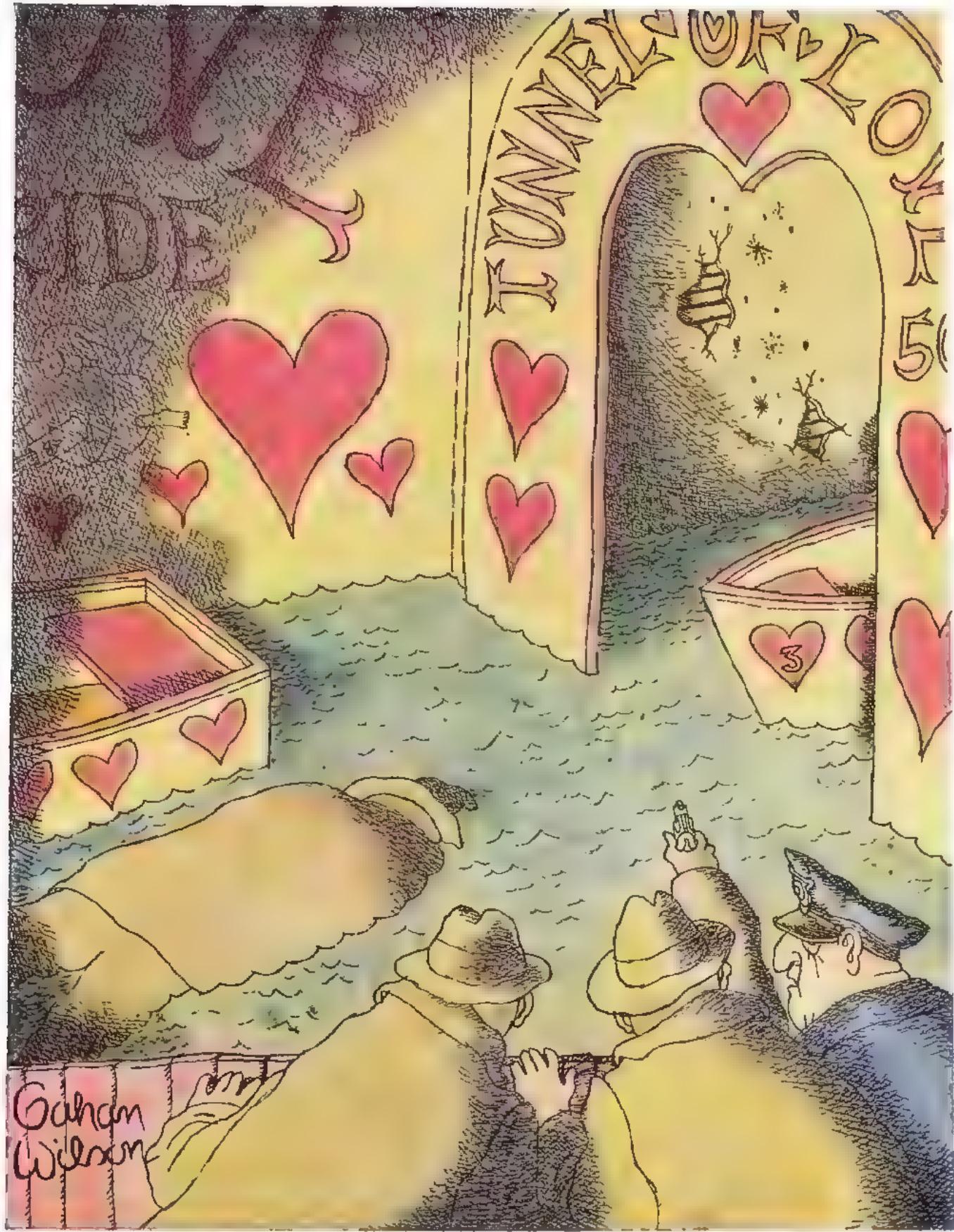
I know a third-generation private banker in central Switzerland who took over from his father a custody account named "Monsieur H." No present employee of the bank had ever seen Monsieur H., who had not shown up since the end of World War One and might have died years ago. The conscientious banker hired a detective agency and genealogy experts, who found out nothing about Monsieur H. He had long ago

moved away from the last given address and the account remained unclaimed—and grew, since interest and dividends were meticulously added every year.

Last year, the banker, during a winter vacation in a St. Moritz hotel, became acquainted with an old lady in mourning. She sadly remembered the happy days prior to World War One, when she'd often been in Switzerland with her late husband. Certain references to the loved one sounded familiar and the banker asked a few cautious questions. The old lady burst into tears. Her husband had been a wonderful man but extremely secretive in financial matters. He'd never told her where he'd left his huge fortune and he'd died without a will. She was certain the money was somewhere in Switzerland but knew she would never find it. The banker went home and checked up on the old lady—who now has the account of her husband, the late Monsieur H.

Not an unusual story. Most Swiss bankers are honest, God-fearing men, and quite a few of them would be bothered by their Calvinist consciences if they cheated. But there are always some exceptions—and they are the ones who are talked about.

It is often claimed that Americans and other foreigners evade taxation at home by depositing securities in number accounts in Swiss banks without declaring the income in their homelands. Many Swiss bankers admit that foreigners



"You got to hand it to Bloody Eddy—it's the last place in the world you'd think of as a hide-out!"

use Swiss banks to circumvent their national tax laws, but then, some Swiss investors take their money out of Switzerland to cheat on *their* taxes. Swiss bankers don't consider themselves the tax conscience of their customers; they feel that each country should keep track of its own law evaders. Dr. Alfred Schuler, chairman of the Union Bank of Switzerland, has been widely quoted "I am not my brother's keeper." Many Swiss bankers inform Americans who want to open an account that in the United States, tax evasion is a criminal offense.

"Thereupon, some Americans get up and leave, and others leave their money," says a Swiss banker. "We give no information to our own tax authorities, because this would mean breaking the banking secret. The American Internal Revenue Service cannot expect us to violate our own laws in order to please them." The attitude is morally sanctimonious but legally uncontested. In Switzerland, breaking the banking law is a criminal offense, but tax evasion is only an administrative matter. In Switzerland, no one ever went to jail for tax fraud. There is less concern about tax dodgers than in America. "The Swiss tax laws recognize the banker's duty of secrecy," says Hans J. Mast of the Swiss Credit Bank.

Actually an American does not escape American taxation by hiding his securities in a Swiss numbered account. All clients of a Swiss bank, regardless of their residence, get dividends and interests paid out only after deduction of a sizable withholding tax. The withholding-tax agreement concluded in 1951 between Bern and Washington states that any dividends on U.S. investments held by a Swiss bank are taxed by the U.S. Government at the rate of 15 percent. This applies to *all* security holders. If they happen to be subject to American taxes (as every American citizen is, no matter where he lives), the Swiss bank withhold another 15 percent. The American who blissfully hopes to escape American taxes by putting his money into a Swiss bank actually pays 30 percent in American taxes. The Swiss banking secret is not inexpensive. Naturally, the American could apply the withholding tax against his U.S. income tax, or he could get a refund by asking for it on his tax return—but he would have to disclose all the facts. He has to disclose them *himself*; the Swiss bank will tell Washington nothing. According to the American-Swiss agreement, the Swiss bank is obliged to collect the U.S. tax but not to report it to the Internal Revenue Service. This means that the withholding agreement makes tax evasion uninteresting for Americans, unless they are in a tax bracket higher than 30 percent.

Yet, there remains the capital-gains loophole. An American, operating through

a Swiss bank, could make enormous capital gains, and no IRS man could legally prove it, as long as the American didn't try to bring the money back home. When the U.S. authorities went to Switzerland with a tax lien, trying to find the missing \$7,000,000 that belonged to Texas promoter Billie Sol Estes, they were told nothing by the Swiss who considered it only a fiscal matter. On the other hand, a Chicago automobile dealer, Harold C. Trownsell, went to Switzerland under a court order to get \$410,000 out of his Swiss bank account.

There is another side to the tax coin. Switzerland is the largest single investor in Wall Street. Swiss banks annually buy many million dollars' worth of American shares and bonds for their French, German, Spanish, Swiss, Arab and South American (and U.S.) customers. On all dividends and interests, the Swiss banks withhold 15 percent for the U.S. Government. The French, German, Spanish, etc., customers could ask for a refund by declaring the tax payments on their own tax forms—which they certainly wouldn't do. Washington happily keeps the money. There seems to be some divine justice even in international tax matters.

In the Latin countries, cheating on taxes is not a serious crime, as in the United States, but a hide-and-seek game in which the smarter man wins. The French and Italian governments know that their rich citizens don't like to pay income taxes, many businessmen in these countries keep two or three sets of books, live in a poor manner (because appearances may betray their wealth), buy a small Sunbeam when they could afford a Cadillac. British millionaires, such as the Beatles, have been known to turn themselves into "limited companies," selling shares, whose paper wealth is treated as capital gain. That's considered more patriotic than leaving one's money in Switzerland or having one's domicile in the Bahamas.

Some Americans who obtain a residence permit in Switzerland form there a Swiss corporation into which all income, from America and elsewhere, is paid. The countries of origin don't tax such money that is earned by the "Swiss" corporation. Swiss taxes are due, but they are smaller than in any other Western country. I know some of the richest men in Switzerland—very rich by anybody's standard—who are in the 30-percent tax bracket. The theoretical limit is 45 percent. Several years ago, when the U.S. income-tax rate reached 90 percent, an American in the U.S. would have paid \$900,000 in taxes on an income of \$1,000,000. In Switzerland, a foreign resident might then have made a legal ("lump-sum") tax agreement with the cantonal (state) authorities. The American in the \$1,000,000 income bracket may have paid between \$50,000 and \$100,000, if he had a good Swiss lawyer. Since 1962, he

has paid more. The tax laws have been changed. The cantonal authorities no longer extend tax agreements beyond 1970.

Many American corporations set up their European branches in Switzerland, because taxes are lower there than elsewhere; there is complete freedom, financially and economically, and American firms are not treated worse than Swiss ones; the country is politically reliable, has the sturdiest currency on earth, is centrally located in the heart of western Europe, with excellent communications, fine railroad service, telephone and telegraph. For tax reasons, the Swiss cantons most popular with American corporations are Zurich, Zug and Vaud (Lausanne). Few corporations pay more than 25 percent company taxes in these cantons; in the United States, the rate would be almost doubled. There is no Swiss tax on undistributed profits. If the profits are distributed, 30 percent of the company profits are withheld, in accordance with the American-Swiss Agreement. The American firm pays Swiss taxes, which it may charge against U.S. taxes. In the end, the corporation pays legally much less than it would pay in America.

Americans who want to transfer their funds to a Swiss bank can easily do so by giving a check to a New York branch office of one of the Swiss Big Three; or they may transfer funds through their American bank directly to Switzerland. Such transactions can, of course, be traced in the U.S. An American may withdraw money from his Swiss account by giving his Swiss check to his American bank. The check is either "taken for collection" or "credited at once," depending on how well the customer is known at his American bank. An American might also give a check to a traveling Swiss bank representative (in Italy and France, respected local businessmen act as operatives for respected Swiss Banks). These representatives, however, are often reluctant to accept funds from people they don't know.

But before an American puts his money into a Swiss bank, he should realize that 30 percent of his profits (dividends and interests) will be withheld and that Swiss banks for years have paid *no interest at all* on foreigners' deposits. Since 1960 the banks have even charged as much as one fifth of one percent annually on foreign checking account balances to scare away would-be depositors. Officially it was stated that the heavy influx of foreign funds might create serious inflation. Even when Swiss banks pay interest, they always pay less than American banks. They charge high custody fees and high rentals for safe-deposit boxes. A client may obtain a loan from a Swiss bank against his funds deposited in the same bank; he pays interest on the loan though he may get no interest on his own deposits. Businessmen sometimes use their

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private deposits as collateral to obtain business credit at the bank.

Foreigners are somewhat second class people by Swiss banking standards. Until last year they were not permitted to have savings accounts in excess of 20,000 francs (\$5000) and they still cannot buy certain Swiss shares and obligations. New Swiss-franc accounts of foreign depositors are blocked for six weeks to prevent the use of Swiss facilities for questionable financial deals. The big Swiss banks can afford to take a lofty attitude toward their foreign depositors. The Swiss banking secret gives them a monopoly. Whoever values complete secrecy in his financial affairs must go to Switzerland. Large numbers of Swiss 1000-franc notes are hoarded abroad, almost like gold. Even Swiss one- and two-franc coins were bought up recently by speculators in Germany who discovered that their silver content made them worth 30 percent more than their face value. The Swiss government, for the first time, had to forbid the export of such coins.

According to well-informed Swiss bankers, since the beginning of this year, more Americans than ever have opened new accounts in Swiss banks. These accounts are open and legitimate; the funds were transferred by mail through American banks and could easily be traced. The new American clients did not ask the Swiss banks to buy gold for them, to speculate against the pound or the dollar, to secretly purchase foreign stocks without paying the 15-percent Interest Equalization Tax or to do anything else that would be illegal for the Americans. There is no intent of tax evasion, either. Then why did they do it?

"First, because there are widespread fears that the U.S. may introduce exchange controls, limiting the amount of dollars that can be legally taken out, and the American clients need dollars either for business in Europe or for private reasons," a Swiss banker says. "It's precautionary action against dreaded future restrictions. And second, because they are worried about rumors predicting the eventual devaluation of the dollar. In April, William McChesney Martin, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said the U.S. was in the midst of its worst financial crisis since 1931, that might lead to a world-wide devaluation of currency." You can't blame ordinary mortals for getting nervous when they read such statements by superexperts. Everybody knows that a devaluation of the dollar would make no sense, since it would benefit only the gold-producing countries—the Soviet Union and South Africa. But the present double price of gold, one for the central banks and the other for everybody else, already amounts to a veiled devaluation of the dollar. President Johnson said he wouldn't do it—but what about his successor?"

Of course, any devaluation of the dollar would be followed by a world wide devaluation of currencies, as Mr. Martin indicated. But many Swiss bankers believe that Switzerland might devalue its currency less drastically than the United States. Suppose the dollar were devalued by 15 percent (the last devaluation of the pound, in November 1967, amounted to 14.3 percent) and the Swiss franc by only 5 or 7 percent, just enough so the Swiss wouldn't lose their American market? An American who had legally converted his dollars into Swiss francs might save himself a considerable capital loss.

Many Americans in Europe were shocked during the gold panic in March when European banks and even American Express offices refused for a few days to accept traveler's checks and dollar bills. (I was told in Milan that there was no exchange rate, "since the dollar might be devalued any moment." The clerk asked, "Do you have Swiss or German or French money? We'll change it at once.")

Aside from converting your dollars into any other currency that you feel is "safer," the Swiss bank can do little for you. You are not permitted to buy and hoard gold (though quite a few Americans are said to have bought silver through their Swiss bank). You may buy foreign stocks, if you're willing to pay the 15-percent Equalization Tax, or you may purchase Eurodollar bonds. (Over 15 billion Eurodollars, U.S. dollars that have legally escaped to foreign countries, are floating around Europe, and many of these dollars are lent to American corporations operating abroad. In return, the corporations issue bonds, and sometimes these are eligible for later conversion to the company's stock. But it is expected that Washington will clamp down on such issues; Washington has already prohibited American companies from sending dollars overseas for investment in western Europe. The U.S. Government cannot afford a further drain on the country's precarious balance of payments.)

Americans transferring dollar funds to Switzerland can do little that is both profitable and legitimate. If they live part or full time abroad, they may want some funds there, to avoid the sad fate of the British, who now get only 50 pounds a year for travel out of England. (Quite a few Britishers seem to live splendidly in the expensive south of France on 50 pounds a year.) But whatever Americans do with their money in Switzerland, it's going to be quite expensive. Even relative safety is a luxury nowadays.

Swiss bankers are not delighted about the new influx of "nervous dollars." They know what happened in 1942, when their accounts were blocked in the U.S., and they are terrified at the

thought of an avalanche of dollars rolling into Switzerland that would probably force the U.S. Government to take stern measures of retaliation. "The last thing we want is to be in trouble with Washington," a noted Swiss banker said recently. "But we can do nothing about some less reputable Swiss banks that will take any amount of American money. Some, in fact, are said to be American banks, operating through Swiss straw men. Above all, we are interested in a sound dollar—because it's better for our own business and our own currency."

In the past years, attacks against Swiss banks have been made by news papers in Britain, the United States and Germany and on the floor of the United States Senate. Swiss banks have been accused of shielding tax evaders, accepting money from criminals, selling short the pound sterling and acting as "clumsies" for Communist governments or in American proxy fights. Swiss bankers privately admit that such things may happen, but not only in Switzerland.

"If a man embezzles a million bucks, he is a fool to deposit it in the Congo," a Swiss banker says. "He takes it to Switzerland, the country with the greatest financial stability. We have had fewer bank failures than America or England in the past 50 years." A Chinese proverb says, "It is very hard to find an honest partner for a swindle." No reputable Swiss bank accepts money if there is the slightest suspicion that it was stolen—and Swiss bankers are by nature suspicious. All Swiss banks have Interpol lists with the serial numbers of stolen bills and with the names of fugitive criminals. In 1959, \$30,000,000 worth of Canadian bonds were stolen by American and Canadian gangsters and later deposited by a Liechtenstein holding company at a Swiss bank as collateral against a loan. When the robbery became known, the Swiss bank notified the authorities and the criminals were arrested.

Most Swiss banks turn down deposits from agents for unknown third parties, but some shyster banks will take such money. International racketeers and narcotics dealers may use a Swiss bank—through a respectable cover—for the same reason that General Motors or IBM uses its Swiss bank. "Undeniably," wrote Ropke, "bank secrecy can be used as a cover for dubious or outright shady deals." Illicit money goes through banks everywhere. In Zurich, I heard the apocryphal story of an English gangster who robbed a branch of Barclay's Bank and deposited the loot at another branch of the same bank.

Claims that Swiss banks are used by Americans in proxy fights to build up a majority in shares have not been proved. "There is an agreement among Swiss banks that they vote regularly with the

incumbent management of a company in which they hold stock," says Dr. Schaefer of the Union Bank. "The role played by foreign banks in the history of proxy fights has been insignificant."

It took Swiss banks a great many years to build a solid reputation. They would be foolish to risk it by knowingly serving as clearinghouses for gangsters or Communists. It has been claimed that Communist governments use Swiss banks to buy up shares of vital American defense industries. U.S. Department of Commerce figures show that the value of American stocks and bonds in security accounts kept by Swiss banks is about two and a half billion dollars—about one fifth of all securities entrusted to Swiss banks. Swiss citizens are said to own half of these holdings; foreign clients of Swiss banks probably hold over one billion dollars. The total value of all shares on the New York Stock Exchange is approximately 620 billion dollars, thus the amount of foreign-owned shares of American companies that are administered by Swiss banks would be about one third of one percent. A large part of these holdings belongs to citizens living in countries bordering on Switzerland: France, Italy, Germany and Austria.

Besides, the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission excludes owners of more than ten percent of the stock of a corporation from voting before they have provided

the SEC with detailed information about themselves. To obtain control of American corporations, the Communists would have to acquire many billions of dollars' worth of stocks. Price movements on the Big Board in Wall Street would soon betray such attempts. It is highly unlikely that Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin will ever take over General Dynamics.

Many Swiss bankers are philosophical about the attacks against them and write them off to a mixture of ignorance and envy. Swiss banks have no competitors. Their interest rate on business loans is now six percent, the cheapest in Europe. "Secrets and scandals always make the headlines, but the day-to-day routine business remains unnoticed," says a banker. Most attacks come from financially unstable countries at a time of a currency crisis. After the last sterling crisis, a columnist for London's *Financial Times* wrote about "The Swiss Role As Base for Financial Piracy." Periodically, there are dark accusations of the "gnomes" selling short the pound.

"Actually, only a handful of Swiss banks maintain fully staffed foreign-exchange departments," says Hans J. Bir. "The dealers operate only to a small extent for their own account but mostly on behalf of their international clientele assisting their clients in switching their sterling assets out of Britain or in hedging their sterling investments. Naturally,

the bankers advise their clients how and when to protect their legitimate interests." And a famous London merchant banker told me, "No one can sell the pound short except the British. Usually the attacks are staged by the gnomes of London."

In 1966, profits of the 470 Swiss banks rose by 7.5 percent over the preceding year, to \$100,000,000. Last year, Swiss gold and dollar reserves increased by 2.3 billion dollars. Much of the new and nervous money soon left Switzerland again—as short-term loans in London and Paris or to buy Eurodollar bond issues or Wall Street stocks. (The Swiss invariably invest more money in the U.S. than they take out.) Bad publicity hasn't hurt the Swiss banks. Their business gets bigger and better; 1968 earnings will probably set new records.

No wonder everybody goes to Switzerland for his own reasons—some American "capitalists" because they think their money is "a little safer there" at a time of uncertainty and fear. But the Communists—their governments and their secret services—probably also have accounts there. Let us hope that the Central Intelligence Agency, the British Secret Service and the French Dixième Bureau do the same. Who can tell? Only a Swiss banker, and he cannot tell—or he goes to jail.

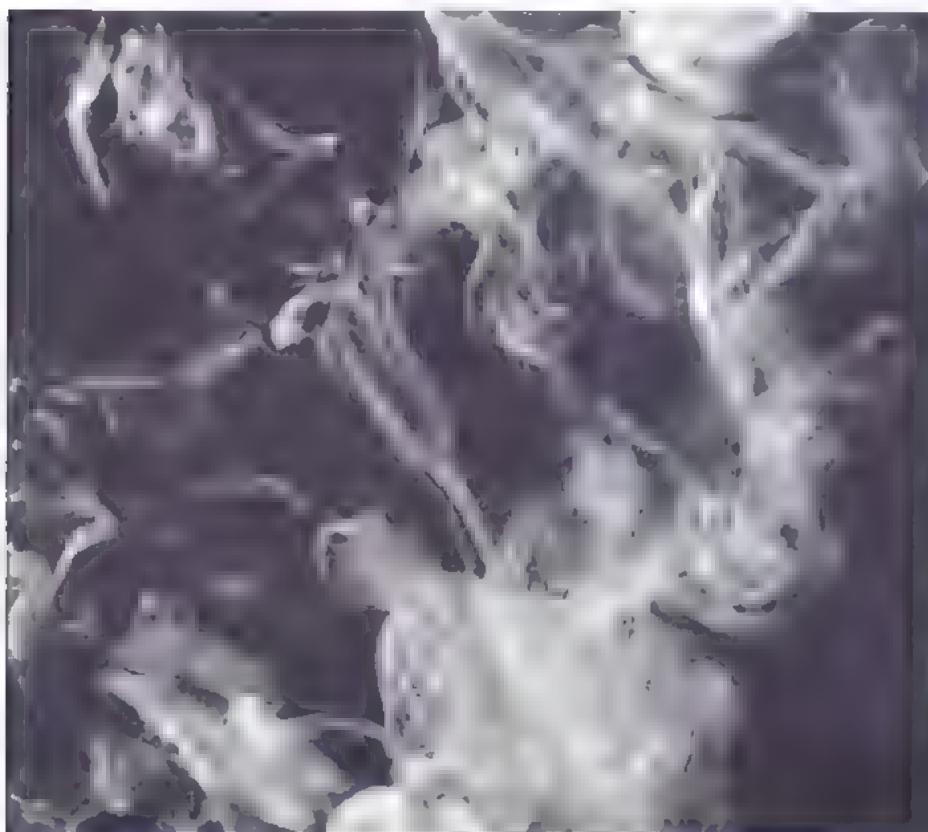


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Deep Thinkers

(continued from page 102)

popular viewing. When there are no female porpoises around, males will rub their penises on anything they can find: other males, pipes, pool walls, even human divers in their pool. Females masturbate with equal exuberance. If a female is in need—which is almost constantly—she will first issue a come-hither call. If that doesn't work, she will swim to a male and stroke his cloacal slit area until he gets an erection—which, by the way, is very apparent. If the male is simply too tired and if there are no other males available, she will find a similarly inclined female and the two will take turns masturbating each other with their flippers or dorsal fins. Far less is known about porpoise sex life in the open ocean, but in oceanarium holding tanks, homosexuality is rampant.

Pregnancies last about a year, usually with several young females assigned to the expectant mother as nurses and midwives during the latter part of the pregnancy. The young are born under water, first to avoid drowning, and the mother pushes them to the surface for

their first breath. They can swim almost immediately and begin nursing within an hour or two. Nursing takes only a few seconds, because the mother is able to squirt a large volume of milk into the baby's mouth very quickly. The baby often remains with its mother for up to a year and retreats to her, in time of stress, for up to six years.

Little is known about porpoise health problems in the open ocean, but in captivity, disease takes a heavy toll. Pneumonia is the biggest killer. Porpoises are also susceptible to a disease germ that causes parasyphilis in pigs. Ulcers are a common cause of death in captivity. A physiologist who has studied porpoises explains that in captivity they are like creatures coming from another planet. In the open ocean, they get no exposure to land-borne disease germs and, hence, have no opportunity to build up a resistance. When they hit land, the local germs often lay them low. In fact, one of the most active areas of research on porpoises today is directed at porpoise pathology. If this animal is to be an import, in

co-worker with humanity, our scientists must learn to keep it alive.

Although the most fruitful phase of our relationship with the porpoise is likely to come in the future, this relationship (perhaps "romance" might be a better word) is very old, going back many thousands of years. Porpoises, or dolphins, abound in mythology. They are sacred to the god Apollo, who, as protector of mariners, is said to frequently assume the form of a dolphin. Apollo's shrine at Delphi, home of the oracle, was named for the dolphin.

In a story related by Herodotus, Arion is saved from the sea by dolphins he charmed with his music after mutinous sailors threw him overboard. The famous "boy on a dolphin" is believed to be Arion. This art figure and other representations of the dolphin have been found on no fewer than 60 different ancient coins. The Greeks also gave the animal one of its names, *dolphin*, from the Greek word *delfinos*, meaning womb. This was simply a recognition that the animal bears its young alive from a womb.

Another ancient people, the Gauls, gave the animal its other name which accounts for the modern confusion about what to call it. These early Frenchmen were familiar with a bluntnosed species and promptly named it porpoise, or "hog fish," from the Latin words *porcus*, swine, and *fuscus*, fish. Today, the English-speaking world strongly favors the word porpoise for the name of the group, reserving dolphin for particular species—bottle-nosed dolphin, North Atlantic white-sided dolphin, etc. This also avoids any confusion with a true fish that is also called dolphin in English. The majority of scientists today take no position on either name, because both, for scientific purposes, are imprecise. Scientists refer to genera, such as *Tursiops*, *Delphinus* or *Stenella*.

Occasionally, however, one finds a scientist such as Dr. John C. Lilly, now head of the Communications Research Institute in Miami, who seems to care a great deal. When a reporter approached Dr. Lilly at the First International Symposium on Cetacean Research in the autumn of 1963, and asked about porpoises, the good doctor replied: "I don't know anything about porpoises. I only know about dolphins." Then he turned on his heel and left the room. On the other hand, two West Coast scientists who often co-author scientific papers generally flip a coin over which term they will use, or sometimes "purposely" use "porpoise"—just to annoy Dr. Lilly. The porpoise familiar to most Americans through oceanarium shows, movies or television is usually a bottle-nosed dolphin, *Tursiops truncatus*. The first Flipper—besides being a girl—was a *Tursiops*.

The modern porpoise boom probably began in the late 1940s, when the oceanariums discovered that porpoises



"By George, you're right! It is poison ivy."

make marvelous showmen and are real crowd pleasers. Today, more than a dozen such oceanariums operate in this country—the two Marineland in Florida and California, the Miami Seaquarium, Sea Life Park in Honolulu, and others. Several more are opening in Europe. They feature porpoises playing water polo and basketball, taking fish from a trainer's hand or mouth, ringing bells, or anything else the porpoises or trainers can think of. (Porpoises often originate many of the tricks themselves. The trainer simply encourages the animal when it does a new and useful trick and in a short time, it becomes a regular part of the show.) The crowds love it.

Probably the first serious scientific research on porpoises began at these oceanariums. Prior to the 1940s, nearly all of the information about the animals came from reports by old sailors, whalers, passengers on ocean liners and other untrained observers. As a result, quite a few misconceptions developed along with the solid scientific data. One of the most popular misconceptions, for example, is that porpoises push drowning sailors to land. It is probably true that such incidents have occurred, but scientists have not been alone in noting that porpoises will play with almost anything they find floating in the sea, including old mattresses. And one hears such stories, of course, only from persons who were pushed *toward* the land.

Another misconception, which only very recently has been put to rest, is the speed at which porpoises swim. A few years ago, scientists were allowing for speeds of up to 40 or 45 mph—and some reports suggested up to 75 mph. Such speeds seemed to defy all the laws of physics, and hydrodynamics experts were considering various exotic theories to explain them. These theories were finally shot down in 1965 by open-ocean speed trials off Hawaii—in which a test animal hit a top speed of 18½ mph. It is now accepted that most porpoise species have a top speed of between 17 and 23 mph, with one or two species getting up to about 25 mph.

Other notions about porpoises have been widely exaggerated—notably, claims about the animal's intelligence. The porpoise's "I.Q." still has not been determined, but claims that the animals are as intelligent as man, or even more so, at the very least remain to be proved. These claims tend to obscure some of the more practical discoveries about the porpoise that current research is producing.

One interesting discovery, for example, that could prove a tremendous boon to man, is the process by which the porpoise converts sea water to usable fresh water. Although the research is only in its infancy, it appears that when a porpoise dives, it creates a miniature fresh water rainstorm in its closed blowhole. The Office of Naval Research has devot-

ed extensive funds in the past to learning the workings of the penguin's salt gland (another biological converter of sea water). This new discovery in porpoises could provide Navy scientists with an important clue to the solution of a sailor's age-old problem.

The best example of potential practical benefits from porpoise research is in the area of sonar, which originally brought the Navy into the porpoise field in 1951. Sonar, or, more properly, echolocation, is a method of detecting underwater objects with sound waves. Scientists agree that the best sensory mode by far in water is sound. In sonar, a sound wave is sent out from a ship, is reflected by underwater objects and returns to the ship as an echo. The time it takes for the sound wave to make the round trip gives the distance from the ship to the underwater object. The strength and duration of the echo tell something about the object's size, shape and rigidity. The Navy has been using sonar devices for several

decades but still is unable to duplicate the precision of the sonar mechanism the porpoise uses to navigate and to find food.

To fully appreciate the complexity of the porpoise sonar system, one might consider the problems involved in a seemingly simple act many people have witnessed: The scene is an oceanarium and it is feeding time for the porpoises. A trainer stands on a high platform and throws a fish into the air. Suddenly from beneath the surface, a porpoise explodes into the air, grabs the fish and falls back into the tank. Simple? The Defense Department, and this author deeply wishes we had a missile-detection system that good.

In Navy jargon, this maneuver involved the following processes: target detection, target identification, target trajectory computation and intercept course computation all in a fraction of a second. It should be noted that when experimenters tried to fool the porpoises with decoy fish the porpoises would have none of it. They



*"I do hope you don't mind, I'm voting
for you as the lesser evil."*



"I can't shake the nagging feeling that this is part of a Governmental plan to curb overseas spending."

were able to obtain enough information from the echo—target size, density, shape, surface texture, etc.—to tell the difference between a real fish and a decoy. By contrast, the Navy's present sonar is hard pressed to tell a submarine from a whale.

The complete porpoise sonar system is not yet fully understood, but a number of facts and theories have emerged. Porpoises emit a variety of sounds roughly described as whistles, clicks, vaps, barks, moans, and so on. The frequencies of the sounds vary from as low as 100 cycles per second to about 170,000 cycles per second. (For comparison, humans hear up to about 16,000 cycles per second.) The porpoise uses a click sound in its sonar. If one listened under water, a series of porpoise sonar clicks would sound very much like a creaking door or a Bronx cheer.

Low-frequency sound waves do not carry as much information as higher frequencies but travel farther through water. Thus, it is generally believed that porpoises use low frequency clicks for long-distance navigation (to avoid large

obstacles and spot shore lines) and high-frequency clicks for close inspection of objects. The high-frequency clicks occur in what the Navy would call short range, high-resolution sonar.

We still don't know exactly how the porpoise hears echoes. It was discovered just recently that porpoises don't hear through their ears at all. But since they have land ears, this is not surprising. It is also fairly well established that the animal does absorb sound waves through its lower jawbone, through its forehead and through two fatty pads in either cheek. But the pathway of the sound waves from these receptors to the brain so far has eluded scientists.

The fatty pads in the cheeks represent a recently discovered natural adaptation. Dr. Kenneth Norris of UCLA has made careful measurements of the angles the cheeks make with sound waves. Just this year, Dr. Norris discovered that when an incoming sound wave hits the cheek at angles of 8 degrees or less, the sound is totally reflected and unheard. But at 8.8 degrees, only eight tenths of a degree

difference, the porpoise should hear 63 percent of the sound. Thus, by making very slight sidewise movements of the head, the porpoise can cut off one cheek receptor or the other and obtain a precise location of the source of a sound.

When a porpoise approaches an object such as a fish, it sends out a narrow beam of high-frequency clicks. The click rate is adjusted so that the echo returns in the first half of the interspace between two clicks. As the animal gets closer to the target, the echo comes back faster and faster, getting closer and closer to the original click. The clicks and echoes come so fast that they produce a tone, which rises in pitch as the porpoise closes on the target. It sounds very much like an automobile tire accelerating on a gravel road—at first clicking and then blending into a rising hum. The change of pitch tells the porpoise his distance to the target and his rate of approach.

The echo itself consists of two distinct sounds. The first is called a "rigid body signal," reflected by the surface of the target. This part of the echo gives the porpoise the distance to the target and its size. The smaller an object is, the more sound will go around it—and the weaker the echo. Thus, the strength of the echo gives the porpoise the size of the target.

The second sound is an internal echo. The wave enters the target and reverberates inside it, as in a bell. The resulting sound has a varying pitch, rather like a short melody. Different materials play different melodies. Depending upon how hard and brittle the object is, the internal echo will be louder or softer. Thus, from the internal echo, the porpoise obtains an excellent idea of the target's interior structure, the nature of the material and its degree of hardness. It was this ability to reverberate targets, such as pieces of metal, and speculation about its application to enemy submarines, that led to the kamikaze fabrication that so embarrassed the Navy.

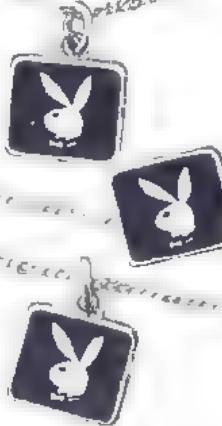
Just how precise is this system? Dr. W. H. Dudok van Heel of the Netherlands relates the following demonstration: "When starting to feed a common porpoise, which was not particularly hungry, with fish dead at least one and a half days, I observed several times that the porpoise took the first fish but let it go after tasting it. When the second fish offered was a completely fresh one, it was swallowed after a careful approach. When the third one was again not fresh, the porpoise turned away, sometimes more than half a meter from the fish." A sonar system that can tell the freshness of fish under water must be considered quite remarkable.

In another experiment, Drs. Norris and Ronald Turner asked a porpoise named Alice to distinguish between two steel balls of various diameters. Alice was blindfolded to be sure she used only her

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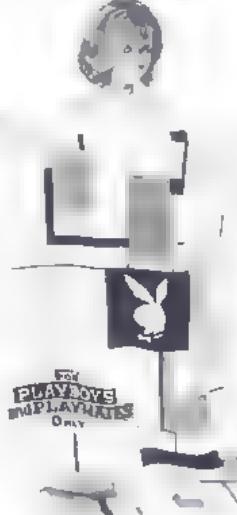


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sonar. When the difference in size was more than a quarter of an inch, Alice picked out the larger ball nearly every time, and she was able to compile a high percentage of correct answers even when there was only a quarter inch difference. Just to make sure she wasn't guessing or cheating, the scientists sometimes offered her two identical balls. According to Dr. Norris, she knew she was being kidded and quit.

Actually, he explained, she asked herself two questions: Are the two balls different? And if so, which is larger? When she got an identical echo from both balls, this was a "no" answer to her first question and she immediately knew someone was pulling her flapper.

One might ask why the Navy cannot duplicate this system in its own sonar. For one thing, despite the foregoing, the porpoise sonar system is still not fully understood. Secondly, a computer to duplicate the mental processes a porpoise is believed to perform with its echo data would probably fill several rooms. As a cheering note to those who are depressed or awed by the computer age, machines are still far from duplicating that engineering marvel called the natural brain.

The natural brain of the porpoise, in fact, has excited as much scientific interest as the porpoise sonar. The brain is about 40 percent larger than a human brain, appears to be twice as convoluted (generally considered a sign of intelligence) and, according to a Johns Hopkins study, has more neurons, or nerve cells, per cubic centimeter. All of this leads to the interesting speculation that porpoises may be more intelligent than man. This view is seriously entertained by a portion of the scientific community, although not a majority. An equivalent group of scientists feels the porpoise probably ranks in intelligence with the dog or the chimpanzee but not as high as man. But most scientists agree that not enough information is available to make a precise determination and that, even if it were such a determination would be exceedingly difficult—if not impossible.

There is evidence, however, on both sides of the question. Certainly, the highly complex social organization of the porpoise schools is an indication of intelligence. The cooperative hunting tactics require a measure of intelligence. The ease with which porpoises have handled most training tasks in captivity further suggests a high intelligence. But one of the basic problems is how to measure intelligence. Is an intelligence test in human terms a fair measure of the intelligence of another species?

Simple behavioral observations have been contradictory. If a baby is born dead, for example, a porpoise mother may keep it with her, balancing it on her head for many weeks, until it literally rots away. Is this intelligence or stupidity? The Japanese frequently hunt

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porpoises for food and oil. They have no difficulty rounding them up simply by slapping the water and then herding them into an enclosure to be killed. Is this intelligence or stupidity?

Dr. Norris offers a possible explanation: The porpoise, he says, is necessarily an "acoustic animal." For all intents and purposes, it is deprived in water of the senses of sight, taste, smell and touch—except at extremely close distances. To learn about its environment, it must depend almost solely on its internal sense of equilibrium, plus its hearing, which provides information through its sonar system and through communication with others of its kind. Even in the area of communication, it is largely dependent on sound. Other creatures communicate in their fashion: A dog barks, bristles, wags its tail, shows its teeth. Human beings speak, write, gesticulate, make facial expressions, act out thoughts. Other animals can and do exchange information through sight, sound, smell and touch. But the porpoise is imprisoned in its streamlined, torpedolike body with a single smile frozen on its face. It must depend solely on sound.

It is possible, Dr. Norris says, that the huge brain of the porpoise is devoted in large part to the processing of acoustic data. And it is also possible that the portion of the brain left free to handle other mental functions may, in fact, be relatively small.

Until such a theory is proved, however, research will go on in the hope of discovering some key to porpoise intelligence. Scientists in the field say that such a key will most likely be found in the area of porpoise communication. There is evidence that they do talk to one another in a kind of whistle language. A number of years ago, Dr. John Diebler and Will Evans at the Lockheed-California Company were studying this language by making simultaneous recordings of porpoise sounds and underwater motion pictures of porpoise actions. In their recordings, they were able to identify some 32 "whistle contours"—variations in pitch that were often repeated. These whistle contours could correspond to words in the porpoise language.

One of the critical factors in such a language, according to a report at the time by Dr. Gregory Bateson, now a researcher at Hawaii's Oceanic Institute, is whether the language is digital or analog. In an analog language, each whistle contour would represent a complete thought, like a sentence or an emotional state. If the language indeed turned out to be analog, this would mean the porpoise could communicate 32 sentences or complete thoughts—not a very intelligent language. On the other hand, if the language were digital, like ours—each whistle contour might represent only part of a word, corresponding to a syllable. In that case, the language could be composed

of an almost infinite number of whistle contour combinations, allowing for the communication of an equally large number of thoughts.

Dr. Bateson, however, now seems less optimistic. In a recent interview he said linguists are no longer thinking of language in terms of analog and digital forms and that "the porpoise does not communicate with anything a linguist would call a language." Dr. Bateson declined to explain further saying his research is not complete and that it would be unfair to draw conclusions on the basis of what he had done so far.

Another incomplete bit of research gives further tantalizing glimpses into porpoise communication. At Point Mugu, Dr. Jarvis Bastian has taught two porpoises, Buzz and Doris, to seemingly communicate with each other. Both porpoises were taught to press one of two underwater levers in response to a flashing or steady signal from an automobile headlight. Then Dr. Bastian set a barrier between them so one could not see what the other was doing, but they could hear each other. Finally, he flashed a signal to Doris. The object of the game was for Doris to tell Buzz which of his levers to push so that they could both receive a fish reward. The two animals mastered the trick and scored almost perfectly. But even Dr. Bastian acknowledges that the evidence at this point is equivocal. Doris could have been telling Buzz what to do. Or Buzz could have been guessing what to do simply by noting which side of the partition Doris' sonar signals were coming from as she beamed her sonar at a particular lever. Although the result is the same—Buzz pushed the correct lever—there could be a vast difference in the significance of the result, depending on how Buzz got the information. Did Doris say to Buzz in porpoise language, "Press the right lever, dear"? Or did she just point to one side of the partition with her sonar or give some other simple cue?

Dr. Lilly is taking a totally different approach to porpoise communication. Instead of watching two porpoises talk to each other, he is trying to talk with them himself. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration was so impressed with his work a number of years ago that it granted him \$87,000 a year to pursue the project. NASA's interest stemmed from its potential need to learn to communicate with alien species when our astronauts are set down on distant, possibly inhabited planets. Dr. Lilly's prize subject is a bottle-nosed dolphin named Elvár with whom he has worked for several years. Elvár has learned to repeat a number of English phrases and number sequences in a high, Donald Duck-like voice. Whether he is actually communicating or just mimicking a sound is not known—although the latter hypothesis is certainly the more reasonable.

A scientist commenting on Dr. Lilly's work said that most porpoises are mimics. As we know, they are very social animals tied up in the life of the school and very loyal to their society. Some schools are actually territorial: They stake out an area of the sea and guard it against all intruders—including porpoises from other schools. Mimicry, the scientist said, is probably used to develop dialectal passwords among the porpoises of a particular school.

Another scientist, Dr. René Guy Busnel, director of France's Laboratoire d'Acoustique Animal, notes that spontaneous imitation of sounds of other species is common in nature, particularly among birds, "which incorporate signals of other species in the neighborhood in their own songs. They seem, however, to do nothing but imitate them; there is no integration of the signals into their own behavior."

In a different kind of porpoise experiment, a machine does the mimicking. The late Dr. Dwight Wayne Batten of Tufts University constructed a device that transforms porpoise whistles into humanoid vowel sounds, and vice versa. When a porpoise whistle is fed into the machine, the machine makes a series of sounds that resemble the ancient Hawaiian language. If that same series of sounds is fed back into the machine, the machine will duplicate the original porpoise whistle. Thus, it is a kind of mechanical translator from one language mode to the other. Unfortunately, no important conversations have taken place through it so far. Some "mice command training" has resulted, however, reports a researcher.

All of the foregoing experiments are serving two functions in bringing man and porpoise closer to the hoped-for cooperative efforts of the future: First, they are seeking a common language so that human trainers may communicate their needs to the porpoise quickly and efficiently, providing the animal has the intelligence to understand those needs. And second, the experiments are providing at least an indication of the porpoise intelligence.

An exciting new experiment in porpoise intelligence was completed just a few months ago at the Oceanic Institute in Hawaii. Karen Pryor, considered by many of her colleagues the best porpoise trainer in the world, asked her porpoise to handle mental abstractions directly—perhaps the first time this has ever been tried. All previous tasks porpoises had been asked to do, no matter how complicated the end result, had been built up out of very simple "yes-no" conditioned-response actions tied together in a series by the trainer. The porpoise was taught a simple action by giving or withholding a reward. In the words of one researcher, "Circuit communication is binary—yes or no—but it eliminates inventiveness. The porpoise may perform the series of actions without ever understanding any



"You are a fun person and attractive to the opposite sex."

of it, other than the fact that it will get a reward."

Mrs. Pryor took a different tack. She offered no rewards for previously learned tricks. She rewarded the porpoise only when it did something new. In effect, she was saying to the porpoise, "I'm tired of your old tricks. Invent a new trick." Such an idea is a pure abstraction. She succeeded in getting at least one porpoise to completely change its behavior pattern. That is, once it got the idea of what it was expected to do, it began doing everything differently. According to recent reports, the porpoise learned what it was expected to do quickly and then innovated all sorts of new tricks in rapid succession. If other porpoises can be made to perform similarly, the experiment will provide powerful support to those scientists favoring a very high estimate of porpoise intelligence. Heretofore, the only other creatures known to handle mental abstractions have been a few of the primates—such as the rhesus monkeys, chimpanzees and man himself.

This high intelligence, if it exists, will also present certain problems in working with the porpoise—precisely the problems, in fact, that make the kamikaze scheme unworkable. Intelligence enables an animal to have a greater aware-

ness of its environment and the dangers that lurk in the darkness beyond. Because of this awareness, scientists have had an exceedingly difficult time getting individual porpoises to perform in the open ocean—away from the comforting protection of their training pens.

In the 1965 open-ocean speed trials off Hawaii, for example, the first time a porpoise was enticed out into the ocean, she panicked and raced back into the home harbor. In subsequent attempts, she stayed close to the researchers' boat and refused to be left alone.

"Porpoises are full of fears," explained Dr. Norris. "Leave one alone in the ocean and it is scared pink. It constantly comes back for comfort." How did he know she was scared? Her eyes were wide and rolling and her teeth were actually chattering. She swam about frantically and often bolted either for the boat or for the harbor.

Dr. Norris noted that porpoises normally live in schools and their large numbers provide them with the feeling of safety they don't have when they are alone. He said the porpoise's lack of fear of man is typical of quite a number of marine animals. It is possible, he said, that terrestrial man is so alien to the porpoise that he is beyond the limits of normal

porpoise fears. In support of this, Dr. Norris said porpoises were observed to become more wary of a man once he entered the water.

Fear of being alone probably will limit the use of porpoises to tasks in which the animal is working closely with man—or possibly with other porpoises. Obviously, it precludes sending out lone hunters to destroy enemy submarines or other distant targets. But potential peaceful tasks in cooperation with man exist in profusion. According to more than one scientist, the greatest limiting factor on man's undersea work is his difficulty in moving between the surface of the ocean and the ocean bottom—where he experiences much greater pressures. He must move slowly, carefully and not very often. The porpoise, on the other hand, has shown tremendous deep-diving capabilities. The animals have an exceptionally large blood volume, rich in hemoglobin capable of storing vast quantities of oxygen for long deep dives. Furthermore, in tests now under way at Point Mugu and in tests completed off the coast of Oahu, Hawaii, the animals have demonstrated a prodigious stamina for making many deep dives in a relatively short period of time. This ability alone, say the scientists, will prove to be a tremendous boon to man at work beneath the sea.

There are other tasks, however, for which the porpoise could be used today, even at the present basic stage of research. Had a group of porpoises been previously trained for the task for instance, they might have proved valuable in the search for the sunken hydrogen bomb off Spain two years ago. It would have been a simple matter to train a group of porpoises, carrying motion picture or television cameras, to follow a sunken cable along the sea bottom. To search any area of the sea, the Navy would only have to sink a grid of cable in the prescribed area and then send down the porpoises to photograph it. The porpoises also could carry signal devices, such as a buzzer, controlled from the surface. They could be trained to perform various simple tasks at the sound of the buzzer. In the case of the bomb, for example, the animal might be asked to drop a floating marker at the sound of the buzzer. Men on the surface could monitor the porpoise's movements under water (via television) and sound the buzzer when it approached the bomb.

Obviously, a vast amount of work may be performed even today by trained porpoises under human control. The jobs are waiting. So is brother porpoise. If we can communicate the work in understandable terms, the porpoises will take it from there. As man turns more to the sea and learns more about his marine partner, that partnership will become more fruitful.



GUTSMUT GAME

(continued from page 98)

in some cases they may transplant one of the patient's own fingers, especially to replace a thumb. Russia's Dr. Viktor Kalnberz goes much further. He sews on a finger taken from a cadaver. . . . Kalnberz has collected a bank of dead men's fingers, trimmed the skin and soft tissues, refrigerated the remaining bone, ligaments and tendons. . . . To use one of those severed fingers, the inventive surgeon first pares a strip of skin loose from a patient's abdomen, leaving both ends of the strip still attached, to provide a blood supply. The loose part of the strip is rolled around the cadaver bone and sutured in place."

Small matter that Dr. Kalnberz claimed but limited success in only five such cases or that the transplanted dead man's digit had "little or no sensation" and had to be "moved as a unit from the knuckle." Finger watchers aren't fussy about such little details. When morbidity beckons with a freshly sutured joint, *Time* and its readers can rise above such trivial considerations.

Great moments in medicine! Wonders and prodigies the whole family can enjoy! Here is the little Thalidomide baby, "who has only tiny arm stumps and whose feet are attached to his buttocks." And here is a photo of the "SIX DIGIT HANDS" of a rare breed of Amish dwarfs. Here, middleaged and smiling, are the Siamese-twin sisters who refused to be surgically separated and died of cancer in January 1967: "United Unto Death. . . . Joined by bone and flesh just above the buttocks, they had separate organs except for the rectum." Here's a picture of Bachelor Bob Brewis, "Britain's first human case of foot and mouth disease." And here, finally, is "Saul's Plague," or schistosomiasis, a disease that is "almost unknown in the U.S.": "Cause of all the trouble is a wiggly tailed, microscopic larva that lives out its life as an unwelcome hitchhiker in both snails and men. Hatched in fresh water . . . the larvae move on and burrow into a human body, where they mature and mate in the blood stream. Then they settle down to years devoted to depositing eggs in vital organs. The adult parasites live in an almost constant state of copulation and the female can produce up to 5000 eggs a day for as long as 30 years."

Gutsnut. The pornography of sickness, deformity and disease.

Explicit far beyond the needs of the average layman, it trades on human misery and serves only to titillate the morbid imagination. Concerned mainly with luridly described acts of promiscuous surgery and bizarre deviations from



"The trouble with you civilians is that you don't enjoy a good scrap."

the clinical norm, it induces defecation in healthy males and incites healthy females to perurbation. To the thoughtful person, applying humane standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals almost solely to the sadomasochistic interests of visceral voyeurs. It is the one privileged and permissible pornography of this young age and the only form of obscenity acceptable to those who—by reason of anxiety, guilt, learned habit or lack of true wholesomeness—fear and, perhaps, subconsciously despise the human body.

But, it will be argued, this material is educational and scientific. We are living in an era of great medical advances. Is not the public to be kept informed? Isn't it helpful and heartening to know of the many miracles that modern medicine can now perform?

Helpful and heartening to whom, one wonders. To you? Me? A woman with kidney disease? Another set of Siamese

twins who coincidentally share the same rectum? A man with a worrisome cardiac condition, leafing through *Time* in a doctor's office? A surgeon in the transplant game? A foot and mouth specialist? The head teller in a Russian finger bank? Whom?

"Your circulation places these scenes before many who neither desire nor ought to see them," a reverend gentleman chides in a letter to *Time*. "You misuse your wide circulation when you step out of character in this way."

To what scenes was the reverend gentleman objecting? *Time's* full-color freak-out on the removal of a female breast? The sight of a severed hand or foot? No, for these were not in the least "out of character" in America's leading newsmagazine. The answer lay in the single sentence that preceded those in the letter quoted above: "I am distressed at your printing pictures of nudes."

Now, as all we regular *Time* readers 157

■ ■ ■ ■ ■
realize, the magazine has trouble enough finding ways and means to include pictures of the nude or near-nude female form, without having to resort to radical surgery. Indeed, a good part of the fun in reading *Time* is in watching the various shifts and dodges the editors employ in getting such pictures into the magazine. Movies, fashion, art, beaches, floorshows, Happenings, topless restaurants, carnivals in Rio and *Time's* continuing coverage of moral breakdown at home and abroad all provide opportunities for photos of female exposure that even the most prudish can ogle without feelings of guilt providing they remember to shake their heads and say "Tsk."

The search for pictures that readers can tsk at is, apparently, never ending on the part not only of *Time* but of most other mass-circulation magazines that aim their product at the front door of the American home. Tskable pix that can be made to serve as objects for righteous condemnation are not nearly

as easy to come by as readers might imagine. The moral breakdown at home and abroad has been neither rapid enough nor sensational enough to meet editorial needs and the demand for more skin and more skin grows with each passing year.

The tsks, after all, are merely one symptom of epidemic dermaphobia—a psychological disorder that may be characterized as an "irrational and persistent fear" of the human skin. The cause of this highly contagious malady is tiny maggots of misguided morality that burrow into the human brain to attack and destroy whole areas of the reason, including those that are required for the thinking and speaking of common sense. Illusions of self-righteousness are soon manifested and, in a very short time, the victim's vision becomes so distorted that the mere sight of healthy, unbroken skin becomes objectionable and obscene. All manner of evil and depravity are attributed to its exposure and delusions of

imminent national doom spring from the sight of its unblemished surface. Summed short, is centered in the skin which serves as a kind of morality barrier through which—by means of incision, abrasion or laceration the dermaphobe must mentally pass in order to experience the sadomasochistic satisfactions he finds in brooding upon raw entrails.

In this vicarious penetration of the outer mucogument of flesh, the dermaphobe is psychologically transported beyond the reach of good and evil and enters into a relationship with the human body that is free of all guilt and distress. Once he is mentally inside the gut, he is able to relax and fantasize in a manner that would be considered prurient if applied to the outer skin. Best of all, his morbid indulgences are not only condoned but culturally encouraged. In the guise of medical information, the pornography of his perversion is available everywhere and may be had by flipping open a family magazine, picking up a daily paper or switching on the TV. At times, indeed, the entire informational might of all our mass media are focused upon one single, ailing gut, for what amounts to a civic sponsored festival of visceral voyeurism. Witness, for example—as millions did—"The Presidential Cholecystectomy."

I am referring, of course, to the national orgy of ogling that was touched off in the fall of 1965 by the removal of President Johnson's gall bladder—a surgical spectacle that, in the opinion of no less an authority than Shirley Temple Black, is the best and most gorgeous of all.

Ever alert to their informational responsibilities, our mass media provided coverage from the moment it became known that a "sharp and colicky pain" had attacked the Presidential stomach and the need for an operation was just a gleam in the surgeon's eye. Rare was the front page or TV newscast that didn't feature a detailed diagram of the President's "abdominal cavity," showing the stomach, kidneys, gall bladder, liver, ureters, urinary bladder and intestines. Millions who had never been invited to tea at the White House were welcome to feast their eyes on the Executive sweetbreads. Multitudes who had never shaken the President's hand were placed on the most intimate terms with his entrails.

By the time operation day rolled around, Americans were so briefed and filled in that they knew more about the President's health than they did about their own. "The President's blood pressure is 118 to 136 over 70 to 80; his pulse averages 70 to 80 and his respiration rate is 16 to 18," one New York daily reported to thousands of readers



"Want to take a chance on a two-armed bandit?"

who had not the vaguest idea of what their own pressures and rates might be. In the press, on radio and TV, the names and professional track records of members of the surgical "team" were given, as though in preparation for an all-star bowl game to be held in the President's bowels.

As might be expected, *Time's* postoperative wrap-up was both vivid and detailed—and there was plenty of detail. "From skin to skin" as surgeons speak of the time from the first incision to the placing of the last suture to close the wound, the operation took two and a quarter hours. . . ." But for once *Newsweek* almost stole the show by making "THE PRESIDENT'S OPERATION" its cover story. "L. B. J.'s surgical spectacular" was what *Newsweek* called the resulting free show. And while it still isn't clear to me just how many—if any—journalists were present in the operating room, the immediacy of the report age was such that it seemed an absolute miracle that someone besides L. B. J. didn't get badly cut.

With the single order, 'Scalpel,' Dr. George A. Halenbeck began the President's operation," the *Newsweek* mediteam reported. "He made a 'right subcostal diagonal,' the customary incision for gallbladder removal. The heavy brown lobes of liver were pushed aside and held out of the way with gauze packs to expose the gall bladder. Then the surgeon probed for the cystic duct, the passage leading from the gall bladder into the larger common bile duct connecting the liver to the intestine (diagram). Two clamps were then placed side by side on the cystic duct as a preliminary to snipping the tube and. . . ."

On and on like that, until you could damned near feel it.

Suffice it to say that the President's subcostal wound was—in paraphrase of Mercutio's—not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a credibility gap. But 'twas enough, 'twould serve to allow for the removal of his gall bladder and the first stone.

"Hallenbeck also routinely searched for stones in the common bile duct—and found none," the *Newsweek* scrubes went on to reveal. "But a search in the President's abdominal cavity produced a kidney stone. This time Mayo Clinic urologist Dr. Ormond Culp, probing with his rubber-gloved finger tips found a ragged, quarter-inch stone partially blocking the ureter leading from the right kidney to the urinary bladder and removed it. . . . Another small stone in the left kidney, present for at least a decade, was left untouched, since it did not interfere with kidney function."

"One Stone Unturned" *Newsweek* joshed, while stitching together the loose ends after the two-and-a-quarter-hour

show. There were statements from Press Secretary Bill D. Moyers and Mr. Johnson's clergyman, following which, the surgical team held an all-media press conference, complete with color slides.

At the time, Mr. Johnson's various stones were easily the most widely publicized concretions of historic mineral matter since Plymouth Rock. But by November 1966, the nation's operation watchers had something new to divert them—or, rather, two somethings new. First, there was an incisional hernia an inch to the right of L. B. J.'s gall-bladder scar. And second, but no less exciting, a Presidential polyp! "The polyp (from the Greek *polypodos*, many-footed) near the President's vocal cord is a soft growth that looks something like a miniature octopus," *Time* explained, with every appearance of trying to be helpful. The hernia was "a piece of intestine (it may be either the large or small bowel) that had pushed through where plastic drain tubes were left in place" following the President's cholecystectomy. "Finger up size in April, it is now as big as a golf ball," *Time* confided.

Get the picture? Millions of Americans did—whether they wanted to or not. Through the miracle of mass communications, the nation was treated to a second L. B. J. "spectacular" that was, in many ways, more suspenseful than the first. That many-footed, octopuse-like growth near the Johnson vocal cord—was it malignant?

It was a grimly provocative question and the President had apparently been as thoroughly educated to the expectation of becoming a cancer victim as had the rest of the electorate. Smokers and nonsmokers, males and females alike. Americans have been so frequently and insistently "alerted" to its symptoms that there is no longer a question in most minds as to whether one will get it but only where and when. "You worry about those things until you know," the President was quoted as saying.

Only a biopsy could determine for sure. "Plopped into a stainless-steel bowl, the polyp was rushed to the pathological laboratory," *Time* was to report. "L. B. J.—NO MALIGNANCY, afternoon headlines announced. "He's OK After 53-Minute Surgery. Hernia Is Corrected and Polyp Removed."

Dr. Hallenbeck later remarked that the hernia repair and polyp removal were "much less of an insult physiologically to the President than the experience he had a year ago." And, since the experience of being the nation's number-one medical exhibit was likely to be a bit easier the second time around, it was probably less of a psychological insult, as well. But despite repetition and the fact that the President has never been reputed to be an overly sensitive

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or shy man, it is inconceivable that any human being would not be somewhat traumatized by having his innards put on display and mentally mauled by every gut nut in the country.

But surely I must be letting humanitarianism run away with my sense of perspective. The President is, after all, our Chief of State and his health is of the utmost importance to the entire nation. Certainly it must be granted that in the event of a President's illness, the public and press have a right to know all the details—no matter how clinical and unpleasant.

By all means. Yes, indeed. Though I personally happen to feel that color slides of his diseased gall bladder are not exactly essential to good government and that interest in the President's polyp ceased to be purely political when it was "plopped" into a stainless-steel bowl and submitted to a journalistic biopsy, I would gladly concede the argument. Providing, of course, that something of the same freedom we allow the mass media be permitted the Chief Patient, as well.

Normally a loquacious man, the President, you will recall, was really almost reticent about discussing his first operation—and so might any of us be, if our bladders, bowels and shabby little stones had been shown on TV. But when he finally did speak of it, while sunning himself on the hospital grounds, it was with a folksy and nonclinical kind of understatement that somehow described what he had been through better than all the surgical minutiae supplied by the newsmen:

"What we had here," the President said, "was two operations for the price of one. Dr. Hallenbeck went in there and messed around a couple of hours, then he stood aside and let the other fellow in. There are footprints everywhere that hand went and I can still feel them."

Lacking gore and vivid gristle, the President's description was not one that would cause operation watchers to dumple and dance to the tune of *The Good Ship Polyp Lop*. After all that had been said and seen in the mass media, it was, in fact, scarcely newsworthy and might have passed quite unnoticed—if had not the President chosen that precise moment to raise the tail of his sport shirt and show the reporters his scar.

Cameras clicked, pencils scribbled—and plastered all over front pages and blown up on TV that night was a most shocking photograph of the President of the United States showing his tight subcostal diagonal" scar, completely surrounded by skin.

Ugh!

Ripples of revulsion washed across the land. Epidemic dermaphobia broke out in muttering patches, from the hide-

bound coast of Maine to the shores of funny-pecculiar California. Small matter that the President's organs and jagged stones had been seen in living rooms and at breakfast tables in each of the several sovereign states. This was somehow . . . different! Tasteless, objectionable! Just about the ugliest thing America ever saw! Regardless of political beliefs and party affiliations, citizens from all walks of life winced and tsked and shook their heads in dermaphobic disgust.

Time wisely—or, perhaps, instinctively—refrained from printing so revolting a photograph. Would that its sister publication, *Life*, had displayed as much discretion?

"Sirs," wrote *Life* reader Ken B. Dahlby of Levittown, Pennsylvania, "In my opinion, you missed a rare opportunity recently to perform a great service to your readers by refusing to run the gigantic (suitable for framing?) photo of the nation's Number One Citizen exposing his scar to the world. . . ."

"Sirs," wrote J. M. Griffin Jr., of Hackensack, New Jersey. "I tried here to imagine the other leaders of the world debasing themselves in a like manner Wilson of England, De Gaulle of France."

"Sirs," wrote Walter F. Martin III of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. "Would Thomas Jefferson or James K. Polk have done something like this?"

"Sirs," wrote Stephen W. Scull of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. "I'm sure Calvin Coolidge would turn over in his grave."

Were it even remotely possible that Calvin Coolidge actually would, Mr. Scull could have rested assured that *Life* photographers would have been dispatched to record the ex-President's posthumous gapers—for *Life* has always had a flair for capturing candid likenesses of cadavers, skeletons and mummified remains.

Dream photo spreads aside, however, *Life* readers condemned the L. B. J. scar portrait five to one.

In measuring the many splendid opportunities that *Life* offers for operation watching and general, all-round gut gawking, one has only to take all the more sensational *medicina moribunda* found in *Time* and blow it up to large-page size:

"Boston doctors perform a delicate eye operation. . . . Upside-down Surgery. It's a topsy-turvy way to perform any operation, but this heels-over-head technique is now being used for some of the most delicate eye surgery doctors know how to do. It may save the eye sight of this patient strung up in the air."

"Views never seen before. . . . The Corridors of the Heart. Camera lens set in chest cavity photographs a heart laid bare by doctors for corrective surgery. . . . The main artery, choking to death. Aorta in ruins. This Dantesque scene

shows what can happen to a human aorta when it is overrun by atherosclerosis. . . . Twisted masses of fatty tissue loom like red stalagmites in a cave and thrombi—blood clots—cling to the floor. . . . The Clot That Kills. . . ."

'Spare Parts for the Human Body Recipient of a lung transplant dies but surgery takes a leap forward. . . . On the 11th floor, Yates opened Sismour's chest. Then Magovern raced upstairs and removed Sismour's left lung. When it was out, he phoned the donor's room, where a resident cut away the remaining connections of the dead man's lung and plopped it into a sterile buck et. . . ."

"RARE STUDY OF SIAMESE TWINS IN THE SOVIET. Masha and Dasha. Balancing themselves on shared legs, these sisters are bound to each other physically—and permanently. . . . Between them they have four arms but only three legs—two perfectly good ones plus a third vestigial leg, partly visible behind Dasha's left arm. They have two stomachs (visible in drawing) and separate upper intestines which join into a single lower intestine and rectum. They have four kidneys—but only one bladder, and they don't always agree on when to urinate: sometimes one twin wants to and the other doesn't. Soviet doctors say there is no physiological reason why Masha and Dasha could not become a mother. They have a common reproductive system."

Assuming that Masha and Dasha could synchronize their sexual desires and agree to say *da* to the same romantically offbeat Comrade Right, the birth would be one that *Life*'s dauntless lensmen would bore a secret tunnel under half of Europe to cover. As veteran *Life* staffers remember and neophytes soon learn, much of their magazine's early success stemmed from its history-making spread on the birth of a two-legged baby whose mother had only one head—with the result that fast-lens photo midwifery has been a specialty of the house ever since.

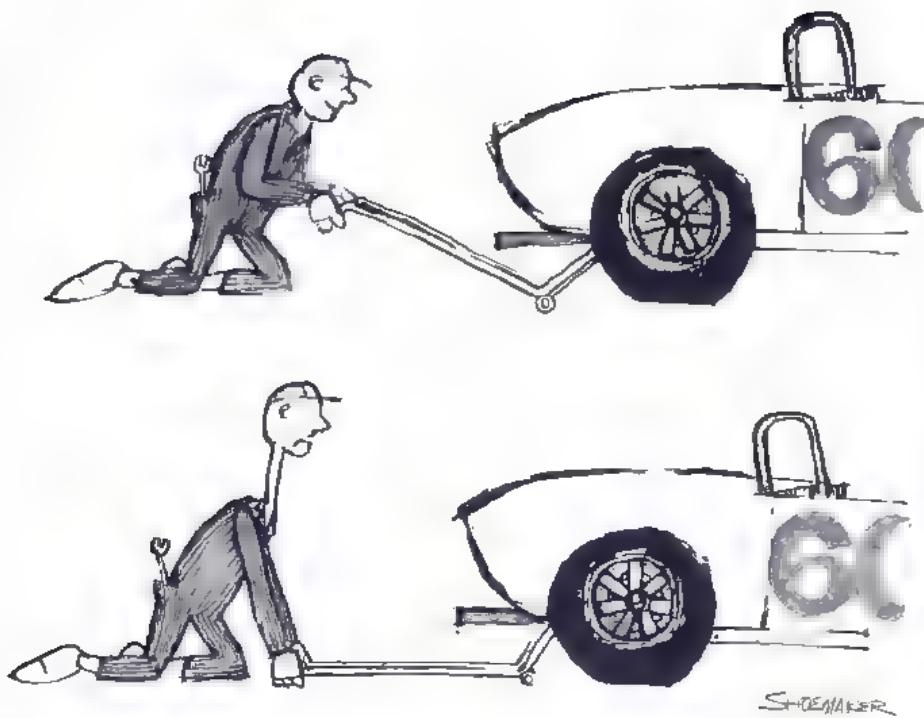
"When picture journalism was relatively new, we published a story called 'The Birth of a Baby' (*Life*, April 11, 1938) and caused a commotion," the editors fondly recalled in May of 1965. "The story consisted of three dozen small black-and-white pictures from a movie that was produced by The American Committee on Maternal Welfare, Inc., sponsored by a group of medical organizations and endorsed in advance by everybody from the Surgeon General of the United States to the mayor of Minneapolis. . . ."

"Even so, the story made nationwide headlines. It was banned in Canada, Pennsylvania, in Boston and 32 other cities. . . . Roy Larsen, then our publisher . . . had himself arrested to test



Rowland B. Wilson

"Do you have the same thing in lizard?"



the ban. . . . We got thousands of letters, most of them angry. . . .

"Two weeks ago, almost exactly 27 years after 'The Birth of a Baby,' we published a cover and color essay on the development of the living human fetus, 'The Drama of Life Before Birth' . . . One reader, Mary Sistrunk of San Antonio, wrote in, saying, 'I'll bet my new Easter hat you get more "pan" letters on your cover than any you ever received. Right?'"

"Wrong," managing editor George P. Hunt retorted in a one-word paragraph that gave each of ye *Life* eds a winner's share in Mary Sistrunk's new chapeau.

"Our cover of Yvette Mimieux in a bikini (*Life*, October 25, 1963) drew far more fire. The response to 'The Drama of Life' (Letters' column, page 27, was as emotional as it was in 1938 but it was different in character -more broad-minded and philosophical, more interested in being informed, less both ered by taboos. The majority of those who wrote in admired the pictures. . . .

"Many of the admirers found a new awareness of God's handiwork and expressed a feeling of awe—the word appears again and again, and so does 'miracle.' Expectant mothers were especially thrilled by the pictures, and so, we are told, were children."

In thus commanding the beauty of their fetal photos, the editors managed not only to claim vindication as champions of broad-mindedness and truth but to appoint themselves the defenders of God's handiwork and miracles. One got the impression that *Life's* obstetrical

paparazzi had been granted a God-given patent on human pregnancy.

Among the few dissenters, whose letters appeared amid the kudos and congrats on page 27, was a mother in Sacramento, California, who wrote—apparently out of the very extremity of desperation and house hold din—"Why such a picture on the cover? My eight-year-old picked it up on the doorstep as it was delivered and screamed

What next? The mating process on the cover?"

Life made no answer to the latter question. Nor, in fact, was any answer needed. When she calmed down and thought about it, the mother would undoubtedly realize that *Life's* patent on the process of reproduction is subject to certain self-imposed restrictions that limit the awesome miracle to its purely internal, postejaculatory phenomena; i.e., the socially acceptable gut issues. But, even so, *Life* was making no promises that it would *not* depict the mating process on its cover, if the right set of clinical circumstances permitted—such as, in the unlikely event that Soviet doctors were to invite the magazine's cameramen to attend the impotent copulation of its three-legged Siamese twins and a four-fingered Russian dwarf with monkey glands under each arm. Unlike "Yvette Mimieux in a bikini," a cover like that would be "educational," and *Life* would certainly feel obliged to run it, no matter how many narrow-minded eight-year olds it frightened into hysterics.

As a normally courageous adult, my own reaction to *Life's* prenatal cover was somewhat more restrained. Upon

opening my mailbox that morning—upon reaching my hand inside and pulling forth that full-color, *Life-size* fetus—I uttered no more than a stifled groan. "Unprecedented photographic feat in color DRAMA OF LIFE BEFORE BIRTH" the cover cried out in my hands. Living 18 week-old fetus shown inside its amniotic sac—placenta is seen at right."

It was quite a sight. Even the most jaded of *Life* subscribers must have been a teensy bit surprised to find little Freddie Fetus curled up in their mail box that morning. Afloat in a splotchy black void, encased in a ghostly sac of sheer membrane, umbilically attached to its looming, purplish-pink placenta—with scarlet blood vessels lacing the thin skin of its large, bald head and tight shut eyes clamping a corporeal appearance over its half-formed face—*Life's* fetal cover kid resembled nothing so much as a dead Martian, adrift in some weird kind of plastic coffin on the margins of outer space.

The appearance of death was not entirely misleading. Though billed as "living," the cover fetus—like all but one of the dozen or more depicted on the inside pages—"had been surgically removed for a variety of medical reasons." Technically still alive, perhaps, it verged on the brink of death, as did the "Millions of Sperm" in the puddle of human semen, which *Life* had "magnified about 2000 times" in a two-page color blowup that served as the postejaculatory preface to a perfectly darling shot of an armless, legless, faceless embryo at three and a half weeks. "This embryo is an imperfect one (the blue tissue at right is torn and ragged). At top is the incipient head."

Needless to say, little Johnny Embryo was in no shape to smile or say "Cheese"—no more than were the other little abortions that followed. "During this period it is almost impossible to distinguish a human embryo from any other mammalian embryo," *Life* explained in a caption beneath a full-page study of a five-week-old prenatizer who looked like a dying prawn. "It is a critical time. . . . From 28 to 42 days, the arms and legs can be deformed by Thalidomide. (Some of the famous 'Thalidomide babies,' in fact, were born with flipperlike arms much like those shown here.) The brain, too, is susceptible to damage, and the embryo will shortly be at its most vulnerable to the ravages of the German measles virus. . . ."

Expectant mothers who could read as well as look at the pretty pictures must have been "especially thrilled" to muse upon such possibilities. The pictures were the work of a Swedish photographer, Lennart Nilsson—and, according to the editors, the greatest single shot was the opening photo: "The first portrait ever

made of a living embryo *inside its mother's womb*."

The italics in this case are mine but the ingenuity required to perform such a feat—even in Sweden—was all Nilsson's: "Using a specially built super-wide-angle lens and a tiny flash beam at the end of a surgical scope, Nilsson was able to shoot this picture of a living 15-week-old embryo, its eyes still sealed shut from only an inch away."

When a leading Swedish gynecologist saw Nilsson's super-close-up of little Sven, he exclaimed, "This is like the first look at the back side of the moon." Another doctor, on seeing Nilsson's pictures, said, "As far as I know *in utero* pictures such as Nilsson's have never been taken before. . . . Being able to view the fetus inside the uterus and being able to note its circulatory details is rather sensational from our point of view."

And from mine, too.

Only "an inch away" is as close to a living embryo as even the most ardent fetus fancier could possibly wish to get.

"Some magazines and shows go in rather heavily for models," *Life* mused aloud, in a full-page newspaper ad for one of its best-beloved issues of recent years. "We use models, too. But what a difference this week. This week LIFE'S models are made of sterner stuff . . . they take you inside a little-known world of medicine. In a 13-page color essay, 'The Virus Enemy,' you'll see the model above of the human antibody, the body's miraculous defender. And you'll study the models of the enemy, below, as you read this revealing article on medicine's new frontiers. These models are no pinups, admittedly, but chances are they'll make it up in classrooms throughout the country. That's why LIFE is LIFE . . . a conversation piece for thoughtful Americans week after week."

The ad itself was a model of corporate self-righteousness—just as the vaunted 14-page color essay was a kind of virulent visual organism. The mind, the eye, the imagination had no defenses against "THE FLU GERM . . . magnified 2,500,000 times" on *Life's* colorful cover. As large as a honeydew melon, bristling with purple spikes the size of swizzle sticks, the FLU GERM spread its pictorial infection over all the nation, saturating the U.S.A. like the spray from a supercolossal sneeze.

Blown up to the size of a volleyball on the inside pages, the FLU GERM again "unfolds in all its spiny splendor . . . An outer shell of protein and fatty material, shown in yellow, encloses and protects the core and anchors an array of purplish spines which apparently enable the flu virus to get a foothold on the slimy surface of the body's respiratory tract."

See! See the FLU GERM? This is the FLU GERM coming to get YOU!

Look! Look! See the ugly cowpox virus?

See the two big ugly THINGS that may give YOU leukemia?

See the glowing red adenovirus? This is an adenovirus, "enlarged 2,500,000 times." Study the adenovirus. The adenovirus "produces feverish respiratory ailments, sore throats and eye infections. In children it is sometimes responsible for fatal pneumonia."

Just think, YOU may have millions of adenoviruses attaching themselves to YOUR slimy respiratory tract, THIS VERY MINUTE!

Pathological pinups. Morbidly suggestive pictures of loathsome microorganisms, suitable for hanging in schoolrooms throughout the country. "Given the vastness of this swarming horde, it seems astonishing that we survive at all," *Life* thoughtfully pointed out. "We actually live in a kind of gray world in which we

are never totally well but are seldom seriously ill."

A gray world

Yes, that says it. I think. That pretty much describes the mediocritate mental America where the majority of our medically overinformed citizens live, work, love, worry and duly die a thousand imaginary deaths.

It's an always slightly sickish never totally well world, where *Life* is worth 35 cents and "The Workings of the Incomparable HUMAN BODY" are always carefully accompanied by a grim bill of particulars on "What Can Go Wrong." A world where "Man-made and transplanted organs usher in an era of REBUILT PEOPLE" and one is given to wonder, "When is a dead man really dead?" A world where "A LIFE-SAVING KIDNEY MACHINE FORCES A CRUEL CHOICE" and an "Experiment right out of monster movies" is performed on a disembodied "LIVING BRAIN." It's the wondrous, gut-oriented



"I call it a 'social protest'"



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As kind to your body as a good night's sleep! Our luxurious Co. sheets are acetate satin sheets under bedlinen. Bed sets colors: Gold, Black, M. L. C. L., Orchid, Pink, White or Blue. Send in the Imperial and Bridal Suites of the Covered Home.

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King Bed Set 110x142½	21.95
3 letter monogram on cases	1.50

for 1-lined bottom sheet. Add \$2.25 to double or twin set price; \$3.00 to queen set price; \$4.00 to king set price.) Send check or m.o. 30% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

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The KING-SIZE Co. 4368 KING-SIZE BLDG. BOSTON, MASS.

world of a "WOMB WITH WINDOWS," where fetal surgery heralds the day when "the patient-within-a-patient will have come into its own" and "Plastic experiments stir speculation that man might reproduce while Bypassing Sex."

Oh, sing the sickly tidings! Let the leaden bells toll out the dreary news to each draining ear! That's what makes *Life Life . . .* a conversation piece for visceral voyeurs and galloping hypochondriacs. And that's what helps make the *Reader's Digest* the "World's Best Seller," with a circulation more than double that of *Life's*. Without any photographs, either.

As even the most casual newsstand browser must know by now, the *Reader's Digest* doesn't need photogr. phs. The organs stand right up and talk to you.

"Me? I am Joe's heart," a gabby little ticker confided, in April 1967. "I hang by ligaments in the center of his chest. I am about six inches long and, at my widest point, four inches across—more pear-shaped than Valentine. Whatever you may have heard about me from poets, I am really not a very romantic character. I am just a hard-working four-chambered pump . . ."

If you think you detect a faint flutter of self-pity creeping in there, you're absolutely right. Lord only knows what Joe had been drinking, but his heart was obviously on one of those real low down, moody jags where it didn't know whether to cry or fight. "When Joe thinks of me at all, he thinks of me as fragile and delicate," it mumbled, with a cardiovascular scowl. "Delicate! When so far in his life I have pumped more than 300,000 tons of blood? I work twice as hard as the leg muscles of a dash runner, or the arm muscles of a heavyweight boxing champ. Let them try to go at my pace and they would turn to jelly in minutes. No muscles in the body are as strong as I am—except those of a woman's uterus as she expels a baby. But uterine muscles don't keep at it day and night for 70 years, as I am expected to do."

Listening to all this, over the alarming lub-dub-scoobie-do of his own neglected pump, the reader got the impression that if Joe's heart had it to do over again, it would rather be a uterus. Wilma's womb, Lulu's ovary, Fanny's Fallopian tubes—anything but Joe's poor overworked heart.

If however, it had spent a little less time feeling sorry for itself and had used its between-beat "rest periods" to peruse a few issues of the *Reader's Digest*, Joe's pear-shaped bosom buddy would have realized that every organ gets to feeling frazzled now and then and that none is safe from the ravages of disease, abuse or fatal accidents. Liver, kidneys, lungs, intestines, hair, bones, eyes, feet, fingers, glands and aching gums, all have turned

up for speedy and sometimes scary treatment in the *Digest's* monthly dispensary, where jungle medicine and shipboard surgery lend spice to the most humdrum symptoms and the rate of miraculous cures is higher than it has been at any time since Saint Bridget used the blessings of beer to cure the thirst of Irish lepers.

A brief checkup on one simple issue of this hypochondriac's handbook—known to some as the "Bleeder's Digest"—is sufficient to indicate the symptomatology of its chronic success. Take a batch of nonmedical brain joggers, with titles such as "Meet the 'Monster' That Checks Your Taxes," "Decision at Sea," "Let's Make Government Work Better!" and "How Colleges Have Changed!" Gather a bunch of secondhand jokes, quotable quotes, picturesque speech and patter—and get cracking on "NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF MEDICINE"; "Mothers' Backs," "How Germs Learn to Live" and "Cleveland Fights a Killer." Pick your Patients of the Month—your main medi stars—and get 'em in at the top of each at idle so the reader can suffer along with 'em, right from the first line:

"For a week a 14-year-old Los Angeles schoolgirl had dabbed ointment on a red eruption on her face. But the acne remedy didn't help. Then her class at school took up a new subject. By the second session, the girl suspected the truth. 'I think,' she told her mother fearfully, 'I have to see a doctor.'

"As she had guessed, her 'acne' proved to be a symptom of syphilis."

Great! Good stuff. Enthral the pants off any parent whose kid comes home with a pimple. Nice sex angle, too. Kind of gooses 'em with the old idea that all the teeny boppers in the country are screwin' themselves blind. What else have we got for 'em this month? Ah, yes. "Our Fastest Growing Health Menace." Sing it to me, Leroy. I can't find my specs.

"In Boston, a wasted man who looks 20 years older than his actual age of 57 sits staring out a window, watching the postman deliver the mail. He rises slowly and shuffles to the door 20 feet away. Three steps and he stops, gasping for breath. Another two steps and a severe fit of coughing forces him to rest against the wall. It takes him five minutes to get to the door and back, and he sits down too weak to open his letters."

OK, that's enough—I remember now—the menace of respiratory disease. Should worry the living daylight out of anyone who has ever had a tickle in the throat. That little prose trip through the lungs is a gasser!

With the brain-tumor hit, the cervical cancer, the pulmonary embolism, the pituitary tumor and the mammography for "finding tiny cancers in fatty breasts," we've just about covered all bases. If you run short, stuck in a few jokes. Like the

one about the Medicare patient who "woke up to find a placard on his incision: 'This is a Federal project showing your tax dollars at work.'" It's not too funny, maybe, but it keeps our finger in the anti-socialized medicine dike.

But what about a shot of hope? Like, maybe, an inspiring story of how someone overcame some god-awful handicap. What have we got like that?

"A Man Can't Afford to Get Soft" by Paul Friggins. "I wanted to earn my living, not just collect it," says this wheelchair farmer who refused to quit. . . . Permanently disabled and in constant pain from a broken back, [Lawrence] Mans today successfully operates 180 acres in central Minnesota, where he raises a fine herd of about 100 Hereford beef cattle and 20,000 broad-breasted white turkeys. He is also a leader in his. . . ."

Community. Beautiful! We're all set. Start the presses. Let's put it to bed.

And they do put it to bed. And along with it go some 30,000,000 American readers, who are never totally well but seldom seriously ill. Citizens of a gray world, where *Reader's Digest* reprints the lurid mediarticles its loyal subscribers may have missed in *Life*, *Time*, *Farm Journal*, *Family Safety*, *Today's Health* and *The Modern Hospital*.

Readers who can't wait for the *Digest* to select the best of the worst, or who want more complete coverage, can stay spooked every day of the month by going right to sources. Virtually every family type magazine is a potential source of worrisome symptoms and far-out cures, from *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post* to *Better Homes and Gardens* and the *Insider's Newsletter*—whose Christmas 1967 issue caroled the glad news that a noted American transplant surgeon "may decide to store the heart—perhaps for several days—in the grom of an intermedary heart who would probably be a relative of the person who was to receive the heart." Thus solving the age-old problem of what to give Aunt Ida.

For those who like their medicine served with feminine chic, *Vogue* will cover-plug its "SPECIAL MEDICAL FEATURE" along with "FIRST NEWS FROM NORELL," while upper income medisophisticates of the suburban pill set are able to sample occasional servings of clinical caviar in *The New Yorker's "Annals of Medicine"* series: labyrinthitis, salmonellosis, anthrax or "woolsorter's disease," schistosomiasis or "snail's plague"—rabies in humans, from the bite of an "ordinary insectivorous bat!"

Differences in tone and treatment are small but significant, and media students may find it interesting to compare *The New Yorker's* description of the breeding habits of the parasitic wrigglers that cause snail's plague with that which was found in *Time*. In *Time*, the



"When are we going to meet some of those 'strange bedfellows' politics is supposed to make?"

parasites burrow into the human blood stream, where they lundly "live in an almost constant state of copulation." But in *The New Yorker*, the burrowing and breeding are described in terms that make the parasitic invasion sound more like a move by affluent young marrieds to one of the better communities in Westchester: "There they grow to maturity (about an inch in length for the females and less than half that for the males), and mate. They then retire to the comfort of a tiny backwater vein, where the female, still enclosed in the male's embrace, deposits—for incubation and eventual excretion with the body's wastes—the first of an almost infinite number of eggs."

Both the male and the female seem to find this pretty groovy. And since hubby worm never has to interrupt romantic relations in order to earn a living, wifey worm never has any occasion to complain of a lack of interest or affection, and the question of "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" never arises. In having her hubby at home, furthermore, wifey worm is kept so busy making her little marriage work that she never has the leisure to brood upon the innumerable female disorders that are regularly trotted out for treatment in our human-type women's magazines—moniliasis, trichomoniasis, premenstrual tension, post partum depression, *placenta previa*, inverted nipples and acute uterine anteflexion, otherwise known as "U-shaped womb."

'You always thought life was a chancy thing? You don't know how right you

are,' an erstwhile one-gender journal recently exclaimed, while sicking its readers onto a mediarticle that had been put together from scary notions set forth by "medical authorities" in the daily press. *"Fifty new ways to die."*

Apart from its numerical overkill of worrisome suggestions, the novelty of this particular medispooker stems solely from the fact that it appeared not in a women's magazine but in *Esquire* and represents an incursion of hypochondriac thought into a field that has traditionally been one of the most physically fit and happily germfree in America, namely, the men's magazines. "There comes in every man's life (usually in the late 30s) that enchanted moment when he realizes his body is no longer his accomplice, but his enemy," the male author suggestively philosophized in the opening paragraph. "He is getting fatter, slower, dumber. More and more time is spent trying to describe, to incredulous doctors, his indescribable symptoms. (I have this strange pain in my fingernails. I got this sort of whirring sound in my stomach all the time.) Doctors being no good at whirring sounds, the aging man begins his endless process of self-diagnosis, suspecting his environment of harboring all sorts of hidden dangers . . .

"But—and this is our revelation—he may be right!" the author revealed, in a manner that struck me as distressingly reminiscent of the exclamatory medi style of the old "Tell Me, Doctor" 165

D **O** **B** **E** **R** **P** **R** **D** divertissements of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "There are more dangers in heaven and earth than he dreamt of during his worst night. To help him along in his worrying, we here present a list of 50 certified things to worry about . . ."

Appropriately titled "LOOK OUT!" the *Esquire* suggestion sheet listed such well-known respiratory chestnuts as, "Anything to do with smoking (tobacco, matches, fluid lighters, relighting cigarettes) possibly promotes cancer" and "Smog can lead to respiratory diseases and complications." Among the more bizarre bugaboos provided as fear fodder for 30ish males were, "Touching figs in the blazing sunshine causes blisters in persons predisposed to phytophotodermatitis," "Pet turtles often cause Salmonella, typhoid fever and blood poisoning, particularly when they are kissed" and "Playing on lawns near flowers, barefooted, bareheaded, dressed in gaily colored but rough fabric and wearing sweet-scented hair oil increases one's chances of being stung by bees."

Needless to say, it would also increase one's chances of being chosen queen of the May. Indeed, the triple-threat com-

bination—kissing turtles, touching figs and romping around in gay attire with sweet-scented hair—may understandably cause one to wonder, "What sort of man reads *Esquire*?"

In the past several years, *Esquire* has made every effort to obliterate the memory of its racy youth. The once popular Petty girls are long since gone, together with all the healthily ribald, masculine jokes and cartoons for which *Esquire* was famous. But it's hard for a men's magazine to get accepted in all the best places, and if the path to propriety has led to whirring sounds in the stomach and strange pains in the fingernails—well, that's the approved American way.

Including its ads, *Esquire* today publishes fewer pictures of scantily clad females than do many of the women's magazines. But this is not to suggest that women readers are any less dermaphobic in their reactions to the sight of a clear skin and a full bosom. The acquired response to ample breasts is so negative in some quarters that it creates a reaction of distaste and disgust toward the total physical appearance of any woman who happens to possess a bosom

of any prominence. When, for example, *McCall's* put a portrait of Sophia Loren on a recent January cover, its March letters column indicated that its lady readers objected, two to one—though Miss Loren's neckline was clear up to her throat and her bosom was cut off at the bottom of the page. "Ugh, ugh, ugh," one reader wrote from Canton, Ohio, "that ugly woman with her uncombed hair, looking badly in need of a shampoo. How could you bring yourselves to put her on your cover . . . ? You must be losing your aesthetic grip."

Having studied the offending portrait quite carefully, I can only say that Miss Loren's hair looked clean to me. Though her coiffure might not have met the high standards of combing and styling set by the well-groomed matrons of Canton, Ohio, only a few wispy hairs were out of place—no more, certainly, than in another highly approved portrait of Miss Loren that appeared that same month in magazines and newspapers all over the country. In this case an ad Miss Loren looked nine times as sexy and seductive as she did on the *McCall's* cover. Her long hair was swept up behind her head in the sensuous clutch of her shapely arms and the cleavage of her bounteous bosom rose roundly and proudly out of the deep V neck of her form-fitting gown. But few, if any, Americans took offense, because the aesthetics and morality of it all were clearly and properly established in the copy printed beneath:

"A woman's body. Architecturally, quite interesting. To a man. But not to the woman who owns one. Most women tend to ignore their own bodies."

"Do you? Do you check your body, particularly your breasts, every month, for any lump or thickening? You should. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere could be a warning signal of cancer. And cancer is easier to cure when it's detected early."

"Sophia Loren knows the seven warning signals of cancer. So should you."

"1. Unusual bleeding or discharge. 2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere. 3. A sore that does not heal. 4. Change in bowel or bladder habits. 5. Hoarseness or cough. 6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. 7. Change in a wart or mole."

"If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay."

"It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer. It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society."

Bromosexual Sex, Italian style? No, no, *ignorzi*. Fund raising, American style! Sure, it's show Sophia witha bigga bu zoom. But Americans no gonna get mad from that, because it's tell 'em to feela for lumps! It's tell 'em to checka your bowels, watcha your warts and moles like crazy! Any time you gotta cough or



"Dear Howard—A man broke in tonight and attacked me time and time again. Try not to get upset and don't worry. I'm all right. P.S. I'll contact you later about sending my things."

meobe a little hoarse inna throat, you coulda have cancer! Or meobe not. But you ain't gonna know for at leasta two weeks. So, inna meantime . . . suffer! Worry, worry, night and a day! Ameri cans, they gonna love it!

Cancer is no joke. Nowhere in the world do people laugh at it. But in America, cancer is almost sacred. In an era of lost beliefs and changing values, it is one of the few things that all Americans still respect—and fear. Millions more fear it than will ever get it. Each night of the year, untold multitudes of Americans with warts, indigestion, coughs, lumps or acute diarrhea secretly die a thousand imaginary deaths as a result of years of "education." It hasn't been easy to imbue Americans with the idea that an ordinary "bump" or "frog in the throat" may be a harbinger of death. As the leading volunteer organization for the promulgation of information about America's ninth ranking illness and number two killer, the American Cancer Society has had to try harder, annually competing with some 20 other major organizations for attention and contributions—the American Heart Association, the National Tuberculosis Association, the March of Dimes, the Arthritis Foundation, the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation, the United Cerebral Palsy Association, the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, the Muscular Dystrophy Associations, the National Kidney Disease Foundation, and others.

It is not overdriving the case to say that the output of "information" by such zealously single-minded groups results in a rather large input of morbid imaginings for millions of Americans who will, perhaps, die in their sleep at the age of 80 or step in front of a truck and be killed. Nor is it overdriving the case to say that in no other nation on earth does health take so many planned holidays. In recent years, our national festival of fear and information has been extended to cover virtually every week and month of the year. We have not only foundation-sponsored Shrovetides and observances, such as Cancer Control Month and American Heart Month, but a whole string of commercially created mini-festivals—the most inclusive of which is the six week long "National Indigestion Week."

But no matter what disease or affliction Americans are pressured into brooding upon during any given month or week, the beneficial effectiveness of such informational "crusades" is never questioned—despite the fact that years of the most alarming reports on the possible relationship of smoking to cancer and heart disease have coincided with an increase in cigarette consumption among a fully informed and thoroughly frightened public.

Only occasionally, moreover, does the medical profession dare cast doubt upon the ultimate value of foundation-sponsored efforts to warn and inform—as

happened in 1963, when Dr. Edward F. Lewison, of Baltimore, made a speech "contending that despite improvements in detection and treatment, the death rate of women from breast cancer has stayed about the same for half a century."

Excerpts from Dr. Lewison's address, which had appeared in the American Medical Association's *Journal*, were published in almost 100 newspapers. And, according to my own favorite medical journal, *Time*, hospitals and doctors were besieged by "agonized inquiries from women who had had operations for breast cancer or were about to have them." This led to a "blunt rejoinder" to the Lewison findings, by medical director Henry T. Randall of Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. "It should be re-emphasized," he re-emphasized, "that breast cancer detected at an early stage and promptly and adequately treated is one of the most curable of human cancers." To which *Time* added, "No matter how advanced the cancer, provided it can be operated on at all, there is a

65 percent five-year survival rate. This is almost exactly twice as good as the survival rate 50 years ago."

Though no one was supposed to notice, a "65 percent, five year survival rate" does not necessarily contradict or nullify Dr. Lewison's statement that the death rate of women from breast cancer has stayed about the same for half a century. Would to God that it did. And would that an adequate contradiction were possible to a later charge made from within the medical profession that "Many American doctors are failing to spot early cancer cases because they're 'too shy and bashful to examine their patients closely from head to toe."

"Only the most exceptional doctors have ever seen their patients in the nude," Dr. Irwin Rothman, director of psychiatric research at the Philadelphia Mental Health Clinic, has declared. "And even when these bashful physicians give a complete physical, it includes only a hurried glance at a woman's breasts or the male and female genital areas."

While it is beyond the scope of this



"I'm sorry, madam, but these units are for display purposes only."

report to conduct a complete top-to-toe on the sexual hang-ups of American doctors, it is interesting to note that Dr. Rothman has found the medical profession prone to the same sort of dermatophytic reactions that we have previously observed as prevalent among the operation-watching laity. For both, it would seem, embarrassment and confusion stem from a deeply rooted belief that the unbroken surfaces of the human body are "too raw for public showing," while the guts, glands, tissues and bones that lie beneath the skin are evidences of the Almighty's handwork and are absolutely "gorgeous."

Given our high national level of hypochondria and psychogenic illness, the medical profession would not require the investigative abilities of the FBI to track down the effects of this oddly perverted attitude or to demonstrate how Americans of all ages are daily and hourly encouraged to have morbid preoccupations with sickness and disease. But the alarming fact is that the gutsnut game is one in which a considerable segment of the medical profession is itself involved. Many are the verbally gifted medicos who moonlight in the profitable field of periodical medi-writing, and syndicated doctors' columns freely dispense daily doses of easily adopted symptoms to a vast and highly suggestible audience of newspaper readers. "What is sprue?" the anxious inquire. "Is endometriosis serious?" "What causes a kidney to disappear and what effect will it have on the other kidney?" "My legs from thighs to knees feel hot, but from knees to feet they are cold. What can do this?" "I am a single woman, 54. Would it be possible for a doctor to make a pelvic examination while I am under anesthesia?" "Will you explain the meaning of erosive cervicitis and metrorrhagia?" "Why do some doctors refuse to give people more than one flu shot a year? Where can I go to get two shots annually?" "Can athlete's foot spread to the ear?"

The impression that America is not feeling totally well is inescapable. It is an ever-present condition of our daily life and one that apparently cannot be changed either by additional "education" or by a massive campaign against medical columns in the daily papers. Our national preoccupation with illness and disease is so far-reaching and deep that even the most dedicated gutsnut hunter would scarcely know where to begin to stamp it out.

Increasingly, illness, medicine and surgery have become a major form of mass media entertainment. There's the all-night, all-star telethon, for example, where moving pleas for contributions are interspersed with songs and comedy and brave little stand-up medi-gicians who are among the dread cripples

most appealing victims, come hobbling on with cheery smiles.

The pornography of mercy.

Man, that's show business! Like Ben Casey, Dr. Kildare, The Doctor, The Nurses and General Hospital.

"Transplant Patient Fine; Dispute Flares Over Sale of TV Rights to NBC," one reads. "NETWORKS ROW OVER HEART MAN . . . Doc Mulls U.S. Offer."

There are coast-to-coast guest shots for surgeons who have kudied and sutured their way to stardom. There are film flickers, quickie book offers and LP record albums featuring a "team discussion" of an ill-fated heart switch. There are all those really great, great TV "specials" that duplicate and often outdo the "educational" efforts of Time and Life.

"This man is desperately ill. . . . Unless he receives a healthy, functioning kidney, he will die. . . . His sister Evelyn has offered to donate one of her kidneys. . . . Doctors hope to transplant Evelyn's kidney into her brother's body.

It all begins in a pair of adjoining operating rooms. . . . Here in OR-1 the donor kidney is being taken from Evelyn's body. . . . Now the donor kidney is being carried into the adjoining operating room . . .

And you are there! You can see it, hear it and absorb it. You can almost touch it and smell it!

And if you are not there, you may be tuned to your favorite situation comedy drama, variety show or sporting event—and if you stay with it for a while, you can see and absorb all sorts of other ailments in 60-second doses. Hour after hour hundreds of tiny little time pills of pure commercial misery.

This is how it starts. . . . Something happens to upset you. Something happens to make you tense up . . . cause nerves to snap . . . And with each mounting pressure, excess acid may start to flow in your stomach. . . . First a drop. . . . Then another. . . . And another. . . . And another. . . . Result: acid indigestion, heartburn, that burning sensation . . .

A headache starts to grow . . . and grow . . . and pound . . . and pound. . . . It's hard to be happy when you hurt. . . .

"Nasal congestion here! Congestion deep in the sinuses here! This stuffy breathing bag shows breathing almost blocked. . . ."

"Uh oh here it comes . . . Pain. . . . Its tension tightens your nerves. . . . Feel it?"

Of course you do! It's like magic black magic, audio-video voodoo, drumming away at you, every time you turn on the tube.

But the siren voice of sickness can be soft and sexy too:

"Ooh . . . got a cold? Poor baby!"

You need some sympathetic understanding. . . . Relax. . . . Loosen your tie. . . . Put your feet up. . . . How'dcha

catch that cold, anyway? . . . A great big strong man like you. . . . Listen . . . I've got something for you . . ."

If you'll take what she's got, "You'll start feeling better in minutes, and you'll keep on feeling better . . ." Like wow. And for the girls, there are virile men's voices talking about "deep, penetrating heat" and "fast-acting, longer-lasting relief." Sometimes you wonder what they're selling. Sometimes it sounds almost like . . . something salacious!

As yet, no one claims to have found an antidote or a panacea for the Schatz that can afflict a whole nation when its leading means of communication address themselves so assiduously to merchandising misery and exploiting the gut issues. But new advances are being made all the time. "Alka-Seltzer invents a new disease," the video voice says, half kiddingly, on the commercial level. 'the blahs. . . . The blahs is kinda like the blues, only physical. . . . It's when you're not feeling right, but you don't know what's wrong. . . . It might be a headache on its way . . . a stomach-ache on its way. . . . Ooh . . . the blahs! . . . Who needs em? . . . You know, we wouldn't have invented a disease unless we had something to take for it. . . . Alka-Seltzer. . . . If Alka-Seltzer can take care of the real big upsets . . . think of what it can do for a simple case of the blahs. . . ."

I have been thinking. And so, I'm undoubtedly have you. About how speedily old Alka-Seltzer has finally hung a name on the number-one American illness—the queasy little crippler of a gray society, in which people are "never totally well but seldom seriously ill."

For me, the blahs is when you've finally had a bellyful of seeing sickness, morbidity and fear being peddled for profit. And there's no adult-formula cure for that, other than a large daily dose of raspberry-flavored perspective.

It's hard to be happy when you hurt. But it really doesn't hurt at all, once you've caught on to the gutsnut game—once you're aware of how it works and who wins. But don't look for TV specials or fearless follow-up photo essays, telling how the game is played.

The sickening of an entire nation is not quite in the same safe class with the death of a President—or auto safety or sexy Swedish movies. You can kick a snook at the Pentagon or rip the lid off the CIA. You can blow the whistle on the Mafia, heckle the undertaker or spill the beans on a few crooked doctors—and still win good marks from the media. But you can't make unpleasant noises about the whole gutsnut game and expect the well-heeled winners to present you with an achievement award.

Silence is golden, and that's what to expect. A beautiful H-hu hush.



*"Well, now he knows what a nice girl like me
is doing in a place like this."*



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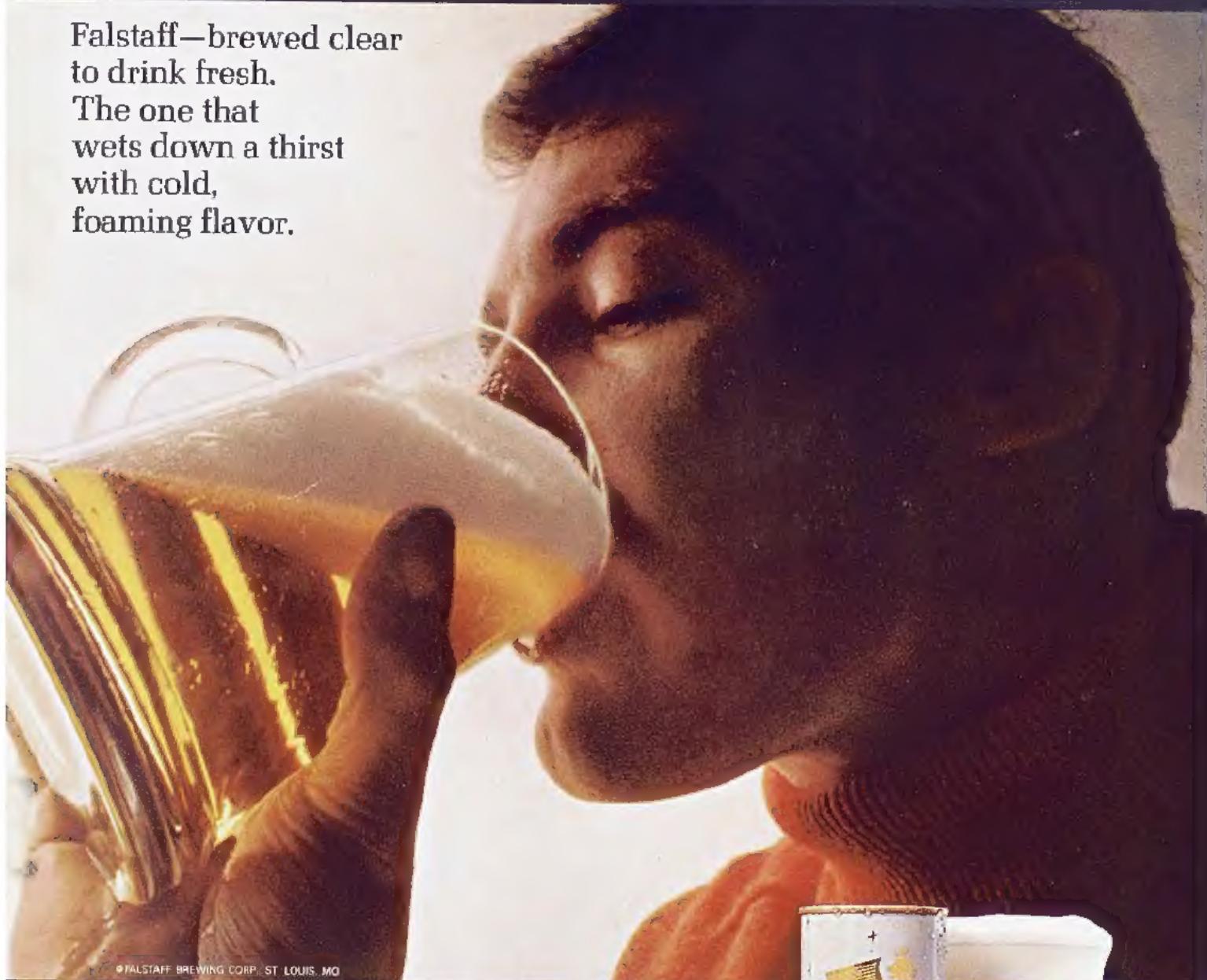
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